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MEMOIRS

OF THE

QUEENS OF HENRY VIII.

STRICKLAND'S QUEENS OF ENGLAND.

COMPLETE LIBRARY EDITION.

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FROM THE NORMAN CONQUEST:

WITH ANECDOTES OF THEIR COURTS,

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Miss Strickland has made a very judicious use of many authentic MS. authorities not previously collected, and the result is a most interesting addition to our biographical library.—*Quarterly Review.*

MEMOIRS

OF THE

QUEENS OF HENRY VIII.,

AND OF HIS MOTHER,

ELIZABETH OF YORK.

BY

AGNES STRICKLAND.

COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME.

PHILADELPHIA:
BLANCHARD AND LEA.
1853.

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Printed by T. K. & P. G. Collins.

PUBLISHERS'

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Memoirs of the Mother and Queens of Henry VIII., contained in this volume, comprehending the period from 1466 to 1548, present so striking a picture of the stormy era of transition from the Middle Ages to modern times, that they may be regarded as forming a group by themselves; and little, if anything, is lost by detaching them from Miss Strickland's "Lives of the Queens of England," of which they form so interesting a portion. The publishers, therefore, deem it necessary only to say that they have suffered no mutilation or abridgement.

PHILADELPHIA, *February*, 1853.

PREFACE.

THE volume which we have now the honour of introducing, embraces a new and important era in the annals of this country. It opens with the eventful history of the heiress of the Plantagenet kings, Elizabeth of York. This princess, as the consort of Henry VII., commences the modern series of the queens of England, and forms the connecting link between the regal lines of Plantagenet and Tudor. Elizabeth of York occupies a different position from any other queen-consort of England. According to the legitimate order of succession, she was the rightful sovereign of the realm; and, though she condescended to accept the crown matrimonial, she might have contested the regal garland. She chose the nobler distinction of giving peace to her bleeding country, by tacitly investing her victorious champion with her rights, and blending the rival roses of York and Lancaster in her bridal-wreath.

It was thus that Henry VII., unimpeded by conjugal rivalry, was enabled to work out his enlightened plans, by breaking down the barriers with which the pride and power of the aristocracy had closed the avenues to preferment against the unprivileged classes. The people, tired of the evils of an oligarchy, looked to the sovereign for protection, and the first stone in the altar of civil and religious liberty was planted on the ruins of feudality. The effects of the new system were so rapid, that in the succeeding reign we behold, to use the forcible language of a popular French writer, two of Henry VIII.'s most powerful ministers of state, Wolsey and Cromwell, emanating, the one from the butcher's shambles, the other from the blacksmith's forge. Extremes are, however, dangerous; and the despotism which these and other of Henry VIII.'s *parvenu* statemen contrived to establish was, while it lasted, more cruel and oppressive than the tyranny and exclusiveness of the feudal magnates; but it had only an ephemeral existence.

The art of printing had become general, and the spirit of freedom

was progressing on the wings of knowledge through the land. The emancipation of England from the papal domination followed so immediately, that it appears futile to attribute that mighty change to any other cause. The stormy passions of Henry VIII., the charms and genius of Anne Boleyn, the virtues and eloquence of Katharine Parr, all had, to a certain degree, an effect in hastening the crisis; but the Reformation was cradled in the printing-press, and established by no other instrument.

In detailing the successive historic tragedies of the queens of Henry VIII., we enter upon perilous ground. The lapse of three centuries has done so little to calm the excited feelings caused by the theological disputes with which their names are blended, that it is scarcely possible to state facts impartially, without displeasing those readers whose opinions have been biassed by party writers.

It is to be lamented that the pen of the historian has been too often taken up rather for the purpose of establishing a system than to set forth the truth. Hence it is that evidences have been suppressed or shamefully garbled, and more logic wasted in working out mere matters of opinion than is commonly employed by barristers in making the best of a client's brief, or in mystifying a jury.

To such a height have some prejudices been carried, that it has been regarded as a species of heresy to record the evil as well as the good of persons who are usually made subjects of popular panegyric; and authors have actually feared in some cases to reveal the base metal which has been hidden beneath a meretricious gilding, lest they should provoke a host of assailants.

It was not thus that the historians of holy writ performed their office. The sins of David and of Solomon are recorded by them with stern fidelity and merited censure, for with the sacred annalists there is no compromise between truth and expediency. Expediency! perish the word, if guilt have to be covered, and moral justice sacrificed to such considerations!

It is not always possible, in general history, to diverge into personal details; but in historical biography it becomes the author's duty, to enter within the veil, and, without reservation or one-sided views, to bring forward every thing that tends to display character in its true light.

The records of the Tudor queens are replete with circumstances of powerful interest, and rich in the picturesque costume of an age of

pageantry and romance. Yet, of some of these ladies, so little beyond the general outline is known, that the lives of Jane Seymour, Anne of Cleves, and Katharine Howard, are now, for the first time, offered to the public.

In this portion of the work, due care has been taken to present facts in such a form as to render the Memoirs of *all* the queens of Henry VIII. available for the perusal of other ladies.

Henry VIII. was married six times, and divorced thrice. Four, out of his six queens, were private English gentlewomen, and claimed no higher rank than the daughters of knights. Of these, Anne Boleyn and Katharine Howard were cousins-german: both were married by Henry during the life of a previously wedded consort of royal birth, and were alike doomed to perish on a scaffold as soon as the ephemeral passion of the sovereign, which led to their fatal elevation to a throne, had subsided. We know of no tale of romance that offers circumstances of tragic interest like those which are to be traced in the lives of these unhappy ladies.

Unencumbered by public history, or details likely to interrupt the chronological order and continuous interest of the narrative, we now place the mother and the queens of Henry VIII. before our readers. Such as they were in life we have endeavoured to show them, whether in good or ill. Their sayings, their doings, their manners, their dress, and such of their letters as have been preserved from the injuries of time and the outrages of ignorance, will be found faithfully chronicled, as far as our limits would permit. We have also given the autographs of Elizabeth of York, and of five of Henry VIII.'s queens. Of Katharine Howard no signature can be found.

Our authorities for the modern series of queens are, undoubtedly, of a more copious and important nature than those from which the records of the consorts of our Anglo-Norman and Plantagenet sovereigns have been drawn. We miss, indeed, the illuminated pages, and the no less picturesque details of the historians of the age of chivalry, rich in their quaint simplicity, for the last of the monastic chroniclers, John Rous, of Warwick, closed his labours with the blood-stained annals of the last of the Plantagenet kings.

A new school of history commences with sir Thomas More's eloquent and classical life of Richard III.; and we revel in the gorgeous descriptions of Hall and Holingshed, the characteristic anecdotes of the faithful Cavendish, and the circumstantial narratives of Stowe and Speed.

and other annalists of less distinguished names. It is, however, from the Acts of the Privy Council, the Parliamentary Journals, and the unpublished Regal Records and MSS. in the State Paper Office, as well as from the treasures preserved in the *Bibliothèque du Roi*, at Paris, and the private MS. collections of historical families and gentlemen of antiquarian research, that our most important facts are gathered. Every person who has referred to original documents, is aware that it is a work of time and of patience to read the MSS. of the Tudor era. Those in the State Paper Office, and in the Cottonian Library, have suffered much from accidents, and from the injuries of time. Water, and even fire, have partially passed over some: in others, the mildew has swept whole sentences from the page, leaving historical mysteries in provoking obscurity, and occasionally baffling the attempts of the most persevering antiquary to raise the shadowy curtain of the past.

It is a national disgrace, most deeply to be lamented, that so many of the muniments of our history, more especially those connected with the personal expenditure of royalty, should have perished among the ill-treated records of the Exchequer. It has been reported, whether in jest or sober sadness, we cannot say, that some tons of those precious parchments were converted into isinglass. If so, it is possible that the wardrobe accounts of Jane Seymour, Anne of Cleves, Katharine Howard, and Katharine Parr, for which diligent search has been instituted in vain, may have feasted the metropolis in the form of jellies and blancmange, instead of enriching the memoirs of those queens. Seriously speaking, the destruction of records is the more to be deplored, because the leaven of party spirit so frequently diffuses itself over the pages of history, that a clear judgment can be formed on disputed points, only by reference to the original documents.

And here we have to express our grateful acknowledgments to the marquess of Normanby for his courtesy in granting us access to the State Paper Office. Unless this privilege had been accorded, it would have been impossible to give authentic biographies of some of the queens of Henry VIII., and the Tudor queens regnant.

The kindness of that learned baronet, sir Thomas Phillipps, and the liberality with which he has allowed us to transcribe from his original MSS., and afforded his aid in the task, cannot be too fully appreciated. We are obliged to sir Cuthbert Sharp for many precious extracts from his foreign collections, and to the Reverend George C. Tomlinson for several curious unpublished MSS. connected with the queens of Eng-

land An increased debt of gratitude is due to Henry Howard, esq.,* of Corby Castle, and most especially to his accomplished son, Philip H. Howard, esq., M. P., for the friendly assistance rendered to this work in a variety of ways.

Many thanks are offered to those amiable ladies, the countess of Stradbroke and Caroline lady Suffield, for their great kindness in the loan of several valuable works of reference. Also to the earl of Stradbroke, for the assistance derived from his library at Henhamhall.

The courteous attention of J. Glover, esq., her Majesty's librarian, in granting us access to the royal collections in the library at Windsor Castle, claims our grateful thanks and remembrance, which are also due to Frederick Devon, esq., for his friendly assistance in facilitating our researches among the regal records in the Chapter House at Westminster, and to Spencer Hall, esq., the librarian at the Athenæum. We beg to repeat our acknowledgments to sir Harris Nicolas, and to the other learned friends named in our preceding volumes.

The very gratifying manner in which the volumes containing the first series of the Lives of the Queens of England have been distinguished, both by the critical press and the public, affords our best encouragement for the introduction of the more important succession of the Tudor and Stuart queens. These princesses, approximating nearer to our own times, are more identified with the sympathies of the generality of our readers than their majestic predecessors, the Anglo-Norman and Plantagenet queens. The six consorts of Henry VIII. are peculiarly interesting, from being interwoven with the events of the Reformation; and their lives form altogether the most remarkable chain of biographies that has yet appeared in the annals of female royalty.

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* Since the above was committed to press, the cause of historical literature has lost one of its noblest votaries and friends by the much-lamented death of this venerable gentleman, who died March 1st, full of days and honours, carrying with him to the tomb the admiration and esteem of all parties, and the lasting regrets of those who were distinguished by his friendship.

"It is not the tear at this moment shed,
When the fresh sod has just been laid o'er him,
That can say, how beloved was the spirit that's fled,
Or how deep in our hearts we deplore him."

The late Mr. Howard, of Corby, derived his descent in a direct line from nine of the queens of England, whose Memoirs have appeared in the First and Second Volumes of this Work. His "Memorials of the Howard Family," (a splendid folio volume, printed for private circulation,) has proved a most valuable addition to the historical references connected with the Lives of the Queens of England.

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ELIZABETH OF YORK,

SURNAMED THE GOOD

QUEEN OF HENRY VII.

CHAPTER I.

Elizabeth born heiress of England—Baptism—Fondness of her father Edward IV. —Mourner at her grandfather's obsequies—Promised in marriage—Reverses of fortune—Taken into sanctuary—Birth of her brother—Her father's will—Contracted to the Dauphin—Education—Autograph—Marriage-contract broken —Death of her father—Takes sanctuary with her mother—Their calamities— Murder of her brothers—Again heiress of England—Betrothed to Henry Tudor —Failure of hopes—Elizabeth and her sisters declared illegitimate—Low-born suitor—His death—Elizabeth and her family leave sanctuary—Kindness of Queen Anne—Elizabeth received at court—Narrative of Brereton—Death of Queen Anne—Addresses of Richard III.—Imputed letter of Elizabeth to him —She is sent to Sheriff Hutton—Biography of Henry Tudor—Engagement renewed with Elizabeth—Defeat and death of Richard III.—Progress of Elizabeth to London—Coronation of Henry—Marriage of Elizabeth and Henry— Rejoicings of the people.

THE birth of Elizabeth of York was far from reconciling the fierce baronage of England to the clandestine marriage of their young sovereign, Edward IV., with her mother,[1]—a marriage which shook his throne to the foundation. The prospect of female heirs to the royal line gave no satisfaction to a population requiring from an English monarch, not only the talents of the statist, but the abilities of the military leader,— not only the wisdom of the legislator, but the personal prowess of the gladiatorial champion. After three princesses (the eldest of whom was our Elizabeth) had been successively produced by the queen of Edward IV., popular discontent against the house of York reached its climax.

The princess Elizabeth was born at the palace of Westminster, February 11th, 1466.[2] She was baptised in Westminster Abbey, with as much pomp as if she had been the heir apparent of England; indeed, the attention Edward IV. bestowed upon her in her infancy was extraordinary. He was actuated by a strong presentiment that this beautiful and gracious child would ultimately prove the representative of his line.

The infant princess, at a very tender age, took her place and precedence, clothed in deep mourning, when the corpse of her grandfather, Richard duke of York, with that of his son, Edmund earl of Rutland,

[1] See the Life of Elizabeth Woodville. "Lives of the Queens of England," vol. iii.

[2] According to the inscription on her tomb in Westminster Abbey.

were re-interred at the church of Fotheringay. The bodies were exhumed from their ignoble burial at Pontefract, and conveyed into Northamptonshire with regal state. Richard duke of Gloucester, a youth of fourteen, followed them as chief mourner Edward IV., his queen, and their two infant daughters, Elizabeth and Mary,[1] met the hearses in Fotheringay churchyard, and attended the solemn rites of re-interment, clad in black weeds. The next day the king, the queen, and the royal infants, offered at requiem. Margaret, countess of Richmond, offered with them, Thus early in life was our Elizabeth connected with this illustrious lady, whose after destiny was so closely interwoven with her own. There are some indications faintly defined, that Margaret of Richmond had the charge of the young Elizabeth; since her name is mentioned immediately after hers as present and assisting at York's requiem. But wherefore should the heiress of the line of Somerset offer at the obsequies of the duke of York, the mortal enemy of her house, without some imperious court etiquette demanded her presence?

Some years passed before the important position of Elizabeth, as heiress of the realm, was altered by the birth of brothers. Her father settled on her for life the manor of Great Lyndford in Buckinghamshire;[2] he likewise authorized his exchequer to pay his queen 400*l.* yearly, in liquidation of her expenses incurred for her daughters, Elizabeth and Mary; and this revenue was to be continued till their disposal in marriage. These royal children were nursed at the palace of Shene.

The hand of his infant heiress was more than once deceitfully proffered by Edward IV. as a peace-offering to his enemies, when fortune frowned upon him. He thus deluded the Nevilles when he was their prisoner at Middleham. Next he endeavoured to interrupt the treaty of marriage between the Lancastrian prince of Wales and Anne of Warwick, by offering "my lady princess,"[3] to queen Margaret as a wife for her son. On the subsequent flight of Edward IV. from England, the young Elizabeth and her two little sisters were the companions of their distressed mother in Westminster sanctuary. The birth of her eldest brother Edward, in that asylum, removed the princess Elizabeth, for some years, from her dangerous proximity to the disputed garland of the realm. When liberated from the sanctuary by her victorious father, she was carried with the rest of his children to the Tower, and was sojourning there during the dangerous assault made on that fortress by Falconbridge from the river. The full restoration of Edward IV. succeeded these dangers, and peaceful festivals followed the re-establishment of the line of York. At a ball given in her mother's chamber at Windsor Castle, in honour of the visit of Louis of Bruges, 1472, the young

[1] Sandford, who is supposed to have been guided by a contemporary herald's journal, dates this event July 30th, 1466, and yet mentions the princess Mary as assisting at this funeral. If the herald made no mistake in his date, it must be inferred that Elizabeth was born February 1465 instead of 1466; a date in unison with the many proofs of that fact adduced by sir Harris Nicolas in his valuable Memoir of Elizabeth of York.

[2] Privy-Purse Expenses, and Memoir of Elizabeth, by sir Harris Nicolas.

[3] See Life of Margaret of Anjou. "Lives of the Queens of England," vol. iii.

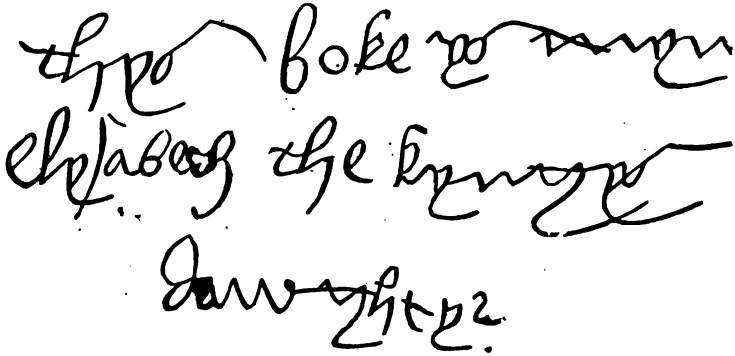
Elizabeth danced with her royal father, she being then six or seven years old; she afterwards danced with the duke of Buckingham, the husband of her aunt, Katharine Woodville. The same year, her father offered her in marriage to the young exiled earl of Richmond, with no very sincere intentions.

When the princess was about nine years old, her father made an expedition to France, with the intention of reconquering the acquisitions of Henry V. Before he embarked he made his will, dated at Sandwich, in which he thus mentions Elizabeth:[1]—

"Item, we will that our daughter Elizabeth have ten thousand marcs towards her marriage, and that our daughter Marie have also ten thousand marcs, so that they be governed and ruled by our dearest wife the queen . . . and if either of our said daughters do marry *thaimself* without such advice and assent, so as they be thereby disparaged (as God forbid), then she, so marrying herself, have no payment of her ten thousand marcs."

A French war was averted by the kingdom of France submitting to become tributary to Edward IV. In the articles of peace, Elizabeth was contracted to the dauphin Charles, eldest son of the astute monarch, Louis XI.; thus was her hand, for the fourth time, tendered to her father's adversaries. Edward IV., at the same time, surrendered to his son-in-law the titular right to the long-contested dukedom of Guienne or Aquitaine. These territories were to be considered part of Elizabeth's dower.

From the hour of her contract with the heir of France, Elizabeth was always addressed in the palace as Madame la Dauphine,[2] and a certain portion of the tribute that Louis XI. paid to her father was carried to account for her use as the daughter-in-law of the king. She was taught to speak and write French; she could likewise speak and write Spanish. She could, at an early age, read and write her own language; for her royal sire sent for a scrivener, "the very best in the city," who taught her and her sister Mary to write court-hand as well as himself. The following is a specimen of the princess Elizabeth's penmanship, in childhood, written in a book of devotion.[3]



[1] "Excerpta Historica," by sir Harris Nicolas, likewise his Memoir of Elizabeth of York.

[2] Comines, likewise *Guthrie*.

[3] Cottonian MSS. Vesp. f. xiii.

In this sentence of eight words, only one is written according to modern orthography. *This book is mine. Elizabeth, the king's daughter*, is the meaning of the above words, which are written in the old English character, now confined to law-deeds, but which was soon after superseded by the modern or Italian hand.

As the appointed time of Elizabeth's marriage with the dauphin Charles approached, her dower was settled, and rich dresses in the French fashion were made for her, when suddenly, without any previous intimation, the contract was broken by Louis XI. demanding the heiress of Burgundy in marriage for the dauphin. This slight offered to Elizabeth infuriated her father so much that the agitation is said to have occasioned his death.[1]

The fortunes of the young Elizabeth suffered the most signal reverse, directly she lost her royal sire and only efficient protector. From Westminster palace she was, with her second brother and young sisters, hurried, by the queen her mother, into the sanctuary of Westminster, which had formerly sheltered her in childhood. But Elizabeth of York was no longer an unconscious child, who sported as gaily with her little sisters in the abbot of Westminster's garden as she did in the flowery meads of Shene. She had grown up into the beauties of early womanhood, and was the sharer of her royal mother's woes. The sad tale of that queen's calamities has already been told by us.[2] How much the princess Elizabeth must have grieved for her two murdered brothers may be gathered from the words of her literary dependant, Bernard Andreas,[3] who knew her well: "The love," he says, "she bore her brothers and sisters, was unheard of, and almost incredible."

The treaty of betrothment, privately negotiated between Elizabeth of York and Henry of Richmond, by their respective mothers,[4] was the first gleam of comfort that broke on the royal prisoners in sanctuary after the murder of the innocent princes in the Tower. The young princess promised to hold faith with her betrothed; in case of her death before her contract was fulfilled, her next sister Cecily was to take her place. But it is a singular fact, that neither at this time, nor at any other period of her life, was the slightest proposal made by the partisans of the house of York of placing Elizabeth on the throne as sole sovereign. Even her near relatives, her half-brother Dorset, and her uncle, Lionel Woodville, bishop of Salisbury, when they raised the standard of revolt against Richard III. at Salisbury (simultaneously with Buckingham's rebellion in the autumn of 1483), proclaimed the earl Richmond Henry VII., although he was a distant exile, who had done no more for the cause than taken an oath to marry Elizabeth, if he ever had it in his power. As these nobles had but just escaped from sanc-

[1] Comines.

[2] See life of queen Elizabeth Woodville. "Lives of the Queens of England," vol. iii.

[3] He was her eldest son's tutor, and left a Latin Life of Henry VII. Some entries in her privy purse expenses show that the memory of her murdered brothers was dear to her heart, even in the last year of her life.

[4] *See the* Life of queen Elizabeth Woodville, vol. iii.

tuary, which they had shared with Elizabeth of York and her mother, and must have recently and intimately known their plans and wishes, this utter silence on her claims as the heiress of Edward IV. is the more surprising.

In truth, it affords another remarkable instance of the manner in which Norman prejudice in favour of Salic law had corrupted the common or constitutional law of England regarding the succession.[1] The violation of this ancient national law had given rise to the most bloody civil wars which had vexed the country since the conquest.

Before Buckingham's revolt took place, the royal ladies in sanctuary had enjoyed the protection of their near relatives Dorset and bishop Lionel Woodville, who had taken refuge there in their company; and how efficient a protection an ecclesiastic of the high rank of bishop Lionel must have proved, when they were sheltered in the very bosom of the church, may be imagined. But the bishop and Dorset were both obliged to fly to France, owing to the utter failure of Buckingham's insurrection, and after their exile the situation of Elizabeth of York and her mother became very irksome. A cordon of soldiers, commanded by John Nesfield, a squire of Richard III.'s guard, watched night and day round the abbey, and the helpless prisoners were reduced to great distress. Thus they struggled through the sad winter of 1483, but surrendered themselves in March. Elizabeth's mother has been unjustly blamed for this measure, but it was the evident effect of dire necessity. The princess Elizabeth was forced to own herself the illegitimate child of Edward IV.; she had to accept a wretched annuity, and, as a favour, was permitted to contemplate the prospect of marrying a private gentleman.[2] Such were the conditions of a cruel act of parliament, passed under the influence of Richard III.'s military despotism in the preceding January. The act, it is well known, was indited by bishop Stillington, the mortal foe of her mother's house, who added to this the more intolerable injury of projecting a union between Mr. William Stillington, his natural son, and the princess. This unfortunate lover of Elizabeth met with a fate far severer than his presumption merited; for being shipwrecked on the coast of Normandy, "he was (adds Comines) taken prisoner, and, by mistake, starved to death." A mistake, perhaps, instigated by some of the indignant kindred of the princess, who were then refugees in France.

The princess Elizabeth was certainly separated from her unfortunate mother when they left the sanctuary, since that queen was placed under the control of the same officer who had so inexorably kept watch and ward round the abbey. Meantime the princess and her sisters were received at court with some appearance of regard by Richard III., and

[1] See Introduction to the "Lives of the Queens of England," vol. i.; likewise an act of parliament, 2d of Mary I., quoted by Burnet, vol. ii., declaring that Mary succeeded, "not by statute, but by common or oral law."

[2] See the coarsely worded oath taken by Richard III. in presence of the lord mayor and aldermen, binding himself to protect his brother Edward's illegitimate daughters, if they submitted to the above conditions.

with great affection by his queen, "who always," says a contemporary,[1] "treated Elizabeth of York as a sister." Indeed, it ought to be remembered that Elizabeth was one of Anne of Warwick's nearest female relatives independently of the wedlock with Richard III. As the princess was seen so frequently in the company of queen Anne after leaving sanctuary, she was most likely consigned to her charge; she was certainly lodged in the palace of Westminster. Here she found her father's old friend, lord Stanley, in an office of great authority, having been appointed by the usurper steward of the royal household, a place he held in the reign of Edward IV.[2] It is well known that this nobleman was stepfather to Henry of Richmond, the betrothed husband of the princess Elizabeth; and that his wife, Margaret Beaufort, was exiled from the court, and in disgrace with the usurper, for having projected the union of her son with the princess. How Stanley contrived to exonerate himself is not ascertained.[3]

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[1] Continuation of the Croyland Chronicle.

[2] As to this fact see Dr. Lingard, vol. v. p. 266, 4th ed. Likewise Lodge's Memoir of Earl of Derby.

[3] The reconciliation between the usurper and Stanley is matter of mystery. That Stanley himself temporised with the tyrant, and bided his time for his overthrow, is proved by the result; but that Richard should in any way rely on him, or trust to his aid in an hour of need, is by no means consistent with the character for sagacity with which it has pleased modern historians to invest that king. It is greatly to be doubted, after all, whether Richard's abilities in any wise exceeded those called into exercise, by a resistless charge, at the head of his cavalry forces, the species of warfare in which he excelled. Richard and Stanley (if we may trust to the metrical journal of a herald belonging to the Stanley family) had been, during the reign of Edward IV., perpetually quarrelling in the north. Stanley was, by Richard's myrmidons, wounded in the council-chamber in the Tower, when Hastings was illegally beheaded on the memorable 13th of June; yet a few days afterwards we find him witness to the "surrender of the Great Seal to the lord king Richard III., which took place in the first year of his reign, June 27, 1483," in that high chamber next the chapel which is in the dwelling of "Cicely duchess of York, called Baynard Castle, Thames-street, on the water of Thames." (Rymer, vol. xii. p. 189.) Stanley is, with the exception of Buckingham, the only nobleman witness to this act of usurpation. Subsequently, the son of his wife, Margaret Beaufort (a wife whom he was known to love entirely), had been proclaimed king of England in Buckingham's revolt. Yet Margaret, though an active agent, received no other punishment than having the command of her lands and liberty given to her own husband, who naturally possessed control over both. Notwithstanding all motives for caution, Richard placed Stanley in a station of such high domestic trust, that his life must every hour of the day and night have been at his mercy. The brother, sons, and nephews of Stanley, under whose command remained his feudal powers in the north, in some degree established his security against violence from Richard. But Richard could have had little reciprocal guarantee against Stanley's machinations, when he appointed him guardian of his table and bed, as steward of his palace. Nothing but Stanley's oath at Richard's coronation could have been the security of the usurper; but how, after breaking so many oaths himself, Richard could expect one kept for his sake, is marvellous. It is necessary for the reader to have a clear view of the relative positions of the usurper and the man who caused the revolution that placed Henry VII. and Elizabeth of York on the throne of England, or their history is incomprehensible.

In fact, there is from this period an utter hiatus in all authentic intelligence regarding the proceedings of Elizabeth, from the time when she sat with queen Anne royally attired in Westminster Hall at Christmas, 1484, till the death of Richard III. In the absence of regular information, perhaps a metrical narrative, called the "Song of the Lady Bessy,"[1] deserves some attention; being written by Humphrey Brereton, an officer and vassal belonging to lord Stanley; he is proved to have been a contemporary of Elizabeth, and his costume and language are undeniably of that era. A cautious abstract from Brereton, limited to those passages which are connected with his asserted agency in renewing Elizabeth's engagements with Henry of Richmond, here follows.

The princess, according to Brereton, having accidentally met lord Stanley at a time and place convenient for conference, urged him passionately, by the name of "Father Stanley," and with many reminiscences of all he owed to her father, to assist her in the restoration of her rights. At first lord Stanley repulsed her, declaring he could not break the oath he had sworn to king Richard, observing, moreover, that women were proverbially "unstable of council." Elizabeth renewed her importunities, but when he seemed quite inflexible—

> "Her colour changed as pale as lead,
> Her *faxe*[2] that shone as golden wire,
> She tare it off beside her head."

After this agony she sunk into a swoon, and remained some time speechless. Lord Stanley was overcome by the earnestness of her anguish.

"Stand up, lady Bessy," he said, "now I see you do not feign, I will tell you that I have long thought of the matter as you do, but it is difficult to trust the secrecy of women, and many a man is brought to great woe by making them his confidants." He then added "that his adherents would rise at his bidding, if he could go to the north-west in person; but that he durst not trust a scribe to indite his intentions in letters." This difficulty the princess obviated, by declaring that she could "indite and write as well as the scrivener who taught her." Then lord Stanley agreed she should write the letters without delay.

Among the other circumstances related by the princess to lord Stanley in this interview, there is one in strong coincidence with the propensity to dabble in fortune-telling and astrology, which was a weakness belonging to the house of York.[3] She said, "that her father, being one

[1] Edited by T. Hayward, Esq. F.S.A.

[2] This old word signifies a torch, or a profusion of long fair hair. There is an extraordinary similarity in Sir Thomas More's description of her mother's paroxysm of anguish on hearing of the death of her sons, beginning "Her fair hair she tare." (See Life of Elizabeth Woodville, vol. iii.) The quotation is from the Song of the Lady Bessy.

[3] Edward IV. and George of Clarence recriminated magical practices on each other; and Henry VII. averred that their sister, Margaret of Burgundy, tormented him more by her sorceries than by all her political cabals. Nor was the house of Lancaster free from these follies: the dark prediction that a young king of England should be destroyed by one whose name begun with the letter G, had

day studying a book of magic in the palace of Westminster, was extremely agitated even to tears; and though earls and lords were present, none durst speak to him but herself. She came and knelt before him for his blessing, upon which he threw his arms around her and lifted her into a high window, and when he had sat there he gave her the *reason* or horoscope he had drawn, and bade her show it to no one but to lord Stanley, for he had plainly calculated that no son of his would wear the crown after him; he predicted that she should be queen, and the crown would rest in her descendants."

When Stanley and the princess had agreed in their intentions:

"We must part, lady," the earl said then,
"But keep this matter secretly,
And this same night, at nine or ten,
In your chamber I think to be.
Look that you make all things ready.
Your maids shall not our counsel hear,
And I will bring no man with me,
But Humphrey Brereton,[1] my trusty squire."

That evening lord Stanley and Brereton disguised themselves in "manner strange," and went and stood at a private wicket, till the princess, recognising Stanley by a signal made with his right hand, admitted him. It was the cold season, for there was fire in her apartment, of which Brereton gives this pretty sketch:—

"Charcoals in chimneys there were cast,
Candles on sticks were burning high,
She oped the wicket and let him in,
Saying 'Welcome, lord and knight so free!'
A rich chair was set for him,
Another for that fair lady.
They ate the *spice*,[2] and drank the wine,
To their study[3] then they went,
The lady then so fair and free,
With rudd as red as rose in May,
She kneeled down upon her knee."

In this attitude Elizabeth commenced writing the letters dictated by lord Stanley. Their contents are detailed by Brereton. He is too exact in all points of fact, as to the genealogy and individual particulars of the persons he named, to leave a single doubt that his metrical narrative was written from facts, and by a contemporary of Elizabeth of York; for, careless as he is in regard to the general history of his era, which, indeed, had assumed neither form nor shape in his lifetime, he is wonderfully accurate in all the peculiarities of the costume and private history of his day, and the closer he is sifted, the more truthful does he seem, in minute traits, which must have been forgotten had the work been written a century afterwards. The dictation of these letters proves this assertion; for he shows the odd expedients men in authority resorted to when they could neither read nor write, and, therefore, had

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been originally made for the annoyance of duke Humphrey of Gloucester; "but fulfilled in our days," says Rous of Warwick (who records the circumstance) "by that wretch Richard III."

[1] This is the author of the narrative, who frequently betrays himself as a principal actor in the scene, by unconsciously assuming the first person.

[2] Spice means comfits, such, with cakes and sweet wine, was the evening repast in the middle ages. To this day children's sugarplums and all sorts of bonbons and comfits are called *spice* in the north of England.

[3] That is, they began to consult or study the business on which they were bent

to depend wholly on the fidelity of a scrivener, on whose transcription they placed their seals, as proof that the missive was to meet credence from the recipient party; and such person was often beset with doubts, as to whether the engrossed scroll (which bore no identity of handwriting) was not a treacherous fiction sealed with a stolen signet. The expedients of the unlearned but sagacious Stanley, in this dilemma, are well worthy of attention; to convince his friends that these letters really were no forgery, he relates to each some particular incident, only known between themselves, and which no false scribe could invent. To his eldest son, for instance, he bade the princess "commend him, and charged him to remember, when they parted at Salford-bridge, how hard he pulled his finger, till the first joint gave way, and he exclaimed with the pain." By such token lord Stanley bade him "credit this letter, and meet him at a conference in London disguised like a Kendal merchant." Sir William Stanley was requested "to come to the conference like a merchant of Beaumorris or Caernarvon, with a retinue of Welshmen who could speak no English." Sir John Savage, Stanley's nephew, was summoned "as a Chester merchant." But of all, the letter to Gilbert Talbot, and the reminiscences lord Stanley recalled to him, are the richest in costume, and the peculiar features of the age. Lord Stanley thus directs the princess:—

"Commend me to good Gilbert Talbot
(A gentle squire forsooth is he);
Once on a Friday, well I wot,
King Richard called him traitor high.
But Gilbert to his falchion prest,
(A bold esquire, forsooth, is he),
There durst no serjeant him arrest,
He is so perilous of his body.
"In Tower Street[1] I met him then,
Going to Westminster Sanctuary;
I lighted beside the horse I rode—
The purse from my belt I gave him truly;
I bade him ride down to the north-west[2]
And perchance he might live a knight to be;
Wherefore, lady Bessy, at my request,
Pray him to come and speak with me."

After the princess had written these despatches, and lord Stanley had *sealed* them with his *seal*,[3] they agreed that Humphrey Brereton, who had always been true to king Edward IV., should set out with the letters to the north-west of England. Lord Stanley and his man slept that night in Elizabeth's suite of apartments, but she watched till dawning of the day.

"And Bessy waked all that night,
There came no sleep within her eye,
Soon in the morn, as the day-spring,
Up riseth the young Bessye,

[1] The squabble between the king and Talbot probably took place at the Tower, and the brave squire got into Tower Street, meaning to take boat to Westminster Sanctuary, when Stanley met him, and provided him with money and a steed for his flight into Cheshire.

[2] Stanley gave him the purse from the belt; it is in the strict costume of the era. Gilbert Talbot, the hero here described, greatly distinguished himself at Bosworth. He was dubbed knight banneret on the field, and richly rewarded by Henry VII., and was one of the officers of Katharine of Arragon, who made him her ranger of Needwood Forest.

[3] Such was the important use of the seal when letters were written in one set hand by a scribe.

And maketh haste in her dressing.
To Humphrey Brereton gone is she.
And when she came to Humphrey's bower,
With a small voice called she;
Humphrey answered that lady bright
Saying,—'Who calleth here so early?'
'I am king Edward's daughter right,
The countess Clere, young Bessy;
In all haste, with means and might,
Thou must come to lord Stanley!'"

The lady "fair and sweet" guided Humphrey to the bed-side of his master, who gave him directions for the safe delivery of six letters. Humphrey summoned sir William, the brother of lord Stanley, at Holt Castle, lord Strange, at Latham House, Edward and James Stanley from Manchester, with their cousin, sir John Savage. Lastly, he arrived at Sheffield Castle with his missive for "Gilbert Talbot fair and free," whose reception of Elizabeth's letter is highly characteristic:

"When he that letter looked upon
A loud laughter laughed he.
'Fair fall that lord in his renown,
To stir and rise beginneth he,
Fair fall Bessy, that countess Clere,
That such counsel giveth truly!
Commend me to my nephew, nigh of blood,
The young earl of Shrewsbury;
Bid him not dread, or doubt of good,
In the Tower of London if he be:
I shall make London gate to tremble and quake,
But my nephew rescued shall be.
Commend me to that countess *clear*,
King Edward's child, young Bessye;
Tell her I trust in Jesu, who hath no peer
To bring her, her love[1] from over the sea.'"

The iteration of the expression "countess clear," which is applied, by all her partisans, to Elizabeth of York, certainly meant more than a descriptive epithet relative to her complexion, or why should the term "countess" be always annexed to it? In truth the lady Bessy was, by indubitable right, the moment her brothers were dead, the heiress of the mighty earldom of Clere, or Clare, as the representative of her ancestress, Elizabeth de Burgh,[2] the wife of Lionel, second son of Edward III. The title of duke of Clarence, which originally sprang from this inheritance, might be resumed by the crown, but the great earldom of Clere, or Clare, was a female fief, and devolved on Elizabeth;—her partisans certainly meant to greet her as its rightful and legitimate owner, when they termed her "countess Clere," for however clear or bright she migh be, that species of complexion by no means brought any rational connexion with the title of countess.

When Brereton returned from his expedition he found lord Stanley walking with king Richard in the palace garden;[3] Stanley gave him a sign of secrecy, and Humphrey declared before the king, that he had been taking a vacation of recreation among his friends in Cheshire. After a coaxing and hypocritical speech of Richard, regarding his affection for the "poor commonality," he went to his own apartments in the palace. Brereton then obtained an interview of the princess, to whom he detailed the success of his expedition. Elizabeth received the intelligence with extraordinary gratitude, and agreed to meet her confederates in secret council when they arrived from the north.

[1] Henry of Richmond.
[2] See memoir of queen Philippa, vol. ii.
[3] Cotton garden was one of the pleasances or gardens of Westminster Palace.

The place of meeting was an old inn in the London suburbs, between Holborn and Islington; an eagle's foot[1] was chalked on the door as the token of the place of meeting for the disguised gentlemen who came from Cheshire and Lancashire. Thither, according to our poet, the princess and Stanley repaired secretly by night. After Elizabeth had conferred with her allies, and satisfied herself that they would not murder Richmond, out of their Yorkist prejudices, if he trusted himself among the Stanley powers, she agreed to send him a ring of betrothal, with a letter, informing him of the strength of the party propitious to the union of York and Lancaster. Humphrey Brereton undertook the dangerous task of carrying the despatches. He embarked at Liverpool, a port then little known to the rest of England; but the shipping, and all other matters there, were at the command of the house of Stanley.

When the malady of queen Anne became hopeless, and she evidently drew near her end, a rumour prevailed in the palace, and from thence spread over the country, that the king, on her demise, intended to espouse his niece Elizabeth. It was a report that excited horror in every class of the English people, and in no one (as all historians expressly declare) so much as in the mind of the young princess herself, who detested the idea of the abhorrent union.[2] It may be inferred that she had not concealed her aversion from her uncle, since, after the queen's death, she was sent into restraint at the castle of Sheriff Hutton, in Yorkshire. Richard himself, perceiving the public disgust, gave up the idea of marrying Elizabeth. Immediately the funeral of his wife was over, he called a meeting of the civic authorities, in the great hall of St. John's, Clerkenwell, just before Easter 1485, and, in their presence, distinctly disavowed any intention of espousing his niece, and forbade the circulation of the report as false and scandalous in a high degree. A little while before this proclamation, the same chronicler[3] states, that a convocation of twelve doctors of divinity had sat on a case of the marriage of an uncle and niece, and had declared, that the kindred was too near for a pope's bull to sanction.

If the princess Elizabeth had not manifested decided repugnance to the addresses of her uncle, she might, perhaps, have met with better treatment than consignment to a distant fortress; yet, in the face of this harsh usage, sir George Bucke, the apologist for Richard III., has had the hardihood to affirm, that she was so desirous of marrying her uncle, as to be anxious to hasten the death of her aunt. In confirmation of this assertion, he adduces an infamous letter, which, he says, he saw in the cabinet of the earl of Arundel, among the Howard papers, addressed by the princess Elizabeth to the duke of Norfolk, Richard's great supporter. Bucke pretends that she, in this letter, solicited the good offices of the duke of Norfolk in her favour, adding, "that the king was her

[1] The eagle's foot seems to have been a sort of pass-signal among the retainers of Stanley; it was derived from their crest. The inn was situated in the entrance to London from the northern road; and they must all pass it before they entered the gate.

[2] Sir Thomas More; Grafton; and Harding's Continuation.

[3] Continuator of Croyland.

joy and maker in this world, and that she was his in heart and thought," so far Bucke affects to quote her words; but he adds, in a most uncandid manner, "she *hinted* her surprise at the duration of the queen's illness, and her apprehensions that she would *never* die."[1] Why did not Bucke quote the very words of the princess, that all the world might judge how far the expression, he calls a *hint*, extended? Meantime this letter has never been seen to the present hour, and Bucke is too violent a partisan and too unfaithful an historian to be believed on his mere word.

Persons often act inconsistently in respect to the characters of others, but never in regard to their own. During many trials, the retiring conduct of Elizabeth bore fully out her favourite motto, which consisted of the words "humble and reverent." Nor is it probable that her sweet and saintly nature should have blazed out in one sentence of a letter, into all the murderous ambition that distinguished her father and uncles, and then subsided for ever into the ways of pleasantness and peace.

If this princess had had a heart capable of cherishing murderous thoughts against "her kind aunt, queen Anne," she would have shown some other symptoms of a cruel and ungrateful nature; she certainly did not; therefore it is unjust to condemn her on a supposed hint in a letter which no one but an enemy ever read.[2]

While our princess is incarcerated in her northern prison, it is needful to bestow a few pages on the paladin appointed to her rescue. The romantic incidents of the early life of our first Tudor sovereign are, indeed, little known. Henry Tudor was the son of Edmund earl of Richmond[3] and Margaret Beaufort, only child of John duke of Somerset. His mother was little more than thirteen[4] when he was born at Pembroke Castle,[5] June 25, 1456. Margaret has thus prettily recorded the date of his birth in one of her letters,[6] "For," says the proud and happy mother, "it was on this day of St. Anne that I did bring into the world my good and gracious prince, and only-beloved son." Edmund Tudor survived but till the succeeding November; and his countess Margaret, afterwards the pride of English matrons, the most virtuous as well as the most learned lady in the land, was left a widow and a mother at fourteen, with a little earl of five months old in her arms, whom she had to rear and protect amidst all the horrors of a civil war which had just begun to rage when her husband died.

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[1] Bucke's Hist. W. Kennet, p. 568.

[2] The house of Howard have, from that time to the present, possessed many members illustrious for their literary talents, and, above all, for their research into documentary history; and though search has been made in their archives for this royal autograph letter, yet from that hour to the present it has never been found. Sir James Mackintosh would never (as a lawyer) have given credence to sir George Bucke's mere assertion if he had known that the document was not forthcoming.

[3] Son of queen Katharine and Owen Tudor. See vol. iii.

[4] Hall, 287.

[5] Brooke's Succession of Kings.

[6] Hayne's State Papers. His mother does not mention the *year* of his birth, but he died at fifty-two, in 1508, which gives this date. (See Speed, 979.

When the infant earl of Richmond was about three years old,[1] he was presented by his fond young mother to his great-uncle Henry VI., who solemnly blessed him, and, placing his hand on the child's head, said, "This pretty boy will wear the garland in peace for which we so sinfully contend:" an oracular saying carefully treasured by the young mother of the boy, and remembered afterwards by his party to his advantage. Soon after, the little earl was taken under the protection of his uncle, Jasper earl of Pembroke; and as he was the next heir, through his mother, to the whole ambitious race of Somerset, who were filling England with their seditious efforts to be recognised as legitimate branches of the royal line of Lancaster, the boy was conveyed to the remote castle of Pembroke, for his personal security from the inimical house of York.

He was not five years old when his only protector, Jasper Tudor, was forced to fly from the lost field of Mortimer's Cross. Pembroke Castle was stormed by sir William Herbert, one of Edward IV.'s partisans, and the earldom of Pembroke was given to him as a reward.

The poor little earl of Richmond was found in the castle,[2] not altogether friendless, for he was protected by Philip ap Hoell, whom he in after life described gratefully as "our old servant and well-beloved *nurriour*,"[3] an expression which plainly shows, that Henry had a Welshman by way of a nurse. The new earl of Pembroke was a just and brave man, and, moreover, had a good and merciful lady for his helpmate. So far from hurting the little prisoner whom they had seized with his uncle's castle, the lady Herbert took him to her maternal arms, and brought him up with her own family, "and in all kind of civility well and honourably educated him."[4] The excellence of this good deed will be better appreciated, when it is remembered that Henry was the heir of the dispossessed earl of Pembroke, and consequently was considered by some to have more right to the castle than the Herberts.

The family of lady Herbert consisted of three sons and six daughters, companions of Henry's childhood, and with the lady Maud Herbert there is reason to suppose he had formed a loving attachment. When he was fourteen, his generous protector lord Pembroke was illegally murdered by Warwick's faction, after Banbury fight. Young Tudor still remained with his maternal friend, lady Herbert, till another revolution in favour of Lancaster restored Jasper Tudor once more to his earldom and castle, who with them took re-possession of his nephew. But the few months Jasper was able to hold out the castle was a period of great danger. The nephew and uncle narrowly escaped destruction from a plot contrived by Roger Vaughan, a bold and crafty marchman, belonging to a fierce clan of his name, vowed vassals of the Mortimers and their heirs. Jasper had the satisfaction of turning the tables on Roger, by cutting off his head. But he was soon after besieged in the castle by Morgan Thomas, who, according to the orders of Edward IV., dug a

[1] Lord Bacon makes the infant Tudor some years older, and says he was serving Henry VI. with the ewer of water when the prediction was made.

[2] Hall, 287. [3] Sir Harris Nicolas, Privy Purse Expenses, 212.

[4] This most interesting passage in Henry's life is taken from Hall, 287.

trench round the fortress, and would soon have captured its inmates, if David Thomas (brother to the besieger) had not taken pity on the Tudors and favoured their escape to Tenby,[1] whence with a few faithful retainers they embarked for France, and were cast by a tempest on the coast of Bretagne. Duke Francis II. received them hospitably, and for two or three years they lived peacefully, yet under some restraint.

But the existence of young Henry Tudor disquieted Edward IV., though in the very height of victorious prosperity, and he sent Stillington, bishop of Bath (the ready tool for any iniquity), on a deceitful mission to the court of Bretagne, offering Henry the hand of his eldest daughter with a princely dower, and to Jasper restoration of his earldom, if they would return to England and be his friends. Henry and Jasper were both deceived so far as to be placed without resistance in the hands of the English deputation, and the whole party were only waiting at St. Malos, for a favourable wind, when the duke of Bretagne was seized with a sudden qualm of conscience; he sent his favourite, Peter Landois, to inform young Henry privately that he would be murdered if he trusted himself on board Edward's ships. It seems Edward IV. had bargained to pay the duke of Bretagne a large sum directly his unfortunate guests were safe in the hands of Stillington; and this was the way the duke contrived to keep the purchase-money, and save their lives. The earl of Richmond had caught a quotidian ague at St. Malos,[2] and was lying in such a state of suffering under its feverish fits, that he troubled himself very little with the message of the duke, but the moment his affectionate uncle heard it, he summoned his faithful servants, who ran with the sick youth in their arms to the sanctuary of St. Malos, nor could any promises of Stillington induce them to come out. Edward IV. complained bitterly to duke Francis of the trick he had played him, but if he had bought the life of the poor youth he well deserved to lose his money.

Meantime the countess Margaret, the mother of the young earl, remained at the court of Edward without exciting any great jealousy. She had married lord Henry Stafford, and was again a widow. Edward IV. gave her to his vowed partisan, lord Stanley. Her husband's esteem for her virtues was so great, that she was able to inspire him with a very fatherly interest for her poor exiled boy, from whom she had been so cruelly divided since his infancy.

From the hour when young Richmond was placed in the sanctuary at St. Malos, he was virtually a prisoner. As Henry considered that his life was in great danger, he resolved to render himself capable of taking orders, as a last refuge from the malice of Edward IV. With this intention, as well as for the purpose of whiling away the heavy hours of captivity, he became a proficient in Latin and all the learning of the times.[3] The danger passed away, the learning remained to his future benefit. Yet Richmond and his uncle must have led a harassing life for many years during their exile; nor had they always the comfort of being together, for the records of Vannes prove, that after being some time in an

[1] Hall, 303. [2] Hall, 323. [3] Speed, 926.

honourable state of restraint in the capital of Bretagne, attended by guards yet treated as princes, on some suspicion of their intention to withdraw themselves, Henry and his uncle were arrested at the request of Edward IV. Jasper was confined in the castle of Jocelin, and young Henry in the castle of Elvin. The Bretons to this day point out one of the towers of Elvin as his prison.[1]

The death of his great persecutor Edward IV. caused an amelioration of his captivity. A few months opened to him an immediate vista to the English crown.

After the destruction of the heirs of York had been effected by their murderous uncle, Richard III., Christopher Urswick came to Bretagne, with a proposal from the countess Margaret to her son, that he should marry the rightful heiress of the realm, Elizabeth of York. Henry immediately requested an interview with the duke of Bretagne, to whom he confided his prospects, and received from him promises of assistance and permission to depart: soon after came a gentleman, Hugh Conway, bringing great sums from his mother, with directions to effect a landing as soon as possible in Wales. Henry sailed for England with forty ships furnished him by the duke of Bretagne. According to general history he heard of Buckingham's failure and returned immediately; yet the local traditions of Wales declare that he landed and remained in concealment for several months at Tremostyn in Flintshire.[2]

"In the ancient castle of Tremostyn in Flintshire is a great room at the end of a long gallery, said by the tradition of the place to have been the lodging of Henry VII. when the earl of Richmond, who resided secretly in Wales, at the time he was supposed to have been in Bretagne." "For," adds Pennant, "it is observable that none of our historians account for a certain period in Henry's life after he had departed from the protection of the duke of Bretagne. While Henry was thus lurking at Mostyn, a party of Richard's forces arrived there on suspicion, and proceeded to search the castle. He was about to dine, but had just time to leap out of a back window, and make his escape by means of a hole, which is to this day called the King's Hole."[3]

With Henry's visit to Wales was probably connected the report mentioned in history of his desire to marry lady Katherine Herbert, the youngest daughter of his former generous protectors. After the defeat of Buckingham, he for a time lost all hope of alliance with the royal Elizabeth. His former love, Maud Herbert, had been married to the earl of Northumberland, but Henry sent word that he wished to have her younger sister.[4] The messenger, however, met with the most unaccountable impediments in his journey, and before he could communicate with lady Northumberland new schemes were agitated for his union with the princess Elizabeth, and Henry was forced to sacrifice his private affections. The people imagined that the union of the rival roses was

[1] From "L'Essai sur les Antiquités du département du Morbihan, par J. Mahé, chanoine de la cathédrale de Vannes." Extract made by rev. J. Hunter, in illustration of the Song of the Lady Bessy. [2] Pennant's Wales.

[3] Pennant's Wales. To sir Richard ap Howel, the lord of Mostyn castle, Henry VII. gave his belt and sword, worn on the day of Bosworth. [4] Hall.

arranged by Providence for the purpose of putting an end to the long agonies England had endured, on account of the disputed succession. Great crowds went to behold a natural prodigy of a rose-bush, which produced blossoms, where the rival colours of the rose of York and Lancaster were for the first time seen blended. This the English considered was an auspicious omen.[1]

It must have been about this time that the ring and letter arrived from Elizabeth of York which renewed her engagement to him. In Brereton's narrative he declares he met the earl of Richmond at Begar's monastery; this was twenty-eight miles from Rennes, conveniently situated for intercourse with England, where there were two convents connected with that of Begar's on the earl of Richmond's own estate in Yorkshire. Brereton found the earl of Richmond sitting at the butts in an archery ground; he was dressed in a black velvet surcoat, which reached to the knees; he describes him as long-faced, and pale in complexion. He was in company with lord Oxford, who had just escaped to him from his long confinement in Hammes; lord Ferrars (of Groby), who was the same person as the marquis of Dorset, Elizabeth's brother; likewise an attendant of the name of Lee. The French authors affirm that Henry was in love with Lee's daughter Katherine, but that the girl gave up his promise for fear of ruining his fortunes.[2]

Henry received Brereton civilly, he kissed the ring of rich stones that Elizabeth had sent him, but, with the characteristic caution which ever distinguished him, remained three weeks before he gave him an answer.

Once more Henry was in imminent peril, from the treachery of the Breton government. Duke Francis fell dangerously ill, and his minister, Landois, covenanted to deliver the earl into the hands of Richard III.; as it was, Richmond, who was near the French border, had to ride for his life, and with only five persons arrived safe at Angers, from whence he visited the French court, and received promises of assistance from the lady-regent, sister to Charles VIII. He followed the royal family of France to Paris, where he renewed a solemn oath to marry Elizabeth of York, if he could dispossess the usurper; and the day after this oath all the English students at the university of Paris tendered him their homage as king of England.[3] He likewise received a message from duke Francis, who, having recovered his health, disclaimed the iniquities of Landois, and promised Henry assistance for his fresh descent on England. The lady-regent of France advanced him a sum of money, but required hostages for its payment, upon which Henry very adroitly left in pledge the person of his intended brother-in-law, the marquis of Dorset, whose late communications with England had excited some suspicions.

Richmond reckoned himself a prisoner during the whole of his connexion with Bretagne. "He told me," says Comines, "just before his departure, that from the time he was five years old, he had been either a fugitive or a captive, and that he had endured a fifteen years' imprison-

[1] Camden's Remains.

[2] Prevost. It is worthy of remark, that one of Elizabeth's maids of honour was mistress Lee. In every page, some curious coincidence with forgotten fact is to be found in Brereton's works.

[3] Guthrie, vol. ii. 764.

ment from duke Francis, in whose hands he had fallen by extremity of weather. Indeed, I was at the court of Bretagne when he and his uncle were first seized." Edward IV. paid the duke of Bretagne a yearly sum for his safe keeping, and, if the extreme poverty of Richard III. had permitted him to continue the pension, it is to be feared the crown of England and the hand of its heiress, the lovely lady Bessy, would never have been won by Henry Tudor.

On the 1st of August, Henry sailed with the united fleets of France and Bretagne from Harfleur, on his chivalric enterprise to win a wife and crown. His navy met with no interruption, for Richard's poverty kept the English ships inactive. Henry's fleet safely made Milford Haven in seven days, but he landed with his uncle Jasper at a place called Dale, some miles from his armament. When his uncle first set foot on his native shore the people received him joyfully with these significant words, "Welcome, for thou hast taken good care of thy nephew:"[1] a sarcastic reflection on the conduct of Richard III. to his nephews. This welcome was indicative of the public feeling, for Richmond was greeted every where on his route from Milford as a deliverer, and as far as Shrewsbury, every town threw open its gates for his admittance. His old friend lord Herbert, though not openly his partisan, secretly favoured his march, but Gilbert Talbot, with the bold decision of character so well described by Brereton, joined him directly at the head of the vassalage of his nephew, the earl of Shrewsbury;[2] so did sir John Savage. Henry now pressed forward for the midland counties, suffering in mind doubts respecting the conduct of the Stanleys, although he received the most comforting messages from his mother. At last he arrived at Tamworth. Lord Stanley was encamped at Atherstone, and Richard III. was advancing to Leicester. On the evening of the 20th of August, Henry had a very narrow escape; he went out from his camp at Tamworth and met lord Stanley by assignation in the dark, in a field near Atherstone Moor. Here Stanley explained to his son-in-law, "how necessary it was for him to appear Richard's friend till the very moment when the battle joined, or the loss of his son's life would be the consequence, since Richard would not excuse him from his palace-duty without he left his heir, George lord Strange, as a hostage; that the axe was even now suspended over George's head, and would fall on the slightest symptoms of revolt shown by the Stanleys." Had Richmond been wholly satisfied, he surely would have got a guide from Stanley back to his camp, for on his return he lost his path, and wandered in the greatest peril of being captured by Richard's scouts; he dared not inquire his way lest his foreign accent should betray him. At last rendered desperate, he knocked at the door of a lone hut on Atherstone Moor, and finding therein the master, a simple shepherd, was by him refreshed, and afterwards kindly guided to Tamworth, where he rejoined his forces,

[1] Gough's History of Myddle, edited by sir Thomas Phillipps, bart., and printed at the Middle Hill press.

[2] Hall; who strongly confirms Brereton's statement without knowing any thing of him.

not before his army[1] had been thrown into consternation at his absence.

That very evening, at sunset, king Richard entered Leicester mounted on a magnificent white courser, and clad in the same suit of burnished steel armour he wore at Tewkesbury; on his helmet was placed a regal crown which he had worn ever since he joined his military muster at Nottingham. His countenance was stern and frowning, his manner that of high command, as he rode surrounded by the pomp of war, in the van of the finest cavalry forces in Europe. His army, amounting to thirteen thousand men, was sufficient to have crushed Richmond's petty band, but that its strength was hollow, with the principles of disaffection and revolt.

King Richard slept at the principal inn at Leicester, known since by the name of the Blue Boar, because Leicester Castle was ruinous and uninhabitable. The room in which he passed the night is fresh in the memory of many persons, for the inn was very recently destroyed for the erection of a row of small houses. It was a ghostly gothic chamber. He slept on his military chest, in the shape of a bedstead, and the discovery of his treasure a hundred years afterwards occasioned a horrid murder.

Early in the morning of the day preceding Bosworth fight, Richard III. left Leicester by the south gate at the head of his cavalry. A poor old blind man, who had been a wheelwright, sat begging near the bridge; as the king approached he cried out, "that if the moon changed twice that day, which had changed once in the course of nature that morning, king Richard would lose life and crown." He hinted at the secret disaffection of the Percy[2] who had married Henry of Richmond's old love, Maud Herbert. As Richard rode over Leicester Bridge, his left foot struck against a low wooden post: "His head shall strike against that very pile," said the oracular beggar, "as he returns this night."[3]

On the evening of the 21st, the two rival armies encamped on the appropriately named heath of Redmore, near Bosworth. Richard went out at twilight to reconnoitre. He found a sentinel fast asleep at the outposts. The prompt tyrant stabbed him to the heart with these stern soldierly words: "I found him asleep and I leave him so."

Such was the usurper's preparation for that fearful night of unrest, of which Shakspeare has made such poetical use. Our chroniclers[4] more briefly describe the troubled slumber of Richard, on the last night of his existence, by saying that, in his sleep, he "was most terribly pulled and haled by divels." They report, moreover, that other agents were busy in the camp, besides these diabolical phantasma of the tyrant's over-charged brain; for the morning light showed, that some daring hand had placed a placard on the duke of Norfolk's tent, containing these lines:—

[1] Hutton's Bosworth. This adventure is glanced at by Rapin, Guthrie, and Speed, but is most pleasingly detailed in an old chronicle printed by Hutton.

[2] The Percy bears the crescent as crest.

[3] Twelve Strange Prophecies. Tracts, British Museum.

[4] Speed, 932; Hollinghed; Hall.

"Jockey of Norfolk be not too bold,
For Dickon thy master is bought and sold."

Notwithstanding his ill rest, Richard was the next morning energetically active, reckoning on overwhelming Richmond at once by a tremendous charge of cavalry. Richmond must have possessed great moral courage to risk a battle, for his father-in-law was till the moment of onset dubious in his indications. At last lord Stanley and his brother sir William joined Richmond's forces, and the odds were turned against the usurper. Yet the battle raged on Redmore Heath for more than two hours. King Richard made in person three furious charges, the last being the most desperate, after his friend the duke of Norfolk was slain; when Richard, overthrowing all opposers, made his way to where Richmond's standard flew, in hopes of a personal encounter with his rival, he was borne down by numbers at the foot of the hill near Amyon-lays."[1] His blood tinged the pretty brooklet which issues from the hill; it literally ran red that day, and to this hour the common people refuse to drink of its waters.

The body of Richard was in a few minutes plundered of its armour and ornaments.[2] The crown was hidden by a soldier in a hawthorn-bush, but was soon found and carried to lord Stanley, who placed it on the head of his son-in-law, saluting him by the title of Henry VII., while the victorious army sang *Te Deum* on the blood-stained heath.

"Oh Redmore, then it seemed thy name was not in vain!"

It was in memory of the picturesque fact that the red-berried hawthorn once sheltered the crown of England, that the house of Tudor assumed the device of a crown in a bush of the fruited hawthorn. The loyal proverb of—

"Cleave to the crown, though it hang on a bush,"

alludes to the same circumstance.

While these events were transacting, the royal maiden who was to prove the prize of the victor remained in the lonely halls of the Yorkshire castle of Sheriff Hutton, with no companion but its young and imbecile owner,[3] her cousin Warwick. A sudden outburst of joy throughout the country, and the thronging of the population of the district

[1] See Hutton, who has minutely surveyed the scene of action.

[2] The local traditions of Leicestershire affirm that when Richard's body was brought into Leicester, the town he had lately quitted with such military pride, it was stripped and gashed, and hanging with the head downwards, across a horse ridden by one of his heralds, Blanche Sanglier. As the body was carried across Leicester bridge, the head dangling like a thrum-mop, it (as was very likely) struck against the piece of wood projecting from the bridge, and thus all the gossips found the blind wheelwright's saying fulfilled. The nuns of the Grey Friars begged the poor maltreated corpse of their benefactor, and interred it humbly, but decently, in their church.

[3] Sheriff Hutton was one of the chief baronial residences of the great earl of Warwick, and therefore the residence of his grandson, whom king Richard III. did not pretend to rob of his mother's share of the Neville inheritance. Henry VII. put him in confinement in the Tower, after Willoughby had conveyed him from Sheriff Hutton.

about the gates of her prison, told Elizabeth that her cause had prospered, and that Richard was overthrown. Soon after came sir Robert Willoughby, sent by the new king, Henry VII., from Bosworth, with orders to bring the princess Elizabeth and her cousin to London with all convenient speed. The princess commenced her journey directly, and was attended by a voluntary guard of the nobility and gentry of the counties, through which she passed, and many noble ladies likewise came to wait upon her; in this state she was escorted to London and consigned to the care of her mother, queen Elizabeth, at Westminster Palace.

Henry VII., in the meantime, set out from Leicester, and by easy journeys arrived in the metropolis. The lord mayor and citizens met him at Shoreditch, and recognised him as king of England.[1] He came not invested with military terrors, like a conqueror; not even as an armed cavalier on horseback, but made his entry, to the surprise of every one, in a covered chariot, a mode of travelling never before used, excepting by females, "without," adds Bacon, "it was considered necessary so to convey a traitor or enemy of the state, dangerous for the people to recognise." His own poet, Bernard Andreas, who had accompanied him from Bretagne, welcomed him to London, at Shoreditch, with Latin verses written in his praise. The king went direct to St. Paul's, where *Te Deum* was sung, and he offered his banners, not those taken at Bosworth, but three, on which were figured his devices of the fiery dragon of Cadwallader, a dun cow, and the effigy of St. George. He then retired to his lodging prepared at the palace of the bishop of London, close to St. Paul's churchyard. While he remained the guest of the bishop, he assembled his privy council, and renewed to them his promise of espousing the princess Elizabeth of York.

The discontents of the Yorkist party commenced from this era; they found with indignation that Henry chose to be recognised by parliament as the independent sovereign of England, without the least acknowledgment of the title he derived from his betrothment with their princess. His coronation took place soon after, without the association of the princess in its honours. Elizabeth, it is said, suffered great anxiety from the varied reports of his intended marriage either with the heiress of Bretagne or lady Katherine Herbert. In the course of these meditations she recalled to memory that her father had, in her infancy, offered her in marriage to "this comely prince;" perhaps she did not know the evil intentions of that treaty; at all events, she now persuaded herself, that she was acting according to the sanction of her deceased parent.[2] It was near Christmas, and no preparations had been made for the marriage of the royal pair, when the house of commons, on their grant to the king of tonnage and poundage for life, added to it a petition, "that he would take to wife and consort the princess Elizabeth, which marriage they hoped God would bless, with a progeny of the race of kings." The members of the assembled houses of parliament then rose up and bowed to the king, as a sign of their earnest co-operation in this wish.[3]

[1] Continuation of Harding. [2] Bernard Andreas, Memoir, quoted by Speed.
[3] *Parliamentary* History.

The king replied, "that he was very willing so to do." He might have added, for the further satisfaction of all malcontent at the delay, that the prevalence of the two great plagues of poverty and pestilence were reasonable impediments to gorgeous and crowded ceremonials; for the private records of the exchequer prove that there was not a doit in the royal purse, and the public annals show how severely the new disease called the sweating sickness, or sudor Anglicus, was devastating the metropolis.

On the 10th of December, the parliament was prorogued till the 27th of January by the lord chancellor, who announced "that, before its reassembling, the marriage of the king and the princess Elizabeth would take place:" from which time she was treated as queen.[1] A great tournament was proclaimed, and magnificent preparations made for the royal nuptials. Elizabeth and Henry were within the prohibited degrees: to obtain a special dispensation was the work of time; but, in order to indulge the wishes of the nation for their immediate union, an ordinary dispensation was procured from the pope's resident legate, and the royal pair united at Westminster, January 18, 1486. Their wedding-day was, in the words of Bernard Andreas, "celebrated with all religious and glorious magnificence at court, and by their people with bonfires, dancing, songs, and banquets, throughout all London."

Cardinal Bouchier, a prelate, who was at the same time a descendant of the royal house of Plantagenet,[2] and a prince of the church, was the officiating prelate at the marriage. "His hand," according to the quaint phraseology of Fuller, who records the circumstance, "held that sweet posie, wherein the white and red roses were first tied together."

ELIZABETH OF YORK,

SURNAMED THE GOOD,

QUEEN OF HENRY VII.

CHAPTER II.

Epithalamium—Original anthem of God save the king—The queen's residence at Winchester—Delicate health—Illness with ague—Birth of prince Arthur—

[1] Plumpton Papers, p. 48. (Camden Society.) The learned editor of this valuable collection justly points out the importance of the tenth letter as an historical document, but suggests (from another document) that a mistake is made in the date, and that parliament was appointed to re-assemble on the 23d, instead of the 27th; but we think, as the royal marriage took place on the 18th, the Plumpton correspondent is right; since "there was to be great justing," many of the peers and knights of the shire would take a part at this passage of arms, and they would be scarcely fit for business under a week or eight days.

[2] By descent from Isabel Plantagenet, sister of Richard duke of York, who married Bourchier earl of Essex.

Queen founds the Lady Chapel at Winchester Cathedral—Her dower—Meets her cousin Warwick at Shene—Joins the king at Kenilworth—Views his entry at Bishopsgate Street—Goes with him to Greenwich—Her procession by water to London—Coronation—Assists at the feast of St. George—Presides at the marriages of her aunt and sisters—Party to her sister's marriage-settlement—Takes her chamber—Birth of the princess Margaret—Of prince Henry—Of the princess Elizabeth—Queen writes to the king in France—Perkin Warbeck's rebellions—Queen's progress with the king to Latham House—Queen's expenditure—Her friendship for the king's mother—The royal children—Troubles of England—Queen's sojourn at Calais—Marriages of her children—Death of prince Arthur—Routine of the queen's life—Expenditure—Visit to Hampton Court—Residence at the palace of the Tower—Birth of seventh child—Illness—Death—Lying in state at the Tower—Chapel ardente—Stately funeral—Elegy by Sir Thomas More—Statue—Portrait.

A VERY elegant Latin epithalamium was written on the marriage of Elizabeth of York, by a learned prebendary of St. Paul's, John de Gigli.[1] It is a great curiosity, and, though too long as a whole for the limits of the present work, an English version of a few specimens relating to the royal pair is subjoined. The first extract commences with the seventh line.

"Hail, ever honoured and auspicious day,
When in blest wedlock to a mighty king—
To Henry—bright Elizabeth is joined,
Fairest of Edward's offspring, she alone
Pleased this illustrious spouse."

Then, after much rejoicing at the happy prospect of peace, and re-establishment of the ancient laws, and some unnecessary allusions to Nestor, Priam, Hector, and invocation of the Pagan deities, the reverend poet addresses Henry to this effect:—

"Though it may please you proudly to derive
Ancestral titles from the ancient stock
Of Frankish kings your royal forefathers,
Your beauty more commends you to our hearts,—
Features benign, and form of graceful mould,
Virtue's concomitants which wait on you,
And with each other vie to make you shine
In splendour more adorned."

The poet tells Henry that the fruit of war is won, the ermine has descended upon him, the crown is on his head, the sceptre in his hand, peace smiles for England, and he only requires a spouse to complete his happiness, and he thus calls his attention to Elizabeth:—

"So here the most illustrious maid of York,
Deficient nor in virtue, nor descent
Most beautiful in form, whose matchless face
Adorned with most enchanting sweetness shines;
Her parents called her name Elizabeth,
And she, their first-born, should of right succeed
Her mighty sire. *Her title will be yours*
If you unite this princess to yourself
In wedlock's holy bond."

[1] Bibl. Harl. 336; date 1486. John de Gigli was afterwards in 1497 made bishop of Worcester.

Alluding to Henry's tardiness in celebrating his nuptials, the royal *fiancée* is made to express the most passionate impatience; she says.—

"Oh! my beloved, my hope, my only bliss,
Why then defer my joy? Fairest of kings,
Whence your delay to light our bridal torch?
Our noble house contains two persons now,
But one in mind, in equal love the same.
Oh! my illustrious spouse, give o'er delay,
Your sad Elizabeth entreats—and you
Will not deny Elizabeth's request,
For we were plighted in a solemn pact,
Signed long ago by your own royal hand."

Henry is then reminded that her youthful affections had been given to him, and that she had patiently cherished this idea for years.

"How oft with needle, when denied the pen,
Has she on canvass traced the blessed name
Of Henry, or expressed it with her loom
In silken threads, or 'broidered it in gold;
And now she seeks the fanes and hallowed shrines
Of deities propitious to her suit.
Imploring them to shorten her suspense,
That she may in auspicious moment know
The holy name of bride.
* * * * *
Your hymeneal torches now unite,
And keep them ever pure. Oh! royal maid,
Put on your regal robes in loveliness.
A thousand fair attendants round you wait,
Of various ranks, with different offices,
To deck your beauteous form; lo, this delights
To smooth with ivory comb your golden hair,
And that to curl and braid each shining tress,
And wreath the sparkling jewels round your head,
Twining your locks with gems. This one shall clasp
The radiant necklace framed in fretted gold
About your snowy neck, while that unfolds
The robes that glow with gold and purple dye,
And fits the ornaments, with patient skill,
To your unrivalled limbs; and here shall shine
The costly treasures from the Orient sands,
The sapphire, azure gem, that emulates
Heaven's lofty arch, shall gleam, and softly there
The verdant emerald shed its greenest light,
And fiery carbuncle flash forth rosy rays
From the pure gold."

The epithalamium concludes with the enthusiastic wish of the poet, that a lovely and numerous progeny may bless these royal nuptials with children's children, in long succession to hold the reins of the kingdom, with justice and honour. He predicts that a child shall shortly gambol in the royal halls, and grow up a worthy son of Richmond, emulating the noble qualities of his august parents, and perpetuating their name in his illustrious descendants for ever.

Nor was the Latin composition of the learned de Gigli the only poeti-

cal tribute to these nuptials. An anthem was written for the occasion, in the following words, in which a strong resemblance will be immediately traced to "God save the king;" the similarity of the music is still stronger.[1]

"God save king Henrie wheresoe'er he be,
And for queene Elizabeth now pray wee,
And for all her noble progenye;
God save the church of Christ from any follie,
And for queene Elizabeth now pray wee."

Three successive dispensations were granted by pope Innocent, all dated subsequently to the royal marriage. He addresses the king and queen as "Thou king Henry of Lancaster, and thou Elizabeth of York;" and proceeds to state "that, as their progenitors had vexed the kingdom of England with wars and clamours, to prevent further effusion of blood it was desirable for them to unite in marriage. He calls Elizabeth "the undoubted heir of that famous king of immortal memory, Edward IV.," thus effacing the brand her unnatural uncle had cast on her birth. Three bulls were obtained, one after the other, before Henry could find one to please him; at last, a clause was introduced, declaring that, if Elizabeth died without issue, the succession of the crown was to be continued in Henry's progeny by another wife, a great injustice to her sisters.

Elizabeth, directly after the marriage, gave hopes that this injurious clause would prove of none effect. She retired to the city of Winchester, to pass the summer, holding her court there, surrounded by her sisters, her mother, and her mother-in-law, Margaret of Richmond, for whom she appears to have cherished the greatest esteem. The king left his bride at Lent, for the purpose of making a long and dangerous progress through the northern counties, which had been so entirely devoted to Richard III. as to have upheld him on the throne by military force.

It was impossible for Elizabeth, in her delicate and hopeful situation, to accompany her husband on this progress; for he had to suppress two dangerous insurrections on the road, and one notable plot laid for his destruction. At last Henry got safely to the late usurper's favourite city of York, where the good people discreetly tried the effect of a little personal flattery. At his magnificent entry they made the air ring with shouts of "King Harry, king Harry; our Lord preserve that sweet and well-favoured face!" And so well was this compliment taken, that Henry reduced their crown-rents from 161*l.* to 18*l.* 5*s.*

The queen had fixed her residence at Winchester by her husband's express desire, as he wished her to give birth to his expected heir in the castle of that city, because tradition declared it was built by king Arthur, his ancestor. The arrangement of the queen's bedchamber was, according to ancient etiquette, which had been studied sedulously by the king's mother, the countess Margaret, who has favoured posterity with her

[1] This anthem, set to musical notes of the old square form and with the baritone clef on the third line, genuine signs of antiquity, was found with other ancient papers in the church chest at Gayton, Northamptonshire; the date is 1486, the year of the marriage of Henry VII. and Elizabeth of York. (See History and Origin of "God save the king," by E. Clark, p. 26.)

written rules on the subject. The royal patient was inclosed, not only from air, but from the light of day. "Her highness' pleasure being understood as to what chamber she be delivered in, the same must be hung with rich cloth of arras, sides, roof, windows and all, except *one* window, where it must be hanged so that she may have light when it pleaseth her. After the queen had taken to her chamber," a peculiar ceremony in royal etiquette, now obsolete, she bade farewell to all her lords and court officers, and saw none but those of her own sex, "for," continues the countess Margaret, "women were made all manner of officers, as butlers, sewers, and pages, who received all needful things at the great chamber door." The queen gave all her family a surprise by producing her infant a month sooner than was expected, yet the child was healthy, and very lively. He was born September 20, 1486, at Winchester castle. The health of the queen, it appears, was always delicate, and she suffered much from an ague at this time. Her mother-in-law, lady Margaret, busied herself much at this time, for, besides regulating the etiquette of the royal lying-in chamber, she likewise arranged the pageantry of the young prince's baptism, and set forth the length and breath of his cradle "fair adorned with painters' craft."[1] Elizabeth of York had the satisfaction of seeing her mother distinguished by the honour of standing godmother for this precious heir. Several cross-accidents attended his baptism; the day was violently stormy, and one of his godfathers, the stout earl of Oxford, most unaccountably kept his royal godchild waiting, in the cold cathedral, three hours for his appearance. Oxford came in when the ceremony was nearly over, but he was in time to perform his part, which was that of sponsor, at the confirmation; and, taking the royal babe on his arm, he presented him to the officiating prelate at Winchester high altar. Then, while the king's trumpeters and minstrels went playing before, the child was borne to the king and queen, and had the blessing of God, our lady, St. George, and his father and mother.[2] The king, according to ancient custom, sat by the queen's bed-side, ready to give their united blessing, as the concluding ceremony of the royal baptism..

It cannot be denied, that Henry VII., afterwards so cunning and worldly, was, at this epoch, imbued with all the dreamy romance natural to the studious and recluse life he had led in his prison tower of Elven, where his hours of recreation had no other amusement than stories of Arthur and Uter Pendragon. He had hitherto spent his days in Wales or Bretagne, both Celtic countries, speaking the same language, and cherishing the same traditions. Much the royal brain was occupied with ballads of the Mort d'Artur, with red dragons and green leeks, besides long rolls of Welsh pedigrees, in which Noah figured about midway. It was remarkable enough that a prince, educated on the coast of France, should have returned to England, with tastes so entirely formed on the most ancient lore of our island: tastes which he now gratified by naming the heir of England Arthur, after his favourite hero and ancestor. It was

[1] Ordinances of the countess Margaret, mother of Henry VII. Harleian MS.
[2] Lelandi Collectanea, iv. 390.

a mercy he did not name the boy Cadwallader, whom, by the assistance of some pains-taking Welsh heralds, he claimed as his hundredth progenitor.[1]

It was impossible for a king, who was a connoisseur in Welsh pedigrees, to meet with a mate better suited to him in that particular, for the queen was lineal princess of Wales by virtue of her descent from Gladis, who had married one of the Mortimer ancestors, and their posterity was the nearest collateral line to Llewellyn the Great.[2] The memory of the Mortimers, as the conquerors and controllers of Wales, was little esteemed by the Welsh; but the infant prince Arthur was the object of their adoration, and his perfections are still remembered in their national songs.

The queen's ague continued, and it was long before she recovered her health; when it was restored, she founded a Lady Chapel at Winchester cathedral, as a testimony of gratitude for the birth of her heir.

The dower of Elizabeth deviated in some particulars from those of the queens, her predecessors: as she was heiress of the Mortimers, some of their possessions in Herefordshire, and part of the great patrimony of Clare, formed portions of it. Her grandmother, Cicely duchess of York, was very richly endowed on this inheritance; and as Elizabeth Woodville, the queen's mother, had likewise to be maintained, the funds were barely sufficient for all claimants.

The king, "in consideration of the great expenses and charges that his most dear wife Elizabeth, queen of England, must of necessity bear in her chamber, and other divers *wises*, by the advice of the lords spiritual and temporal, and the commons in this present parliament, and by the authority of the same, ordaineth that his dear wife the queen be able to sue in her own name, without the king, by writs, &c., all manner of forms, rents, and debts due to her; and sue in her own name in all manner of actions, and plead, and be impleaded in any of the king's courts."[3]

The next year was agitated with the mysterious rebellion in behalf of the earl of Warwick, who was personated by a youth named Lambert Simnel. It was but a few months since the queen and young Warwick had been companions at Sheriff Dutton; the public had since lost sight of him, and this rebellion was evidently got up to make the king own what had become of him. He had been kept quietly in the Tower, from whence, to prove the imposition of Lambert Simnel, he was now brought in grand procession through the city to Shene, where he had lived in 1485, and, previously, with Elizabeth of York, and her young brothers and sisters.[4] The queen received him with several noblemen, and conversed with him, but he was found to be very stupid, not knowing the difference between the commonest objects.[5] The king wrote to the earl

[1] It was likewise reported, that Cadwallader had prophesied on his death-bed the restoration of his line as sovereigns of the whole island.—Hardyng.

[2] Blackstone. Gladis was sister to Llewellyn the Great.

[3] Parliamentary rolls, vol. vi.

[4] See Wardrobe Accounts of Edward IV., edited by sir Harris Nicolas, 157–8.

[5] Hall. Cardinal Pole says his uncle was as innocent as a child of a year old.

of Ormond, chamberlain to the queen, the following May, commanding him to escort her and the countess Margaret to Kenilworth, where he then was. The people were discontented that the coronation of Elizabeth had not taken place after her wedlock, and rebellions followed each other with great rapidity. Lambert Simnel fell into the king's power this autumn; and when Henry found he was a simple boy, too ignorant to be considered a responsible agent, he very magnanimously forgave him, and with good-humoured ridicule promoted him to be turnspit in his kitchen at Westminster, and afterwards made him one of his falconers.

This act of grace was in honour of Elizabeth's approaching coronation. She preceded the king to London; and, on the 3d of November, 1487, she sat in a window at St. Mary's hospital, Bishopsgate Street, in order to have a view of the king's triumphant entry of the metropolis, in honour of the victory of Stoke. The queen then went with Henry to their palace at Greenwich. On the Friday preceding her coronation she went from London to Greenwich, royally accompanied on the broad-flowing Thames; all the barges of the civic companies came to meet her in procession. The bachelors' barge, whose pageant surpassed all the others, belonged to the gentleman-students of Lincoln's Inn; "therein was a great red dragon," in honour of the Cadwallader dragon of the house of Tudor, "spouting flames of fire into the Thames," and "many other gentlemanly pageants, well and curiously devised to do her highness sport and pleasure withal." This barge, rowed by the handsomest gentlemen of Lincoln's Inn, kept side by side with that of Elizabeth, playing the sweetest melody, and exciting the admiration of all the citizens assembled on the banks of the river, or in boats, by the activity of the gallant rowers and the vivacity of their dragon. "When the queen landed at the Tower, the king's highness welcomed her in such manner and form as was to all the estates, being present, a very goodly sight, and right joyous and comfortable to behold."

The king then created eleven knights of the Bath; and the next day, Saturday, after dinner, Elizabeth set forth on her procession through the city to Westminster Palace. The crowd was immense, it being Elizabeth's first public appearance in the metropolis as queen since her marriage, and all the Londoners were anxious to behold her in her royal apparel. She must have been well worth seeing — she had not completed her twenty-second year, her figure was, like that of her majestic father, tall and elegant, her complexion brilliantly fair, and her serene eyes and perfect features were now lighted up with the lovely expression maternity ever gives to a young woman whose disposition is truly estimable. The royal apparel in which her loving subjects were so anxious to see her arrayed consisted of a kirtle of white cloth of gold, damasked, and a mantle of the same furred with ermine fastened on the breast with a great lace, or cordon, curiously wrought of gold and silk, finished with rich knobs of gold and tassels. "On her fair yellow hair,[1] hanging at length down her back, she wore a caul of pipes (a piped net-

[1] Her hair is likewise termed *flavente*, or yellow, in the epithalamium.

work), and a circle of gold, richly adorned with gems." Thus attired, she quitted her chamber of state in the Tower, her train borne by her sister Cicely, who was still fairer than herself. She was preceded by four baronesses, riding grey palfreys, and by her husband's uncle Jasper, as grand steward. Her old friend, lord Stanley (now earl of Derby), was high constable, and the earl of Oxford, lord chamberlain. Thus attended, she entered a rich open litter, whose canopy was borne over her head by four of the new knights of the Bath. She was followed by her sister Cicely and the duchess of Bedford, her mother's sister,[1] in one car, and her father's sister, the duchess of Suffolk, mother to the unfortunate earl of Lincoln, lately slain fighting against Henry VII. at the battle of Stoke. The duchess of Norfolk rode in another car, and six baronesses on palfreys brought up the noble procession. The citizens hung velvets and cloth of gold from the windows of Chepe, and stationed children, dressed like angels, to sing praises to the queen as she passed on to Westminster Palace.

The next morning she was attired in a kirtle of purple velvet furred with ermine bands in front. On her hair she wore a circlet of gold, set with large pearls and coloured gems. She entered Westminster Hall with her attendants, and waited under a canopy of state till she proceeded to the abbey. The way thither was carpeted with striped cloth, which sort of covering had been, from time immemorial, the perquisite of the common people. But the multitude in this case crowded so eagerly to cut off pieces of the cloth, ere the queen had well passed, that before she entered the abbey several of them were trampled to death, and the procession of the queen's ladies "broken and distroubled."

The princess Cicely was the queen's trainbearer: the duke of Suffolk, her aunt's husband, carried the sceptre; and the king's uncle, Jasper duke of Bedford, carried the crown. The king resolved that Elizabeth should possess the public attention solely that day; he therefore ensconced himself in a closely latticed box, erected between the altar and the pulpit in Westminster Abbey, where he remained with his mother, *perdue*, during the whole ceremony. The queen's mother was not present, but her son Dorset, who had undergone imprisonment in the Tower on suspicion, during the earl of Lincoln's revolt, was liberated, and permitted to assist at his sister's coronation.[2]

A stately banquet was prepared in Westminster Hall, solely for the queen and those who had assisted at her coronation. The king, and the countess Margaret, his mother, were again present as unseen spectators, occupying a latticed seat erected in the recess of a window on the left of the hall.

When the queen was seated at her coronation feast, the lord Fitzwater, her sewer, "came before her in his surcoat with tabard-sleeves, his hood about his neck, and a towel over all, and sewed all the messes." A sewer seems to have been an officer who performed at the royal table

[1] Katharine Woodville, widow of the duke of Buckingham (put to death by Richard III.) She was lately married to Jasper Tudor, whom the king had rewarded with the dukedom of Bedford. [2] Ives' Select Papers.

the functions of a footman, or waiter, at a modern dinner-party; and "sewing all the messes" was presenting the hot meats in a manner fit for the queen to partake of them. "The lady Catherine Grey, and mistress Ditton, went under the table, and sat at the queen's feet, and the countesses of Oxford [1] and Rivers knelt on each side, and now and then held a kerchief before her grace. And after the feast the queen departed with God's blessing, and the rejoicing of many a true Englishman's heart." [2]

The next day Henry partook of the coronation festivities; the queen began the morning by hearing mass with her husband in St. Stephen's Chapel, after which "she kept her estate" (viz., sat in royal pomp, under a canopy) in the parliament-chamber; the king's mother, who was scarcely ever separated from her daughter-in-law, was seated on her right hand. At dinner they observed the same order, and the beautiful princess Cicely sat opposite to her royal sister at the end of the board. After dinner there was a ball, at which the queen and her ladies danced. The following day the queen returned to Greenwich.

From the time of her coronation, Elizabeth appeared in public with all the splendour of an English queen. On St. George's day, 1488, she assisted at a grand festival of the Order of the Garter attired in the robes of the order. She rode with the countess of Richmond in a rich car, covered with cloth of gold, drawn by six horses, whose housings were of the same. The royal car was followed by her sister, the princess Anne, in the robes of the order, and twenty-one ladies dressed in crimson velvet, mounted on white palfreys, the reins and housings of which were covered with white roses.

The queen's aunt Katherine, widow of Buckingham, had been previously married to the duke of Bedford, the king's uncle, in the presence of Elizabeth and Henry. The Viscount Welles, who was uncle by the half-blood to the king, received the hand of the queen's sister Cicely; to the heralds were given the bride's mantle and gown as fees and largess. The princess Katharine was married to the heir of the earl of Devonshire, and the princess Anne took the place of Cicely in attendance on the queen in public. She thus continued till her hand was claimed, by Thomas earl of Surrey, for his heir lord Thomas Howard; this nobleman affirmed that the young pair had been betrothed in infancy in the reign of Richard III. by that king.[3] The marriage settlement [4] of

[1] The countess of Oxford is the first peeress who is recorded to have earned her bread by her needle; and it is pleasant to find this long-suffering lady restored to her high rank, since after the imprisonment of her noble-minded husband for his unshaken fidelity in the cause of queen Margaret, Edward IV. leprived her of her dower. She would have been starved with her little children, if she had not been skilled in the use of the needle. With a spirit of perseverance which rivalled the heroism of her gallant lord, she struggled through fifteen years of penury till better times restored her husband, her rank, and fortune.

[2] Lelandi Collectanea, vol. iv. pp. 216–233. [3] Bucke and Hutton.

[4] This deed is in the possession of his grace the duke of Norfolk, earl marshal; it is dated February 12, 1495. The lady Anne had two sons, who, fortunately for themselves, died in infancy. She died early in life, and is buried under a magnificent monument at *Framlingham*, Suffolk.

the lady Anne and lord Thomas was made by queen Elizabeth on one side in behalf of her sister, and the earl of Surrey for his son on the other. Henry VII. offered at the altar, and gave his sister-in-law away.

The ancient ceremonial of the queen of England taking to her chamber was always performed in earlier times, but its detail was not preserved till the autumn of 1489, when Elizabeth of York went through the formula previously to the birth of her eldest daughter Margaret. As described in a contemporary herald's journal, queen Elizabeth's temporary retirement assumed the character of a religious rite. "On Allhallows' eve," says this quaint chronicler,[1] "the queen took to her chamber at Westminster, royally accompanied, that is to say, with my lady the king's *moder*, the duchess of Norfolk and many other *ganging* before her, and besides greater part of the nobles of the realm, being all assembled at Westminster at the parliament. She was led by the earl of Oxford and the earl of Derby (the king's father-in-law). The reverend father in God, the bishop of Exeter, said mass in his pontificals.[2] The earl of Salisbury[3] held the towels when the queen received the host, and the corners of the towels were golden, and after *Agnus Dei* was sung, and the bishop ceased, the queen was led as before; when she arrived at her own great chamber, she tarried in the ante-room before it, and stood under her cloth of estate, then was ordained a *void* of refreshments; that done, my lord, the queen's chamberlain, in very good words, desired, in the queen's name, 'all her people to pray that God would send her a good hour,' and so she entered into her chamber, which was hanged and ceiled with blue cloth of arras, enriched with gold fleur-de-lis;" no tapestry, on which human figures were represented, according to this document, was suffered to adorn the royal bed-chamber, "being inconvenient for ladies in such a case," lest, it may be supposed, the royal patient should be affrighted by the "figures which gloomily glare." There was a rich bed and pallet in the queen's chamber: the pallet had a fine canopy of velvet of many colours, striped with gold, and garnished with red roses. Also there was an altar furnished with relics, and a very rich cupboard full of gold plate. When the queen had recommended herself to the good prayers of the lords, her chamberlain drew the traverse, or curtain, which parted the chamber, and "thenceforth no manner of officer came within the queen's chamber, but only ladies and gentlewomen after the old custom."

This etiquette was, however, broken by the arrival of the prince of Luxembourg, ambassador extraordinary from France, who, most earnestly desiring to see the queen, was introduced into her bed-chamber by her mother queen Elizabeth Woodville, his near relative; no other man, excepting the lord chamberlain and Garter king-at-arms, was admitted.

[1] Cottonian MS., Julius.

[2] Mass was probably said (though the authority does not mention it) at St. Stephen's, the private chapel of Westminster Palace situate near the royal state chambers.

[3] Sir Richard Pole, husband of Margaret, countess of Salisbury who was the queen's cousin-german.

The queen's retirement took place on the 1st of November, and the royal infant was born on the 29th of the same month.[1] She was named Margaret after the king's mother, and that noble lady, as godmother, presented the babe with a silver box full of gold pieces. At the christening festivals a play was performed before the king and queen in the white-hall of Westminster Palace. Subsequently at the Christmas festival a court-herald complains "there were very few plays acted on account of prevalent sickness; but there was an abbot of misrule who made much sport."

The queen's second son Henry, afterwards Henry VIII., was born at Greenwich Palace, June 28, 1491. He was remarkable for his great strength and robust health from his infancy. During the temporary retirement of the queen to her chamber previously to the birth of her fourth child, the death of her mother, Elizabeth Woodville, occurred; the royal infant, proving a girl, was named Elizabeth, perhaps in memory of its grandmother.

Towards the close of the same year, 1492, Henry VII. undertook an invasion of France, in support of the rights of Anne of Bretagne to her father's duchy. But the queen[2] wrote him so many loving letters, lamenting his absence, and imploring his speedy return, that he raised the siege of Boulogne, made peace, and came back to England on the 3d of November. His subjects were preparing for him plenty of employment at home, by rebellions in behalf of Perkin Warbeck, who at this time commenced his personification of Richard duke of York, the queen's brother, second son of Edward IV. and Elizabeth Woodville.[3]

The remaining years of the century were involved in great trouble to the king, the queen, and the whole country; the lord chamberlain, sir William Stanley (brother to the king's father-in-law), was executed, with little form of justice, for favouring the impostor, and the court was perturbed with doubt and suspicion. The bodies of the queen's brothers were vainly sought for at the Tower, in order to disprove the claims of the pretender; and, when the queen's tender love for her own family is remembered, a doubt cannot exist that her mental sufferings were acute at this crisis.

In the summer of 1495 Elizabeth accompanied the king to Lathom House, on a visit to his mother and her husband, Stanley earl of Derby. Perkin Warbeck was expected to invade England every day, and the king brought his wife with him to Lancashire, in order to regain for him the popularity he had lost by the execution of sir William Stanley. Warrington Bridge was at this time built for the passage of the royal pair.[4] While a guest at Lathom House, the king ran a risk of his life from an odd circumstance;[5] the earl of Derby was showing him the country from the leads, when the family fool, who had been much

[1] Speed. [2] Bernard Andreas' MS., quoted by Speed.

[3] Perkin has some historical partisans, who, at this day, believe in his identity with the duke of York; it should be however noticed, that he chose his time of declaring himself very suspiciously, viz., just after the death of his supposed mother, queen Elizabeth Woodville, who could alone have recognised him.

[4] Song of the lady Bessy; notes by Hayward. [5] White Kennet's Collections

attached to sir William, the brother of his lord, lately put to death by the king, drew near, and pointing to a precipitous part of the leads, undefended by battlements, close to which the royal guest was standing, said to his lord, in the deep low tone of vengeance, "Tom remember Will." These three words struck the conscience of the king, and he hurried down stairs to his mother and his consort with great precipitation. He returned with Elizabeth to London soon after this adventure, when they both attended the serjeants' feast at Ely Place; the queen and her ladies dined in one room, and the king and his retinue in another.

Elizabeth was this year so deeply in debt that her consort found it necessary, after she had pawned her plate for 500*l.*, to lend her 2000*l.*,[1] to satisfy her creditors. Whoever examines the privy-purse expenses of this queen will find that her life was spent in acts of beneficence to the numerous claimants of her bounty. She loved her own sisters with the fondest affection; they were destitute, but she could not bear that the princesses of the royal line of York should be wholly dependent on the English noblemen (who had married them dowerless), for the food they ate and the raiment they wore; she allowed them all, while single, an annuity of 50*l.* per annum for their private expenses, and paid to their husbands annuities for their board of 120*l.* each, besides perpetual presents. In her own person she was sufficiently economical; when she needed pocket money, sums as low as 4*s.* 4*d.*, seldom more that 10*s.* or 20*s.* at a time, were sent to her from her accountant Richard Decons, by the hands of one of her ladies, as the lady Anne Percy, or the lady Elizabeth Stafford, or Mistress Lee, to be put in her majesty's purse; then her gowns were mended, turned, and new bodied; they were freshly trimmed at an expense of 4*d.*, they were freshly hemmed when beat out at the bottom. She wore shoes which only cost 12*d.*, with latten or tin buckles.[2] But the rewards she proffered to her poor affectionate subjects, who brought her trifling offerings of early peas, cherries, chickens, bunches of roses, and posies of other flowers, were very high in proportion to what she paid for her own shoes.

The queen lost her little daughter Elizabeth in September, 1495; this infant, if her epitaph may be trusted, was singularly lovely in person. She was buried in the new chapel built by her father in Westminster Abbey.

A very tender friendship ever existed between the countess Margaret, the king's learned and accomplished mother, and her royal daughter-in-law. In her letters Margaret often laments the queen's delicate, or (as she terms it) *crazy* constitution. In one of them, written about this time, she thus mentions Elizabeth and her infants. It is written to the queen's chamberlain on occasion of some French gloves he had bought for the countess:

"Blessed be God, the king, the queen, and all our sweet children be in good health. The queen hath been a little *crazed* [infirm in health], but now she is well, God be thanked. Her sickness not so much amended as I would; but I trust it shall be hastily with God's grace.

[1] Privy-Purse Expenses of Henry VII.; Excerpta Hist., edited by sir H. Nicolas.
[2] Privy-Purse Expenses of Elizabeth of York; edited by sir H. Nicolas.

"The countess declares the gloves be right good, excepting they were too much for her hand;" and adds, with a little sly pride in the smallness of her own fingers, "that she thinks the French ladies be great ladies altogether, not only in estates, but in their persons."

Elizabeth's infants were reared and educated at Croydon. Erasmus visited the princely children there when he was the guest of lord Mountjoy; the family picture he draws is a charming one; and oh! how its interest is augmented when it is considered that sir Thomas More and himself filled up the grouping!

He thus describes the queen's children: "Thomas More paid me a visit when I was Mountjoy's guest, and took me for recreation a walk to a neighbouring country-palace where the royal infants were abiding; prince Arthur excepted, who had completed his education. The princely children were assembled in the hall, and were surrounded by their household, to whom Mountjoy's servants added themselves. In the middle of the circle stood prince Henry, then only nine years old; he bore in his countenance a look of high rank, and an expression of royalty, yet open and courteous. On his right hand stood the princess Margaret, a child of eleven years, afterwards queen of Scotland. On the other side was the princess Mary,[1] a little one of four years of age, engaged in her sports, whilst Edmund, an infant, was held in his nurse's arms." There is a group of portraits at Hampton Court representing three of these children; they have earnest eyes and great gravity of expression, but the childish features of the princess Margaret, who is then about six years of age, look oddly out of the hood-coif, the fashionable head-dress of the era; even the babies in arms wore the same head-dress.

For seven long years England was convulsed by the pretensions of Perkin Warbeck. In the summer of 1495, the young king of Scotland, James IV., or rather his regency, committed a great outrage against the English monarch by receiving the impostor, and bestowing on him the hand of the beautiful lady Katharine Gordon, who was not only a princess of the royal blood of Scotland, but, by descent from Joanna Beaufort, was one of the nearest relatives Henry VII. and his mother had.[2] Perkin invaded the English border, and Henry levied an army to give him battle, saying, "he hoped now he should see the gentleman of whom he had heard so much." Before the king departed, queen Elizabeth ornamented his basnet with her own hands with jewels; he paid, however, the expenses of her outlay, which fact rather diminishes the romance of the queen's employment.

The greatest danger existed during the succeeding years, that the queen and her children would finally be displaced by the impostor; for as soon as the insurrections in his favour were subdued in one quarter

[1] She married Louis XII. of France, and afterwards the duke of Suffolk; she was born 1498; Edmund, the queen's youngest son, was born at Greenwich, 1499, and died the succeeding year, which dates prove that the visit paid by Erasmus was during his short life.

[2] The princess Jane Stuart (younger daughter of James I. of Scotland and his queen Joanna) married the earl of Huntley. The wife of Perkin was second cousin to Henry VII.

they broke out in an opposite direction. Perkin appeared as if by magic in Ireland, and then invaded the Cornish coast. His western partisans brought the war close to the metropolis. A sharp action was fought at Deptford Bridge and Blackheath. Henry VII. was nearly in despair of success, and seems to have been, in a thorough fright, till the battle of Blackheath was decided in his favour,[1] June, 1497. Afterwards Perkin and his bride were severally taken prisoners.[2] Lady Katharine Gordon was called the White Rose from her delicate beauty and the pretensions of her husband to the rights of the house of York; she loved him, and she had followed him in all his adventures since her marriage, till he left her for security in the strong fortress of St. Michael's Mount, which was captured by the royalists, and lady Katharine brought prisoner to the king, who was then at Winchester Palace. When she entered his presence she blushed excessively, and then burst into a passion of tears. King Henry remembered the near kindred of the distressed beauty to himself; he spoke kindly to her, and presented her to his queen, who took her into her service, where she remained till her second marriage with sir Matthew Cradock.[3] The compassion shown by Henry to the disconsolate White Rose raised some reports, that he was captivated by her beauty; but he seems to have anticipated such gossip by resigning her to the care of his queen.

There was no peace for England till after the execution of the adventurous boy who took upon himself the character of the queen's brother. For upwards of two years Henry VII. spared the life of Perkin, but, inspired with a spirit of restless daring, which showed as if he came "one way of the great Plantagenets," this youth nearly got possession of the Tower, and implicated the unfortunate earl of Warwick, his fellow-captive, in his schemes. It is reasonably supposed that Perkin was a natural son of Edward IV., for his age agrees with that monarch's residence in Holland, 1470. Why Henry VII. spared his life so long is an historical mystery, unless he really was a merciful man, willing to abstain from blood, if his turbulent people would have permitted him. That abstinence could no longer continue. Perkin, after undergoing many degradations, in the vain hope of dispelling his delusion of royalty, was hanged at Tyburn, November 16, and the more unjustifiable execution of the earl of Warwick followed. This last prince of the name of Plantagenet was beheaded on Tower Hill, November 28, 1499. The troubles and commotions of civil war entirely ceased with the existence of this unfortunate young man.

A plague so venomous broke out in England after this event, that Henry VII., fearing lest the queen should be among its victims, took her

[1] See his letter, published in sir Henry Ellis' Collection, vol. i., first series, and likewise Lord Bacon's Henry VII., and Speed.

[2] Perkin was taken in sanctuary, at Exeter, September, 1497.

[3] She is buried, with her second husband, at Swansea church. After the death of Sir Matthew Cradock she married a third, and then a fourth husband. For many curious particulars relative to this lady, and her spouses, see "Historical Notices of Sir Matthew Cradock," by the Rev. J. M. Traherne, editor of the "Stradling Papers."

out of the country in May, and the royal family resided at Calais for more than a month. Some say that the queen entertained the archduke Philip of Austria most royally while she remained at Calais. It is however certain, that a marriage between the queen's beautiful little daughter Mary,[1] and Charles, son of the archduke Philip (afterwards the great emperor Charles V.), was agreed on at this time, and the marriage-treaty between Arthur prince of Wales, and the youngest daughter of Spain, Katharine of Arragon, was concluded; the parents of that princess, king Ferdinand of Arragon and queen Isabel of Castille, having previously demurred regarding its completion as long as the unfortunate earl of Warwick lived. The wedlock of Arthur and Katharine finally took place in the autumn of 1501; it filled Elizabeth's court with joyous festivity, and she herself took an active part in the scene.[2] The following January the queen presided at the betrothment of her eldest daughter Margaret, with James IV. of Scotland, performed at St. Paul's Cathedral. Lady Katharine, the widow of Perkin Warbeck, was in attendance on the queen at these "fiancilles."[3] After the religious ceremonial the queen took her daughter by the hand, and led her to a grand banquet prepared at the bishop of London's palace, close by, where they both dined at one mess covered. The young queen of Scotland remained at the English court to finish her education.

Much has been said regarding the coldness and unkindness of Henry VII. to his gentle partner; but if he indulged in some public jealousy of her superior title to the crown of England, and permitted her not to govern the kingdom whose title she secured to him, at least he gave her no rival in her court or home. The nearer the private life of this pair is examined, the more does it seem replete with proofs of greater domestic happiness than usually falls to the lot of royal personages. Henry and Elizabeth were seldom apart, and many little traits may be quoted which evince unity of purpose, when they were together. Among others there is a pleasing union of their names in a valuable missal, once belonging to a lady of the queen, for this line is written in the hand of king Henry:—

"Madam I pray you remembre me your loving maister Henry R."

Directly underneath is added, in the queen's hand:—

"Madam I pray you forget not me. Pray to God [in order] that I may have part of your prayers. Elysabeth the Quene."[4]

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[1] Lord Bacon's Henry VII.; the marriage was never completed.

[2] See Life of Katharine of Arragon.

[3] Historical Notices of Sir M. Cradock, by the Rev. J. M. Traherne, p. 7.

[4] Sir Harris Nicolas' Memoir of Elizabeth of York, prefixed to his edition of her Privy-Purse Expenses. There is a beautiful vellum illuminated MS. at Stonyhurst College, which has either belonged to Elizabeth of York or her mother. It is the Offices of the Virgin. Every margin is highly wrought by the art of the illuminator, and each hour of the office of the Virgin is headed with a painting of some incident in her life, or Scriptural illustration. The volume is a small quarto, bound in oak boards; they have been covered with crimson velvet and secured with clasps, which are now gone. On the last fly-leaf but one, there is written the name, "Elizabeth Plantagenet, the Queen." The two first words are in paler ink than the last, which are evidently written by a dif-

The conjugal affection between the king and queen was now to be tried by an affliction they had little anticipated. This was the death of their promising son, Arthur prince of Wales, who died on the 2d of April, within five months of his marriage. Henry and Elizabeth were at Greenwich Palace when the news arrived of their heavy loss. The king's confessor, a friar Observant, was deputed by the privy council to break the sad news to him. Somewhat before his usual time the confessor knocked at the king's chamber-door, and, when admitted, he requested all present to quit the room, and approached, saying, in Latin, "If we receive good from the hand of God, shall we not patiently sustain the ill he sends us?" "He then showed his grace that his dearest son was departed to God. When the king understood those sorrowful heavy tidings, he sent for the queen, saying, 'that he and his wife would take their painful sorrow together.'"

"After she was come, and saw the king her lord in that natural and painful sorrow, as I have heard say,[1] she, with full great, and constant, comfortable words, besought him that he would, after God, consider the weal of his own noble person, of his realm, and of her. 'And,' added the queen, 'remember that my lady, your mother, had never no more children but you only, yet God, by his grace, has ever preserved you, and brought you where you are now. Over and above God has left you yet a fair prince and two fair princesses;[2] and God is still where he was, and we are both young enough. As your grace's wisdom is renowned all over Christendom, you must now give proof of it by the manner of taking this misfortune.'

"Then the king thanked her for her good comfort. But when the queen returned to her own chamber, the natural remembrance of her great loss smote so sorrowfully on her maternal heart, that her people were forced to send for the king to comfort her. Then his grace in great haste came, and with true gentle and faithful love soothed her trouble, telling her what wise counsel she had given him before, and 'that, if she would thank God for her dead son, he would do so likewise.'"

This scene gives no great reason for the constant assertion, that Elizabeth was the victim of conjugal infelicity, or that she was treated with coldness and dislike by her husband. But it is in this reign that faction first employed domestic slander as a weapon against the sovereign on the throne, and in this, as in many other instances, when search is made into the silent, but irrefragable witnesses of contemporary journals, household

ferent hand. Elizabeth of York always spelled her name *Elysabeth*, and queen, *quene*. The name of Plantagenet, though not written as a surname by the earlier personages of the royal line, was proudly challenged as such by Richard duke of York and his family. (See Parliamentary Rolls, 1458–60.) All these considerations make us rather attribute the autograph to the queen of Edward IV. than her daughter, especially as, in the directions for finding Easter, a date occurs of 1463, supposed to be the date of the book. This was the time of Elizabeth Woodville's marriage, and the autograph was perhaps the joint writing of the newly married queen and Edward IV.

[1] This is taken from the Herald's Journal, vol. v.; Lelandi Collectanea, p. 373.

[2] Henry, afterwards Henry VIII.; Margaret, queen of Scotland; and Mary.

books, and letters, the direct contrary is often proved, which has been reported by common rumour.

Lord Bacon hints that the king's reserve was on political matters, because it extended to his mother, who was indisputably an object of his tender affection. "His mother he reverenced much, but listened to little. His queen, notwithstanding she presented him with divers children and a crown also, could do nothing with him. To her he was nothing uxorious; but if not indulgent he was companionable, and without personal jealousy."

It is most evident that Henry was neither governed by his wife nor his mother. But, when a man governs himself well, it is not often that his wedded partner endeavours to take upon herself that trouble. Henry was, in fact, a deeply reflective and philosophic character, wholly free from those starts of irrational passions which, above all other misdoings, degrade a man in the eyes of the females of his family. Every action of this monarch seems the result of calm deliberation; no decision was left to passion or accident. "For," says lord Bacon, "he constantly kept notes and memorials in his own hand, especially touching persons, as whom to employ, whom to reward, keeping, as it were, a journal of his thoughts. There is to this day a merry tale that his monkey,[1] set on, as it was thought, by one of his chamber, tore his principal note-book all to pieces, when by chance he had left it about. Whereat the court, which liked not these pensive accounts, was much tickled with the sport."

However pleased his courtiers and his monkeys might be with the demolition of his royal journal, it was a great historical loss, and so must be ever considered.

The privy-purse accounts of his queen, brought to light by the inestimable labours of one of our greatest historical antiquarians,[2] contain many particulars of her life and manners, although they journalise but the last year of her life. She had musical tastes, and gave comparatively large sums for her instruments, which were of the piano or harpsichord species. Such was the clavichord,[3] a keyed instrument of small size, the bass and treble were inclosed in two separate portable cases, and, when played upon with both hands, were set side by side on a table before the performer. For a *pair* of clavichords, made or imported by a foreigner, the queen gave 4*l.*, all in crowns, by the hand of Hugh Denys. She caused her eldest daughter to be instructed in music, for there is an item of payment to Giles, the luter, for strings to the young queen of

[1] Henry VII. kept a menagerie, but had odd ideas regarding its government. He carried his notions of royal prerogative so far, that he had four English mastiffs hanged as traitors, because they overcame one of his lions with whom they were set to fight. He likewise put to death one of his best falcons, because he feared not to match with an eagle, ordering his falconers, in his presence, to pluck off the gallant bird's head, saying, "it was not meet for any subject to offer such wrong unto his lord and superior." These symbolical executions were meant as significant hints to his turbulent nobility.

[2] See Privy-Purse Expenses of Elizabeth of York, edited by Sir H. Nicolas.

[3] *Clavicardi* is the Italian word for a harpsichord.

Scots' lute. The principal queen's bed-chamber lady, when her sisters, the princesses of York, were not in waiting, was her kinswoman lady Elizabeth Stafford, daughter to her aunt the duchess of Buckingham. This lady had a salary of 33*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* The queen had seven maids of honour, who were allowed 6*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* each per annum. Dame Jane Guildford, who was governess to the princesses, received 13*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* per annum. Agnes Dean, the queen's laundress, had an allowance of 2*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*; and Alice Massey, the queen's midwife, was paid for the exercise of her office 10*l.* It has been observed that the queen devoted a large part of her income to the maintenance of her sisters, but in the last year of her life her expenses were increased by the charges of her sister Katharine's children. After the execution of the hapless earl of Warwick, the sons of Edward IV.'s sister, and the duke of Suffolk, lord Edmund de la Pole, and his brother Richard, supposing, not unreasonably, that their turns would come next, fled to Flanders. Lord William Courtenay (husband to the princess Katharine) was accused of having aided and abetted these hapless brethren in their escape; for which offence he was imprisoned, and his property seized by the king. The queen placed her destitute sister in close attendance on her own person, and took charge of her little children, sending them to be nursed at her palace of Havering Bower. The little lady Margaret Courtenay choked herself at Havering with a fish-bone, and her brother, lord Edmund, likewise died there; the queen was at the cost of their funerals. The eldest son lived to prove a splendid favourite of his royal kinsman, Henry VIII., and afterwards to fall a victim to his capricious malice.

Some indications occur, in the queen's privy-purse expenses, that her health was infirm during the summer of 1502; for she made offerings at Woodstock, and the shrines of other churches, for her recovery from sickness. In August she made a progress towards the borders of Wales. Her accounts at this time show tender remembrances of her family; she clothed an old woman who had been *norice* (nurse) to my lord prince her brother[1] (the unfortunate Edward V.), and rewarded a man who had shown hospitable attention to her uncle, earl Rivers, in his distress at Pontefract, just before his execution.

The queen's seventh confinement was expected in February, 1503; in the previous autumn she declined the services of a French nurse, with whom she had conferred at Baynard's Castle,[2] but she dismissed her with a gratuity of a marc, or 6*s.* 8*d.* Another nurse, one mistress Harcourt, was recommended to her by her niece lady Katharine Gray. She came and spoke to the queen at Westminster but was dismissed with the same sum. It was agreed, that the queen's accouchement was to

[1] Privy-Purse Expenses of Elizabeth of York.

[2] This castle, Mr. Lodge has proved, was part of the vast Clare inheritance, and doubtless came as such, through the Mortimers, to their heir Richard duke of York. It is supposed to have been granted to the duke of York at the murder of Humphrey duke of Gloucester; but if the duke of Gloucester, or any other of the house of Lancaster, had got possession of it, such was clear usurpation. As heiress of the house of Clare, it was part of this queen's property, and her private own residence. She spent much money on its gardens.

take place at the royal apartments of the Tower of London, and all things were prepared there for her reception. If ladies at that era had given way to nervous depression arising from association of ideas, the remembrance of the mysterious disappearance of her hapless brothers from that gloomy den of assassination was enough to have destroyed Elizabeth when sojourning at such an abiding place.

It is certain she did not remain there longer than she could help; for, instead of taking her chamber and secluding herself in close retirement, according to custom, for a month or more previously to her accouchement, she spent that time in visits to her country palaces, and in excursions on the Thames, though the season was the depth of winter.

The Christmas she passed at Richmond; her gifts are recorded as if she had shared in the usual festivities. She presented her own minstrels (the chief of whom was called by the fanciful title of marquis of Lorydon) with 20*s.*, and to him and his associates, Janyn Marcourse and Richard Denouse, she allowed each a salary of 46*s.* 8*d.* Elizabeth spent much of her time in listening to minstrels and *disars*, or reciters; and these disars sometimes took upon themselves the office of players, since she rewarded one of them, who had performed the part of a shepherd greatly to her satisfaction, with 5*s.* She gave William Cornish the sum of 13*s.* 4*d.* for setting the carol on Christmas-day, and presented 40*s.* to the king's minstrels with the pshalms. She gave a Spanish girl (perhaps belonging to the household of her daughter-in-law, Katharine of Arragon), who danced before her, a reward of 4*s.* 4*d.* The fools of the royal household were not forgotten: Elizabeth bestowed on Patch, her own fool, 6*s.* 8*d.*, and she gave gratuities to a fool belonging to her son Henry, a functionary who bore the appropriate name of Goose. A hundred shillings were put into her royal purse for her "disport at cards" this same Christmas. She likewise made some purchases, as of a small pair of enamelled knives, for her own use; and of mistress Lock, the silkwoman, she bought "certain bonnets (caps), frontlets, and other stuff of her occupation for her own wearing, giving her 20*l.* in part payment of a bill formerly delivered," which remittance the queen signed with her own hand. She paid Hayward, the skinner (furrier), for furring a gown of crimson velvet, she had caused to be made for her young daughter, the queen of Scots, the cuffs of which were made of pampelyon, a sort of costly fur then fashionable. Among these items is a curious one, showing Elizabeth's personal economy; her tailor, Robert Addington, is paid sixteenpence "for mending eight gowns of divers colours, for the queen's grace, at 2*d.* a-piece." She paid, however, the large sum of 13*s.* 4*d.* to a man who brought her a popinjay (a parrot). Eightpence is charged for an ell of linen cloth "for the queen's samplar," perhaps a pattern-piece for her embroidery; Elizabeth kept embroiderers, who were chiefly Frenchwomen, constantly at work on a great state bed, which was a perpetual expense to her for silks and gold twist. She was, during the chief of the year 1502, in mourning for her eldest son, Arthur, since all her *new* garments were black; these were a gown of black velvet and a cloak of black damask. She was in debt, and, though she received occasional benefactions from her husband, she

had at this time pawned some of her plate; but her embarrassments certainly did not arise from any personal extravagance.

After Christmas, the queen was with her ladies rowed by her bargeman, Lewis Walter, and his watermen, in a great boat from Richmond to Hampton Court: the day she went there is not named, but on the 13th of January they all came back in the same manner to Richmond. She staid at Hampton Court eight days, for the man who had the care of her barge charged for that time. It is worth noticing that Hampton Court was a favourite residence of Elizabeth of York, long before cardinal Wolsey had possession of it; for in the spring of this year there is a notation that she was residing there, when she gave a poor woman a reward for bringing her a present of almond butter.

"The queen's said grace and her ladies" were finally rowed by Lewis Walter and his crew, from Richmond to the Tower, apparently very late in January; each of the rowers was paid 8*d.* No intimation is recorded of the ceremonial of her taking her chamber in the Tower. Her finances were low, for she borrowed 10*l.* of one of the king's gentlemen-ushers, in order to pay the officers of the Mint their fees, which they craved as customary, on account of a royal residence at the Tower. William Trende received 10*s.* for making a chest and armoire, in the queen's council-chamber at the Tower, for her books and papers.

The queen's sister Katharine (lady Courtenay) was in attendance at the Tower at this time, for late in January the royal purse received a supply by the hands of that lady of 46*s.* 8*d.* The queen gave a poor woman, who brought a present of fine capons on the last day of January, a reward of 3*s.* 4*d.*, and she gave her fool Patch, who presented her with pomegranates, 6*s.* 8*d.*,[1] being a marc.

On Candlemas-day (February 2), the queen's accouchement took place: she brought into the world a living princess, who was named Katharine, after lady Courtenay. The fatal symptoms which threatened Elizabeth's life did not appear till a week afterwards, and must have been wholly unexpected, since the physician on whom the king depended for her restoration to health was absent at his dwelling-house beyond Gravesend. The king sent for this person, but it was in vain that Dr. Hallyswurth travelled through the night, with guides and torches, to the royal patient in the Tower: the fiat had gone forth; and the gentle, the pious, the lovely Elizabeth expired on her own birthday, February 11, 1503, the day that she completed her thirty-seventh year.

A manuscript,[2] describing her death, says that her "departing was as heavy and dolorous to the king as ever was seen or heard of," and that he took with him "some of his servants, and privily departed to a soli tary place to pass his sorrow, and would that no man should resort to him," but he "sent sir Charles Somerset and sir Richard Guilford to afford the best comfort they could to the queen's servants with good and kind words."

When the news of Elizabeth's decease spread through the city, the

[1] Privy-Purse Expenses of Elizabeth of York; edited by sir H. Nicolas, pp. 6, 7 12, 94, 95.

[2] Herald's Journal, 1592.

utmost sorrow was manifested among all ranks of her subjects. The bells of St. Paul's tolled dismally, and were answered by those of every church and religious house in the metropolis or its neighbourhood.

Meantime, the queen was embalmed at the Tower; for this purpose were allowed "60 ells of holland cloth ell broad, likewise gums, balms, spices, sweet wine, and wax; with which, being cered, the king's plumber closed her in lead, with an epitaph likewise in lead, showing who and what she was. The whole was chested in boards covered with black velvet, with a cross of white damask. The day after the queen's demise, Sunday, February 12th, her corpse was removed from the chamber where she died to the chapel within the Tower, under the steps of which then reposed, unknown to all, the bodies of the queen's two murdered brothers, Edward V. and Richard duke of York. Far different was the order of their sister's royal obsequies, to that dark and silent hour, when the trembling old priest, who had belonged to this very chapel, raised the princely victims from their unconsecrated lair, and deposited them secretly within its hallowed verge. Could the ladies and officers of arms, who watched around the corpse of their royal mistress in St. Mary's chapel within the Tower, during the long nights which preceded her funeral, have known how near to them was the mysterious resting-place of her murdered brothers, many a glance of alarm would have fathomed the beautiful arches of that structure,[1] and many a start of terror would have told, when the wintry wind from the Thames waved the black draperies, which hung around.

The scene of the queen's lying in state in the Tower chapel must have been imposing. It was on this occasion rendered what the French call a chapel *ardente*. The windows were railed about with burning lights, and a lighted hearse stood in the quire of the chapel. In this hearse was deposited the royal corpse, which was carried by persons of the highest rank, with a canopy borne over it by four knights; followed by lady Elizabeth Stafford and all the maids of honour, and the queen's household, two and two, "dressed in their plainest gowns," or, according to another journal, "in the saddest and simplest attire they had, with *threadden* handkerchiefs hanging down and tied under their chins." The princess Katharine, led by her brother-in-law, the earl of Surrey, then entered the chapel, and took her place at the head of the corpse; a true mourner was she, for she had lost her best friend, and only protectress.

When mass was done and offerings made, the princess retired. During the watch of the night an officer at arms said, in a loud voice, a paternoster for the soul of the queen at every Kyrie Eleison, and at Oremus before the collect.

On the twelfth day after the queen's death mass was said in the chapel early in the morning.

"Then the corpse was put in a carriage covered with black velvet, with a cross of white cloth of gold, very well fringed. And an image exactly representing the queen was placed in a chair above, in her rich

[1] It is now called the Record Office, and encumbered with packages of papers

robes of state, her very rich crown on her head, her hair about her shoulders, her sceptre in her right hand, her fingers well garnished with rings and precious stones, and on *every end* of the chair sat a gentlewoman-usher kneeling on the coffin, which was in this manner drawn by six horses trapped with black velvet from the Tower to Westminster. On the fore-horses rode two chariotmen, and on the four others, four henchmen in black gowns. On the horses were lozenges with the queen's escutcheons. By *every* horse walked a person in a mourning hood, at each corner of the chair was a banner of our Lady, of the Assumption, of the Salutation, and of the Nativity, to show the queen died in child-bed; next, eight palfreys, saddled with black velvet, bearing eight ladies of honour, who rode singly after the corpse, in their slops and mantles; every horse led by a man on foot, bare-headed, but in a mourning gown, followed by many lords. The lord mayor and citizens, all in mourning, brought up the rear, and at every door in the city a person stood bearing a torch. In Fenchurch and Cheapside were stationed groups of thirty-seven virgins, the number corresponding with the queen's age, all dressed in white, wearing chaplets of white and green, and bearing lighted tapers. From Mark-lane to Temple-bar alone, were 5000 torches, besides lights burning before all the parish churches; while processions of religious persons singing anthems and bearing crosses met the royal corpse from every fraternity in the city." The earl of Derby, the queen's old friend, led a procession of nobles, who met the funeral at Temple-bar. The abbots of Westminster and Bermondsey in black copes, and bearing censers, met and censed the corpse, and then preceded it to the church-yard of St. Margaret, Westminster. Here the body was removed from the car, and carried into the abbey. It was placed on a grand hearse streaming with banners and banneroles, and covered with a "cloth of majesty," the valence fringed and wrought with the queen's motto, "Humble and Reverent," and garnished with her arms. All the ladies and lords in attendance retired to the queen's great chamber, in Westminster Palace, to supper. In the night, ladies, squires, and heralds, watched the body in the abbey.

The next morning the remains of Elizabeth were committed to the grave; her sister Katharine, her sorrowful survivor, attended as chief mourner. The queen's ladies offered thirty-seven palls, first kissing them, and then laying them on the body. Four of these palls were presented by her sisters, who were all present as mourners. A funeral sermon was preached by Fitzjames, bishop of Rochester, from the text in Job: "*Miseremini mei, miseremini mei, saltem vos amici mei, quia manus Domini tetigit me.*"[1]

"These words, he said, he spake in the name of England, on account of the great loss the country had sustained, of that virtuous queen, her noble son, the prince Arthur, and the Archbishop of Canterbury."

[1] "Have pity, have pity on me, my friends, for the hand of God hath touched me," being a passage from the 19th chapter of the book of Job, which chapter forms the eighth lesson read at matins, at the service for the dead; or, as generally expressed, Matins for the dead, in the catholic ritual.

The palls were then removed from the coffin, the queen's effigy placed on St. Edward's shrine, and the ladies quitted the abbey. The prelates, with the king's chaplains, approached the hearse, and the grave was hallowed by the bishop of London; after the usual rites the body was placed in the grave.

Astrologers had been consulted that year on the queen's behalf, and had predicted that all sorts of good fortune would befall her in 1503. Sir Thomas More wrote an elegy for the queen, in which, with his usual sagacity, he alludes at the same time to this circumstance, and to the folly and vanity of such divinations.

Yet was I lately promised otherwise
This year to live in weal and in delight,
Lo, to what cometh all thy blandishing promise,
O false astrology and divinitrice,
Of God's secrets vaunting thyself so wise?
How true for this year is thy prophecy?
The year yet lasteth, and lo, here I lie!

Adieu, mine own dear spouse, my worthy lord,
The faithful love that did us both combine
In marriage and peaceable concord
Into your hands here do I clean resign,
To be bestowed on your children and mine;
Erst were ye father, now must ye supply
The mother's part also, for here I lie.

Where are our castles now? where are our towers?
Goodly Richmond, soon art thou gone from me,
At Westminster, that costly work[1] of yours,
Mine own dear lord, now shall I never see;
Almighty God, vouchsafe to grant that ye,
For you and children well may edify;
My palace builded is, for lo, now here I lie!

Farewell, my daughter, lady Margarete,
God wot full oft it grieved hath my mind,
That ye should go where we might seldom meet,
Now I am gone, and have left you behind,
O mortal folk, but we be very blind,
What we least fear full oft is most nigh,
From you depart I first,[2] for lo, now here I lie!

Farewell, madame,[3] my lord's worthy mother,
Comfort your son, and be of good cheer,
Take all at worth, for it will be no other;
Farewell, my daughter Katharine,[4] late the *y' ere*
Unto Prince Arthur, late my child so dear.
It booteth not for me to wail and cry,
Pray for my soul, for lo, now here I lie!

[1] Henry VII.'s chapel.
[2] The young queen of Scots did not leave England till some months after her mother's death.
[3] Margaret, countess of Richmond, who survived her.
[4] Katharine of Arragon; *phere* means mate or consort.

Adieu, lord Henry,[1] loving son, adieu,
Our Lord increase your honour and estate;
Adieu, my daughter Mary,[2] bright of hue,
God make you virtuous, wise, and fortunate;
Adieu, sweetheart, my little daughter Kate,[3]
Thou shalt, sweet babe, such is thy destiny,
Thy mother never know, for lo, now here I lie!

Lady Cecily, lady Anne, and lady Katharine!
Farewell, my well-beloved sisters three,
Oh lady Bridget,[4] other sister mine,
Lo here the end of worldly vanity,
Now are you well who earthly folly flee,
And heavenly things do praise and magnify,
Farewell, and pray for me, for lo! now here I lie!

Adieu, my lords, adieu; my ladies all;
Adieu, my faithful servants every one;
Adieu, my commons, whom I never shall
See in this world—wherefore to Thee alone,
Immortal God, verily three in one,
I me commend; thy infinite mercy,
Show to thy servant, for now here I lie!

Henry VII. survived his consort seven years; his character deteriorated after her loss. The active beneficence and the ever-liberal hand of the royal Elizabeth had probably formed a counteracting influence to the avaricious propensities of Henry VII., since it was after her death he became notorious for his rapacity and miserly habits of hoarding money. A short time after her death, the king lost his two virtuous and fearless privy-councillors, sir Reginald Bray and the good bishop Norton, who did not scruple to reprove him if he felt inclined to commit an act of injustice.[5] Henry VII. frequently entered into negotiations for a second marriage, and he appears to have been remarkably particular in the personal qualifications of a consort. It was not very easy to find one who could bear comparison with the beautiful heiress of the Plantagenets. Henry VII. died in the spring of 1509, like his ancestors, worn down with premature old age, and was laid by the side of his queen in the magnificent chapel at Westminster Abbey, which bears his name. The portraits of Henry VII. are well known; they have a singularly wasted and woeful physiognomy, which excites surprise, when compared with the extreme praises his contemporaries bestowed on his beauty. The portraits were, however, chiefly taken from the cast of his face made after his death for the statue seen on his monument, therefore the sad expression is easily explained. In the chapter-house at Westminster[6] is a splendid manuscript containing the plan and description of his well-

[1] Afterwards Henry VIII.

[2] Princess Mary, her second daughter, celebrated for her beautiful complexion.

[3] The child whose birth cost the queen her life. As sir Thomas More mentions her as in existence, it is proof that the elegy was actually written when the queen died, as the infant survived the mother but a few weeks.

[4] The nun princess, Elizabeth's sister, who attended the funeral.

[5] Hardyng's Continuation, p. 58.

[6] Courteously shown the Author, by F. Devon, Esq.

known chapel in the abbey. Henry VII. is depicted in miniature, perhaps too minutely for accurate resemblance; he is there fair in complexion, with yellow waving hair, different to all other representations.

The monument of Henry and Elizabeth, which occupies the centre of his noble chapel, was designed by Torregiano, who likewise cast the effigies of the royal pair reclining thereon. Elizabeth's statue is exquisitely designed, but its merits can scarcely be appreciated by those who are not empowered to have the bronze gates of the stately sepulchre unclosed, to gaze upon the divine composure of the royal matron's beauty, serene in death. The statue strikingly resembles the portraits of the queen, many of which remain. The sweet expression of the mouth and the harmony of the features agree well with the soft repose that pervades the whole figure.[1] The proportions are tall; the figure is about five feet six in length; yet is considerably less than the stature of the king.

On a little white marble tablet let into the bronze frieze, on the queen's left hand, is the following inscription, the Italian having very oddly misspelled the queen's name:—

Hic jacet regina *Hellisabect*
Edward IIII. quondam regis filia
Edward V. regis nominati soror
Henrici VII. plim regis conjunx
Atque Henrici VIII. mater inclyta,
Obit autem suum diem turri Londiniarum,
Die Febrii. 11, Anno Dom. 1502 [1503],
37 annorum etate functa.

Here rests queen Elizabeth,
Daughter of Edward IV. some time monarch of this realm;
Sister of Edward V. who bore the title of king,
Wedded to King Henry VII.:
The illustrious mother of Henry VIII.,
Who closed her life
In the [palace of the] Tower of London,
On February 2, 1502 [1503],
Having completed her 37th year.

Elizabeth of York was one of the most beautiful of our queens, for in her person were united delicacy of features and complexion with elegance and majesty of stature. Her portraits are numerous, and extremely like her monumental statue.[2] Her usual costume was a veil or

[1] Torregiano, the famous Italian sculptor, was employed by Henry VII., and Henry VIII. to construct the tomb and cast the statues; he received 1000*l.* for his labour. He is the same person whom Benvenuto Cellini reviles for having broken the nose of Michael Angelo with a blow of his mallet in a passion. He was (after he left England) employed by Lorenzo de Medici, but his temper was so diabolical, that he quarrelled with every one.

[2] There is a portrait of Elizabeth, in a family group, painted under the directions of her son, Henry VIII., by Holbein, in which himself, his queen Jane Seymour, his father Henry VII., and his mother Elizabeth of York, are represented standing at the four corners of an altar. It was Holbein's master-piece, but was burnt in the fire at Whitehall, in the reign of William III.; Charles II. had, however, employed Le Sueur to make a copy of it at St. James's Palace. There is an

scarf richly bordered with gems, put on like a hood, hanging down on each side of the face as low as her breast, her hair banded on the forehead. Several contemporaries quoted in the course of this narrative describe her as fair in complexion, with hair of pale gold[1] like her mother, the beautiful Elizabeth Woodville. The heavenly serenity of expression in all her portraits is still more remarkable than her beauty; and leads to the conclusion that, when her subjects universally call her the good queen Elizabeth, they spoke but the truth.

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inferior copy at Hampton Court. We sought in vain for the copy at St. James's, the domestics there supposed that it was burnt there in the fire that occurred in the beginning of this century.

[1] A contemporary portrait, called Elizabeth of York, in the possession of his grace the duke of Norfolk, in oil-colours, is in fine preservation at Norfolk House. Mr. P. H. Howard, M. P., has presented us with a copy of this picture made by Mr. Kearney. The eyes are brown and lively in expression, the complexion bright brunette, the features like those of Elizabeth of York; we should say they have a sisterly resemblance to the queen. The portrait is probably that of her sister, the princess Anne, who married Thomas earl of Surrey, afterwards the third duke of Norfolk, of the Howard line. The costume is very like that of the queen; the pointed hood edged with splendid jewellery is the same, and she holds a white rose in her hand; there is a rich collar round the bust, which, as it appears like that of the Garter, has above all caused the portrait to be identified with the queen her sister.

KATHARINE OF ARRAGON,

FIRST QUEEN OF HENRY VIII.

CHAPTER I.

Country and parents of Katharine—Queen Isabel of Castille and king Ferdinand of Arragon—Place of birth—Reared in the Alhambra—Betrothed to Arthur prince of Wales—Accidents of voyage—Arrival at Plymouth—Henry VII. meets her—Introduction to prince Arthur—Katharine's Spanish dances—Prince Arthur's dances—Katharine's progress to London—Married to prince Arthur—Grand festivities—Residence at Ludlow—Death of prince Arthur—Katharine is sent for by the queen—Widowhood—Her marriage proposed with prince Henry—Her reluctance—Is betrothed to him—Katharine's sister visits England—Double policy of Henry VII.—His death—Henry VIII.'s preference of Katharine—Marries her—Their coronation—Festivals—Birth of eldest son—Rejoicings—Death of the prince—The queen's excessive grief—Legacy to the queen—She is appointed queen regent—Her letters—Flodden—King's return—Queen shares in May-day festival—Birth of princess Mary—Queen intercedes for rebel apprentices—Ballad in her honour—Visit of her nephew the Emperor—Queen's voyage to France—Assists at Field of Cloth of Gold—Friendship with queen Claude—Katharine's present to the Emperor and entertainment—His opinion of her happiness in wedlock.

At a time when joy and prosperity were swelling in a flood-tide for her native Spain, Katharine of Arragon first saw the light; for her renowned parents, king Ferdinand of Arragon, and donna Isabel, queen of Castille, had made every city possessed by the Moors bow beneath their victorious arms, with the exception of Granada and Malaga, which alone bore the yoke of the infidel.

Donna Isabel, the mother of Katharine, had been raised to the throne of Castille by a revolutionary act of the Cortes, the people being disgusted at the imbecile profligacy of her brother, king Enrico, who was by them deposed and degraded from his regal rank. The Castillian Cortes likewise illegitimated his only child and heiress, donna Juanna, on account of the shameless character of the wife of king Enrico, and bestowed the inheritance on Isabel, who was carefully educated from girlhood with reference to the queenly station she afterwards so greatly adorned. She was at the age of fourteen demanded in marriage by our Edward IV., and capriciously rejected on account of his passion for Elizabeth Woodville, an insult which left a lasting impression on the mind of the royal Castillian maid.[1] Finally, the young queen Isabel was wedded to don Ferdinand, heir of the kingdom of Arragon; and though the married sovereigns each continued to sway an independent sceptre,

[1] See Life of Elizabeth Woodville; vol. iii.

they governed with such connubial harmony, that the whole peninsula of Spain was greatly strengthened and benefited by their union.

At the close of the year 1485, the ancient Moorish city of La Ronda had just fallen beneath the victorious arms of queen Isabel, and several other strong-holds of the infidel had accompanied its surrender, when she set out from her camp, in order to keep her Christmas at Toledo, which was then the metropolis of Spain. On the road the queen was brought to bed of a daughter,[1] at the town of Alcala de Henares, December 15, 1485. This child was the youngest of a family consisting of one prince and four princesses. The new-born infanta, though she made her appearance in this world some little time before she was expected, was, nevertheless, welcomed with infinite rejoicings by the people, and the cardinal Mendoca gave a great banquet to the maids of honour on occasion of her baptism. She was named Catalina, the name of Katharine being unknown in Spain, excepting in Latin writings.

The first historical notice of this princess in Spanish chronicle is, that at the early age of four she was present at the marriage of her eldest sister, Isabel, with Don Juan, heir of Portugal.

The early infancy of Katharine of Arragon was passed amidst the storms of battle and siege; for queen Isabel of Castille herself, with her young family, lodged in the magnificent camp with which her armies for years beleaguered Granada. Nor was this residence unattended with danger; once in particular, in a desperate sally of the besieged Moors, the queen's pavilion was set on fire, and the young infantas rescued with great difficulty from the flames.

The little Katharine, a few months after, accompanied her parents in their grand entry, when the seat of Moorish empire succumbed to their arms, and from that moment Granada was her home. At this time she was four years old. In Granada the early education of the young Katharine commenced. The first objects which greeted her awakening intellect were the wonders of the Alhambra, and the exquisite bowers of the Generaliffe; for in those royal seats of the Moorish dynasty was Katharine of Arragon reared.

Queen Isabel, herself the most learned princess in Europe, devoted every moment she could spare from the business of government to the personal instruction of her four daughters, who were besides provided with tutors of great literary attainments. Katharine was able to read and write Latin in her childhood, and she was through life desirous of improvement in that language. She chiefly employed her knowledge of Latin in the diligent perusal of the Scriptures, a fact which Erasmus affirms, adding, "that she was imbued with learning, by the care of her illustrious mother, from her infant years."

It was from Granada, the bright home of her childhood, that Katharine of Arragon derived her device of the pomegranate, so well known

[1] These particulars are taken from a beautiful Spanish MS., the property of sir Thomas Phillipps, bart., of Middle Hill, by Andres Bernaldes, called *Historia de los Reyes Catolicos don Fernando y donna Isabel:* folio 12, 13, 41, 42, 125.

to the readers of the Tudor chroniclers.[1] That fruit was at once the production of the beautiful province with which its name is connected, and the armorial bearings of the conquered Moorish kings. How oft must Katharine have remembered the glorious Alhambra, with its shades of pomegranate and myrtle, when drooping with ill health and unkind treatment under the grey skies of the island to which she was transferred.

"Donna Catalina," says the manuscript of Bernaldes,[2] "being at Granada with the king and queen in the year 1501, there came ambassadors from the king of England to demand her for the prince of England, his son, called Arthur. The union was agreed upon, and she set off from Granada to England, parting from the Alhambra on the 21st of May, in the year 1501. There were at the treaty the archbishops of St. Jago, Osma, and Salamanca, the count de Cabra, and the countess his wife, the commander-mayor Cardenas, and donna Elvira Manuel, chief lady of honour. She had likewise four young ladies as attendants. The princess embarked at Corunna, August 17. Contrary winds forced her vessel back on the coast of Old Castille, which occasioned great illness to donna Catalina. After she was convalescent, she embarked more prosperously, on the 26th of September, in the best ship they had, of 300 tons, and after a good voyage landed at a port called *Salamonte*,[3] on the 2d of October, where the senora donna Catalina was grandly received, with much feasting and rejoicing."

This was whilst she staid at Plymouth, where the nobility and gentry of the neighbouring counties crowded to do honour to their future queen, and entertained her from the time of her arrival with west-country sports and pastimes. The steward of the royal palace, lord Brook, was sent forward by Henry VII. directly the news was known of the infanta's arrival, in order "to purvey and provide" for her. The duchess of Norfolk and the earl of Surrey likewise came to attend on her. The duchess was immediately admitted into her presence, and remained with her as her companion.

King Henry himself, November 4th, set forward from his palace of Shene on his progress to meet his daughter-in-law; the weather was so very rainy, and the roads so execrably bad, that the royal party were thoroughly knocked up when they had proceeded no farther than Chertsey, where they were forced to "purvey and herbage" for their reposing that night. "Next morning, however," continues our journalist,[4] "the king's grace and all his company rose betimes, and strook the sides of their coursers with their spurs, and began to extend their progress towards East Hampstead, when they pleasantly encountered the pure and

[1] This device is still to be seen among the ornaments of the well of St. Winifred, to which building Katharine of Arragon was a benefactress.—Pennant.

[2] Translated from André Bernaldes, cap. clxiii. fol. 236.

[3] The port was Plymouth.

[4] Leland's Collectanea, vol. v. pp. 352–355. The information of these court movements has been drawn from the narrative of a herald who witnessed the whole; he has so little command of the English language in prose narrative as to be in places scarcely intelligible. But English prose was at this time in a crude state, as all such memorials were till this era metrical, or in Latin.

proper presence of prince Arthur, who had set out to salute his sage father." It does not appear that the prince knew that his wife had arrived. Certainly royal travellers moved slowly in those days, for Henry never thought of proceeding farther than his seat at East Hampstead, "but full pleasantly passed over that night season" in the company of his son. Next morning the royal personages set forth again on a journey which was truly performed at a snail's-gallop, and proceeded to the plains (perhaps the downs) when the protonotary of Spain and a party of Spanish cavaliers were seen pacing over them, bound on a most solemn errand; this was no other than to forbid the approach of the royal bridegroom and his father to the presence of the infanta, who, in the true Moorish fashion, was not to be looked upon by her betrothed till she stood at the altar,—nay, it seems doubtful if the veil of the princess was to be raised, or the eye of man to look upon her, till she was a wife. This truly Asiatic injunction of king Ferdinand threw the whole royal party into consternation, and brought them to a dead halt. King Henry was formal and ceremonious enough in all reason, but such a mode of proceeding was wholly repugnant to him as an English-born prince. Therefore, after some minutes' musing, he called round him, in the open fields, those nobles who were of his privy council, and propounded to them this odd dilemma. Although the pitiless rains of November were be-pelting them, the council delivered their opinions in very wordy harangues. The result was, "that the Spanish infanta being now in the heart of this realm, of which king Henry was master, he might look at her if he liked." This advice Henry VII. took to the very letter; for, leaving the prince his son upon the downs, he made the best of his way forthwith to Dogmersfield, the next town, where the infanta had arrived two or three hours previously. The king's demand of seeing Katharine put all her retinue into a terrible perplexity. She seems to have been attended by the same train of prelates and nobles enumerated by Bernaldes; for a Spanish archbishop, a bishop, and a count, opposed the king's entrance to her apartments, saying, "the lady infanta had retired to her chamber;" but king Henry, whose curiosity seems to have been thoroughly excited by the prohibition, protested that "if she were even in her bed he meant to see and speak with her, for that was his mind and the whole intent of his coming."

Finding the English monarch thus determined, the infanta rose and dressed herself, and gave the king audience in her third chamber. Neither the king nor his intended daughter-in-law could address each other in an intelligible dialect; "but," pursues our informant, who was evidently an eye-witness of the scene, "there were the most goodly words uttered to each other, in the language of both parties, to as great joy and gladness as any persons conveniently might have." "After the which welcomes ended, the king's grace deposed his riding garments and changed them, and within half an hour the prince was announced as present:" Arthur being, as it may be supposed, tired of waiting in a November evening on the downs. "Then the king made his second entry with the prince into the next chamber of the infanta, and there, *through the* interpretation of the bishops, the speeches of both coun

ries, by the means of Latin, were understood." Prince Arthur and the infanta had been previously betrothed by proxy; the king now caused them to pledge their troth in person, and this ceremony over, he withdrew with the prince to supper. After this meal, "he with his son most courteously visited the infanta in her own chamber,[1] when she and her ladies called for their minstrels, and with right goodly behaviour and manner solaced themselves with dancing." It seems that prince Arthur could not join in the Spanish dances, but, to show that he was not without skill in the accomplishment, "he in like demeanour took the lady Guildford (his sister's governess) and danced right pleasantly and honourably."

"Upon the morrow, being the 7th of November, the infanta set out for Chertsey, and lodged all night at the royal palace situated there; and the next day she set forth with the intention of reaching Lambeth, but before ever she came fully to that town this noble lady met, beyond a village called Kingston-on-Thames, the duke of Buckingham on horseback, the earl of Kent, the lord Henry Stafford, and the abbot of Bury, with a train of dukes and gentlemen to the number of four hundred, all mounted and dressed in the Stafford livery of scarlet and black. After the said duke had saluted her grace, the abbot of Bury pronounced in goodly Latin a certain prolusion, welcoming her into this realm."

At Kingston the lady infanta lodged all night, and in the morning was escorted by Buckingham and his splendid train to her lodging at Kennington Palace, close to Lambeth. Here she continued till her own Spanish retinue, as well as the nobility of England, who were appointed by king Henry as her attendants, could prepare themselves for presenting her with due honour to the English people, "who always," adds our quaint informant, "are famous for the wonderful welcomes they give to acceptable and well-beloved strangers," a proof that lionising is no new trait in the English character.

While the infanta was thus escorted to Kennington, king Henry made the best of his way to his queen (Elizabeth of York), who met him at Richmond, to whom he communicated all his proceedings, "and told her how he liked the person and behaviour of their new daughter-in-law." The royal pair remained till the 10th at Richmond, when the king rode to Paris garden, in Southwark, and thence he went in his barge to Baynard's Castle, "situated right pleasantly on Thames' side, and full well garnished and arranged, and encompassed outside strongly with water."[2] This situation was by no means likely to prove so agreeable in a wet November as the worthy author supposed to a princess of the sunny south, reared among the bowers of that enchanting Alhambra, whose restoration is implored by the Moors in their evening prayer to this hour. While Henry VII. was occupied in orders for the arrange-

[1] The royal party are now, after the betrothment, admitted into the infanta's own bed-room; the approaches seem gradual, the first interview taking place in the third chamber.

[2] These expressions make us suppose the journalist a foreigner, though he often says "our king of England," but he does not mention English localities like an English man.

ment of this watery abode, his queen came down the Thames in her barge, accompanied by a most goodly company of ladies, and welcomed her son's bride to England.

Arthur, prince of Wales, with a grand retinue, on the 9th of November, came through Fleet Street to the Wardrobe Palace at Blackfriars, where he took up his abode till the day of his nuptials. Three days afterwards the infanta came in procession, with many lords and ladies, from Lambeth to Southwark, and entered the city by London Bridge She rode on a large mule after the manner of Spain, the duke of York rode on her right, and the legate of Rome on her left hand. She wore on her head a broad round hat, the shape of a cardinal's hat, tied with a lace of gold which kept it on her head; she had a coif of carnation colour under this hat, and her hair streamed over her shoulders. Four of her Spanish ladies followed riding on mules, they wore the same broad hats as their mistress; an English lady, dressed in cloth of gold and riding on a palfrey, was appointed to lead the mule of each Spanish damsel, but as those ladies did not sit on the same side in riding as the fair English equestrians, each pair seemed to ride back to back, to the great tribulation of the herald who records it.[1] The citizens prepared to welcome her entrance into the city with a grand pageant of her name-saint St. Katharine, likewise St. Ursula, the British princess, with many virgins. At St. Paul's Gate was the grandest pageant, through which the lady infanta was conducted to the place of her destination, the Bishop's Palace, close to the cathedral where the bridal was to be celebrated.[2]

Through the body of St. Paul's Cathedral a long bridge of timber, six feet from the ground, was erected from the west door to the first step of the choir, in the midst of the bridge a high stage, circular like a mount, and ascended on all sides by steps, was raised. This stage was large enough for eight persons to stand on, it was the place where the marriage ceremony was performed, it was railed round and covered with scarlet cloth. On the north side of the mount was a closely latticed box for the king and queen; and on the south a stage for the lord mayor and civic dignitaries.

On the day of St. Erkenwald, November the 14th, the young duke of York (afterwards her second husband) led the infanta from the Bishop's Palace to St. Paul's. "Strange diversity of apparel of the country of Hispania is to be *descriven*," says the herald, "for the bride wore at the time of her marriage upon her head a coif of white silk, with a scarf bordered with gold and pearl, and precious stones, five inches and a half broad, which veiled great part of her visage, and her person." This was the Spanish mantilla. "Her gown was very large, both the sleeves and also the body, with many plaits; and beneath the waist, certain round hoops bearing out their gowns from their body after their country manner." Such was the first advent of the famous hoop or fardingale in England. Prince Arthur, likewise attired in white satin, made his appearance on the other side of the mount; and the hands of the princely

[1] Antiquarian Repertory, where is edited a fuller copy of Leland's herald's journal.

[2] Stow, 483; Hall, 493.

pair were joined by the archbishop of Canterbury, nineteen bishops and mitred abbots being present. The king, the queen, and the countess of Richmond, privily witnessed the ceremony from the latticed box. The bride and bridegroom then followed the archbishops and prelates to the high altar, the princess Cicely, who bore the infanta's train, being followed by a hundred ladies in costly apparel.[1] After mass prince Arthur, at the great door of the cathedral, in the presence of the multitude, endowed his bride with one-third of his property.[2] The princess was then led by her brother-in-law, young Henry, to the bishop's palace of St. Paul's, in the grand banqueting-room of which was the nuptial dinner prepared; she was served in gold plate ornamented with precious stones and pearls valued at 20,000*l.* The prince and princess of Wales remained at the bishop's palace that night. The next morning Henry VII. and the queen came in grand pomp by water from Baynard's Castle, and carried Katharine and her husband back to that watery abode.[3] There she was closely secluded with her ladies for some days.

In the pageantry which celebrated these espousals, the descent of the Spanish bride from the legitimate line of Lancaster by Philippa queen of Castille, daughter of John of Gaunt, was not forgotten. King Alphons the astronomer, Katharine's learned ancestor, too, was introduced with all the paraphernalia of astrology, telling a brilliant fortune for her and her short-lived bridegroom. This princely pair were very prettily allegorised, she as the western star, lady Hesperus, and he as Arcturus.[4]

Upon Thursday the bride, accompanied by the royal family, came in barges to Westminster. The large space before Westminster Hall was gravelled and smoothed, and a tilt set up the whole length from the water-gate to the gate that opens into King's Street, leading to the Sanctuary. On the south side was a stage hung with cloth of gold, and furnished with cushions of the same; on the right side entered the king and his lords; on the left the queen, the bride, and their ladies. "And round the whole area were stages built for the honest common people, which at their cost were hired by them in such numbers, that nothing but visages presented themselves to the eye, without any appearance of bodies! And eftsoons, when the trumpets blew up goodly points of war, the nobility and chivalry engaged to tilt, appeared in the arena, riding under fanciful canopies borne by their retainers;" these shall serve as specimens for the rest: "Bourshier, earl of Essex, had a mountain of green carried over him, as his pavilion, and upon it many trees, rocks, and marvellous beasts, withal, climbing up the sides. On the summit sat a goodly young lady, in her hair, pleasantly beseen. The lord marquis of Dorset, half-brother to the queen,[5] had borne over him a rich pavi-

[1] Hall, 494.

[2] Rymer, vol. xii. p. 780. As princess of Wales, Katharine had in dower Wallingford Castle, Cheylesmore near Coventry, the city of Coventry (crown rents), Caernarvon and Conway Castles, the third of the stannaries in Cornwall, the town and lands of Macclesfield, to the amount of 5000*l.* per annum: at least, that was the sum ostensibly allowed her afterwards as dowager p. incess.

[3] Hall, 494. [4] Lord Bacon.

[5] Eldest son of queen Elizabeth Woodville, by her first husband.

lion of cloth of gold, himself always riding within the same, drest in his armour." Lord William Courtenay (brother-in-law to the queen) made his "appearance riding on a red dragon led by a giant with a great tree in his hand." Attended by similar pageantry, twenty or thirty of the tilters rode around the area, to the delight of the commonalty, who had all their especial favourites among the noble actors in the scene, and had moreover the infinite satisfaction of seeing them tilt with sharp spears, and "in great jeopardy of their lives break a great many lances on each others' bodies;" though the ultimatum of pleasure was not afforded by any of these sharp spears effecting homicide. Plenty of bruises and bone-aches were the concomitants of this glorious tilting, but no further harm ensued to the noble combatants.

When the dusk of a November eve closed over this chivalrous display, the bride and all her splendid satellites transferred themselves to the more comfortable atmosphere of Westminster Hall. At its upper end the royal dais was erected, and among other magnificence is noted a cupboard, which occupied the whole length of the chancery, filled with a rich treasure of plate, most of which was solid gold. The queen, the lady bride, and the king's mother, took their places on elevated seats at the king's left hand, their ladies and the royal children were all stationed on the queen's side, prince Arthur sat at his father's right hand, and the nobility of England who were not engaged in the pageants and ballets that followed sat in their degrees on the king's side of the hall. Thus, in the ancient regime of the court, the sexes were divided into two opposite parties: the king and queen, who were the chiefs of each band, were the only man and woman who sat near each other. When any dancing was required which was not included in the pageantry, a lady and a cavalier went down, one from the king's and the other from the queen's party, and figured on the dancing space before the royal platform. The diversions began with grand pageants of a mountain, a castle, and a ship, which were severally wheeled in before the royal dais. The ship was manned by mariners, "who took care to speak wholly in seafearing terms." The castle was lighted inside gloriously, and had eight *fresh*[1] gentlewomen within, each looking out of a widow. At the top of the castle sat a representative of Katharine of Arragon herself, in the Spanish garb. The castle was drawn by marvellous beasts, gold and silver lions harnessed with huge gold chains, but lest the reader should be dubious regarding the possibility of such lions, the narrator (who must have been behind the scenes, and would have been a worthy assistant to Master Snug the joiner) explains discreetly, "that in each of the marvellous beasts were two men, one in the fore and the other in the hind quarters, so well hid and apparelled, that nothing appeared but their legs, which were disguised after the proportion and kind of the beast they were in." Meantime the representative of Katharine was much courted "by two well-behaved and well-beseen gentlemen, who called themselves Hope and Desire;" but were treated by the bride's double with the greatest disdain. At last, all differences ended like other ballets, with a

[1] This term means they were dressed in new clothes or new fashions.

great deal of capering, for the ladies came out of the castle, and the gentlemen from the ship and mountain, and danced a grand set of twenty four with "goodly roundels and divers figures, and then vanished out of sight and presence."

Then came down prince Arthur and the princess Cicely his aunt, "and danced two *bass* dances, and then departed up again, the prince to his father and lady Cicely to the queen her sister." Eftsoons came down the bride, the princess Katharine, and one of her ladies with her, apparelled likewise in Spanish garb, and danced other two *base* dances, and then both departed up to the queen. These *base* dances are explained by etymologists to be slow and stately movements, and were called *base* or low dances, in opposition to the *la volta* dance, which, from the lofty leaps and capers cut by the performers, was termed in English the *high* dance. Perhaps Katharine's *base* dance resembled the minuet in its slow gliding step. All the English dances described by our herald seem to have been quick and lively, for he proceeds to say, "Henry duke of York, having with him his sister lady Margaret, the young queen of Scots, in his hand, came down and danced two dances and went up to the queen." The dancing of this pretty pair gave such satisfaction, that it was renewed, when the young duke, finding himself encumbered with his dress, "suddenly threw off his robe and danced in his jacket with the said lady Margaret, in so goodly and pleasant a manner, that it was to king Henry and queen Elizabeth great and singular pleasure. Then the duke departed up to the king, and the princess Margaret to the queen." The parental pride and pleasure at the performance of their children manifested by Henry VII. and his queen, slight as it is mentioned here, affords some proof of their domestic happiness.

"On the Sunday was laid out a royal dinner in the Whitehall, or parliament chamber. The king sat at the side table, next to his own chamber,[1] with Katharine of Arragon at his right hand. At the same table sat the protonotary of Spain and Katharine's Spanish duenna. The queen sat at the table at the bed's feet, "which was the table of the most reputation of all the tables in the chamber." It seems, from this passage, that some partition had been removed, and the king's chamber and bed thrown into view, a practice frequent in gothic castles. The evening refreshment, called the *voide*, was brought in by fourscore earls, barons, and knights, walking two and two, the ceremony of serving the *voide* being precisely as coffee is now presented after dinner; but, instead of coffee and biscuits, ipocras and comfits were offered One noble servitor presented the golden spice plate, a second the cup, while a third, of lower rank, filled the cup from a golden ewer. At this *voide* Katharine of Arragon distributed the prizes won in the tilt-yard. To the duke of Buckingham she gave a diamond of great *virtue* and price; the marquis of Dorset received from her hands a ruby, and to the others were given rings set with precious stones. The court depart-

[1] That the royal bedchamber in Westminster Palace opened into the Whitehall, or parliament chamber (actually used as the House of Lords, till it was burnt down in 1834,) may be gathered from this narrative, and the interview between Henry V. and his father. See Life of Katharine of Valois, vol. iii.

ed the next Sunday for Richmond, where, after an exordium on the proper way of spending the Sabbath, our informant tells us, that, "after divine service, the king sped with the court, through his goodly gardens to his gallery, upon the walls, where were lords ready set to play; some with *chesses* (chess-boards), some with tables (or backgammon), and some with cards and dice; besides a framework with ropes was fixed in the garden, on which went up a Spaniard, and did many wondrous and delicious points of tumbling and dancing." In the evening, the pageant of a rock, drawn by three sea-horses, made its appearance at the end of the hall; on either side of the rock were mermaids, one of them being a "man-merrnaid" in armour. But these mermaids were but cases or shells, in which were perched the sweetest-voiced children of the king's chapel, "who sung right sweetly, with quaint harmony," while the pageant was progressing to the dais, where sat the royal bride and the king and queen. Instead of dancers, there were let out of the rock a great number of white doves,[1] and live rabbits, which creatures flew and ran about the hall, causing great mirth and disport. Then were presented to the lords and ladies of Spain rich gifts of plate from king Henry, with thanks for the care they had taken of the princess Katharine, and they took leave for their return to Spain."

King Henry, observing that his daughter-in-law was sad and pensive after bidding them farewell, courteously desired that she should be called to him, with her ladies; he then took them to his library, wherein he "showed them many goodly pleasant books of works full delightful, sage, merry, and also right cunning, both in English and Latin. His prudent highness had likewise provided there a jeweller, with many rings and huge diamonds and jewels of the most goodly fashion, and there desired her to *avise* and behold them well, and choose and select at her pleasure." When she had taken those she preferred, the king distributed the rest among her remaining Spanish ladies and her newly appointed English maids of honour. Thus she assuaged her grief and heaviness, and became accustomed to English manners and usages.[2]

Great misrepresentation has taken place regarding the age of Katharine, at the time of her first marriage; one historian[3] even affirming she was nineteen; but as her birthday was at the close of the year 1485,[4] it stands to reason that when she wedded Arthur, November 1501, she had not completed her sixteenth year, while prince Arthur, who was born September 20, 1486, had just completed his fifteenth year. Katharine, therefore, instead of four years, was but ten months, older than her husband.

Before Shrovetide, Katharine and her husband departed for Ludlow Castle, in Shropshire, where they were to govern the principality of Wales, holding a miniature court, modelled like that at Westminster.

Katharine performed the journey to Ludlow on horseback, riding on a pillion behind her master of horse, while eleven ladies followed her on palfreys. When she was tired, she rested in a litter borne between

[1] This seems a Spanish custom, for the other day white doves were let loose at a festival in honour of the young queen of Spain.

[2] Herald's Journal in Antiquarian Repertory.

[3] Guthrie. [4] Both Mariana and Bernaldes.

two horses. 'Such was the mode of travelling before turnpike roads had made the country traversable by wheel-carriages; for the horses which bore the litter made good their footing in paths where a wheel-carriage could not be kept upright.

It appears that prince Arthur visited Oxford on the road to Ludlow; for in the memorials of that city are these particulars of his entertainment at Magdalen College:—"He was lodged in the apartments of the president; rushes were provided for the prince's bedchamber; he was treated with a brace of pike and a brace of tench: both his highness and his train received presents of gloves, and were refreshed with red wine, claret, and sack."

The prince and princess of Wales were deservedly popular at Ludlow, but their residence there was of short continuance; for the prince, whose learning and good qualities made him the hope of England, was suddenly taken ill and expired April 2, 1502. Some historians declare he died of a decline, others affirm that he was very stout and robust: amidst these conflicting opinions, it is, perhaps, worth while to quote the assertion of the Spanish historian, as it certainly arose from the information of Katharine herself.

"Prince Arthur died of the plague a little while after his nuptials, being in the principality of Wales, in a place they call *Pudlo* (Ludlow). In this house was donna Catalina left a widow, when she had been married scarcely six months."[1] This assertion is completely borne out by an observation in the Herald's Journal;[2] for, after describing the whole detail of the magnificent progress of the prince's funeral to the city of Worcester (where he was buried), it declares, that but few citizens were assembled in the cathedral, because of the great sickness that prevailed in Worcester.

Queen Elizabeth, the mother-in-law of Katharine, though overwhelmed with grief for the sudden loss of her eldest-born and best-beloved child, had sympathy for the young widow, thus left desolate in a strange land, whose tongue could scarcely have become familiar to her ear. The good queen sent for Katharine directly to London, and took the trouble of having a vehicle prepared for her accommodation. She ordered her tailor, John Cope, to cover her litter with black velvet and black cloth, trimmed about with black valances; the two head pieces were bound with black riband and festooned with black cloth. Such was the hearse-like conveyance sent by Elizabeth of York to bring the young widow to London.

Katharine was settled at the country palace of Croydon by queen Elizabeth, and this residence seems to have been her home. An ancient

[1] Bernaldes, 236.

[2] The herald present at prince Arthur's funeral wrote the journal occurring in Leland's Collectanea; it is replete with curious costume. "On St. Mark's day, the procession commenced from Ludlow church to Bewdley Chapel. It was the foulest, cold, windy, and rainy day, and the worst way [road] I have seen; and in some places the car [with the prince's body] stuck so fast in the mud, that yokes of oxen were taken to draw it out, so ill was the way." Such was part of the progress to Worcester, where "with weeping and sore lamentation prince Arthur was laid in the grave."

turreted house, still called Arragon House, opposite Twickenham church, is likewise pointed out as one of her dwellings during her widowhood. She received all maternal kindness from her mother-in-law, while that amiable queen lived.

The marriage-portion of Katharine consisted of 200,000 crowns.[1] Half of that sum had been paid down with her. Her widow's dower consisted of one-third of the prince of Wales' revenue, but she was expected to expend that income in England. Her father and mother demurred on paying the remainder of her dowry, and expressed a wish to have their daughter and her portion returned to them. Henry VII. had an extreme desire to touch the rest of his daughter-in-law's portion; he, therefore, proposed a marriage between her and his surviving son, Henry. The sovereigns of Spain, her parents, accepted this offer; and it was finally agreed, that, on obtaining a dispensation from the pope, Katharine should be married to her young brother-in-law, prince Henry.

Katharine herself seems to have been very unhappy at this time. She wrote to her father, "that she had no inclination for a second marriage in England;[2] still she begged him not to consider her tastes or inconvenience, but in all things to act as suited him best." It is here evident, that Katharine, a sensible young woman of eighteen, felt a natural aversion to vow obedience to a boy more than five years younger than herself; yet she does not plead as an excuse for not fulfilling so disagreeable an engagement, that she considered it repugnant to the laws of God or man. Surely, as she mentions in her home letters that her will was averse to the second English marriage, she would have likewise urged, that her conscience would be outraged, could she have done so with truth; but distaste and inconvenience are the strongest terms she uses. She was, notwithstanding these remonstrances, betrothed to Henry prince of Wales, on the 25th of June, 1503, at the house of the bishop of Salisbury in Fleet Street.[3]

The mind of queen Isabel of Castille, who was then on her deathbed, seems to have misgiven her regarding her daughter's future prosperity; for she sent a piteous entreaty to Rome for a copy of the bull of dispensation, as she could not die peaceably without reading it.[4] This queen expired soon after the betrothment, and Katharine, deprived of her admirable mother, was left a passive victim at the disposal of the two wily diplomatists, her father king Ferdinand, and Henry VII.

An accident happened in the year 1506 which threw her in immediate contact with her sister Joanna. The death of her mother without male heirs had called that princess to the throne of Castille, and she embarked from Flanders with her husband, Philip the Fair, to take possession of her inheritance. They were driven by a tempest on the

[1] See the preceding memoir; likewise sir Harris Nicolas' Memoir of Elizabeth of York, p xc.; and Privy-Purse Expenses of that queen, p. 103.

[2] This most important passage in history was first brought forward by Dr. Lingard, who quotes the Spanish words from Mariana's History of Spain. See Lingard, vol. v. p. 333.

[3] Speed, p. 973.

[4] See notation appended to this copy in lord Herbert's Life of Henry VIII This is the reason given for Katharine having in her possession a copy of the bull

western coast of England, and invited by Henry VII., exceedingly against their inclination, to pay him a visit at Windsor: here the princess Katharine came to meet her sister, and to preside at the sumptuous feasts given in her honour. After a visit of three months, the king and queen of Castille were permitted to depart, as soon as Philip had reluctantly yielded to his host various concessions he had before refused. Queen Joanna certainly made a favourable impression on her sister's father-in-law, as the event proved.

Henry VII. was exceedingly desirous of entering the marriage-state; he had previously paid his addresses to a relative of his daughter-in-law Katharine, whom he employed as a means of correspondence. Thus his private agents obtained an interview with the young queen of Naples, under pretence of delivering to her a letter from Katharine. After this match was broken off, Joanna, the eldest sister of Katharine, lost her husband, and Henry immediately conceived the scheme of marrying her. It was in vain king Ferdinand sent word, that his daughter Joanna was fearfully insane, and not fit to be married; Henry protested that he knew the lady, and was convinced that her illness was but temporary. While the king was pursuing this fancy, Katharine experienced some annoyance from his double-dealing policy; for, if he succeeded in obtaining Joanna for himself, he deemed that the three-fold link of relationship, which would occur by a marriage of her sister and his son, Henry, would outrage popular prejudice too far. He, therefore, provided a scheme to break his son's engagement, if required, by causing him, the day before he attained his fifteenth year, to make a solemn protest against marrying Katharine.[1] This protest was the real seed from which all her future miseries sprang; it was kept a profound secret till many years after.[2]

The first germ of young Henry's natural perversity showed itself soon after making this protest. Directly Katharine was in a manner forbidden to him, his boyish will was set on obtaining her, so that Henry VII. debarred them from meeting, lest they should form a clandestine union.[3] It must have been truly provoking for the princess to be treated as if she wished to steal a marriage, which she had designated to her father as distasteful and unsuitable. At last Ferdinand permitted Henry VII.'s ambassador to have a private interview with the distracted queen Joanna. Their interview convinced the English king that her case was hopeless. Henry then returned to his original plan of wedding his son to Katharine. King Ferdinand, who was greatly troubled at the idea of the union of Henry with Joanna, agreed to pay the remainder of Katharine's por-

[1] Rapin. The scene of this protest was, according to archbishop Warham, a ground-floor room in the palace at Richmond. Henry was thirteen when he plighted his troth to Katharine, and fifteen when he made the protest.

[2] Dr. Lingard, vol. v. p. 333, has, by consulting the contemporary Spanish historians, afforded the only light ever thrown on this mysterious protest, which Henry forced his son to make. Without the explanation of Henry VII.'s personal motives, this protest seems an act of insanity on the part of the king. That it did not originate with the boy himself is evident, by his cheerful fulfilment of the marriage engagement with Katharine, when he had the power of breaking it.

[3] Lingard, vol. v. p. 333.

tion in four instalments, and on the receipt of the last the marriage was to be completed.[1]

Immediately after the accession of Henry VIII., he assured the Spanish ambassador, Fuensalida, of his attachment to Katharine, and was heard to declare that he loved her beyond all other women.[2]

The privy council debated the marriage very earnestly. Warham, archbishop of Canterbury, considered the relationship in which Katharine stood to the king, as his sister-in-law, was too near. Fox, bishop of Winchester, argued for the marriage with many reasons of expediency; at last, the council recommended that it should take place, if Katharine's sister queen Joanna, and their father king Ferdinand, would agree that the marriage portion of the princess should never be reclaimed, on any pretence whatever. Fuensalida signed a deed to this effect on the part of Ferdinand as king of Arragon, and of Joanna as queen of Castille; this instrument was signed by Katharine herself as princess of Wales, June 7, 1509, a circumstance which entirely invalidates the assertion of the historians who declare she was married to Henry on the 3d of June.

A most uncandid mystery is made of the time and place of this marriage by the earlier historians.[3] Both, however, we have satisfactorily discovered in the pages of Katharine's native chroniclers.

"Donna Catalina," says Bernaldes,[4] "wedded the brother of her first lord, who was called Enrico, in a place they call Granuche [Greenwich], on the day of St. Bernabo [June 11], and was crowned afterwards, on the day of St. John, with all the rejoicings in the world." "Her father, king Ferdinand, was so well pleased," adds another Spanish historian, "at his daughter's second marriage, that he celebrated it by grand festivals in Spain, particularly by the *jeu de cannes*,"[5] or darting the jereed, in which Moorish sport Ferdinand assisted in person.

King Henry and queen Katharine came to the Tower from Greenwich, attended by many of the nobility, June 21. After creating twenty-four knights, Henry, accompanied by Katharine, on the 23d of June, proceeded in state through the streets of London, which were hung for the occasion with tapestry.[6] The inhabitants of Cornhill, as the richest citizens, displayed cloth of gold. From Cornhill and the Old Change, the way was lined with young maidens, dressed in virgin white, bearing palms of white wax in their hands; these damsels were marshalled and attended by priests in their richest robes, who censed the queen's procession from silver censers as it passed. Of all the pageants ever devised

[1] Two instalments were paid and acknowledged by the signatures of both the king of England and his son; the third was not received till after the death of Henry VII., but it is acknowledged by the young king in May 1509, and the last payment was made in September 1509, after Henry VIII. and Katharine were actually married.

[2] Lingard, vol. vi. p. 2; and cardinal Pole's Apology, pp. 83, 84.

[3] From Speed's account, the reader would suppose no other marriage had taken place excepting the betrothment in 1503; Hall names an evident wrong date, and gives no place; Burnet follows Speed; and no English author names the place of the marriage.

[4] Middlehill MS., cap. 163, f. 236.

[5] Ferrara's History of Spain, vol. viii. 334.

[6] Hall, p. 507.

for royalty, this was the most ideal and beautiful. At that time Katharine was pleasing in person. "There were few women," says lord Herbert, "who could compete with queen Katharine when in her prime." She had been married but a few days, and was attired as a bride in white embroidered satin; her hair, which was black and very beautiful, hung at length down her back, almost to her feet; she wore on her head a coronal set with many rich orient stones. The queen, thus attired as a royal bride, was seated in a litter of white cloth of gold, borne by two white horses. She was followed by the female nobility of England, drawn in whirlicotes, a species of car that preceded the use of coaches. Thus she proceeded to the palace of Westminster, where diligent preparation was making for the coronation next day. Cavendish asserts that all the orders for the king's coronation and the funeral of Henry VII. were given by Katharine; the illness of the king's grandmother and the youth of the king were, perhaps, the reasons that she had thus to exert herself.

After the coronation, the banquet was spread in Westminster Hall; the king and queen proceeded from the abbey to an elevated stage at the upper end of the hall; several ladies of high rank sat under the table at the queen's feet, holding her pocket-handkerchief, table-napkins, fan, and purse.

The pageantry on the occasion of this royal marriage and coronation was of a most elaborate and tedious species. One of the sports in honour of the gentle and benevolent Katharine was remarkably barbarous and savage: a miniature park was railed in before Westminster Palace; deer and dogs were turned in; the deer overleaped the fences and escaped into the palace, where the hunters pursued and killed them, and presented the slaughtered creatures, warm and palpitating, to the royal bride.

These festivities were suddenly broken up on the 29th of June, by the death of the king's grandmother, Margaret of Richmond,[1] who had been regent till two days before the coronation, when Henry VIII. completed his eighteenth year. A great pestilence broke out in the metropolis at this time, which made the court retreat to Richmond Palace, when Henry entered into pageants, masking, and diversions of the like nature, with all the avidity of a grown-up child.

Katharine was naturally of a sedate and reflective character; she was rather more than five years older than her husband, and had been trained to serious occupation by her mother, one of the greatest female sovereigns that ever reigned. These circumstances gave her a taste for practical business.

It was at the Christmas festivals at Richmond, the same year, that Henry VIII. stole from the side of the queen during the jousts, and returned in the disguise of a strange knight, astonishing all the company with the grace and vigour of his tilting; at first the king appeared ashamed of taking a public part in these gladiatorial exercises, but the

[1] For further particulars, see Miss Halsted's interesting Biography of Margaret Beaufort.

applause he received on all sides soon induced him openly to appear on every occasion in the tilt-yard. Katharine kindly humoured the childish taste of her husband for disguisings and maskings by pretending great surprise when he presented himself before her in some assumed character. On one occasion, he came unexpectedly into her chamber with his cousin, Bourchier, earl of Essex, and other nobles, in the disguise of Robin Hood and his men; "whereat," says Hollingshed, "the queen and her ladies were greatly amazed, as well for the strange sight as for their sudden appearance." At Shrovetide, soon after the foreign ambassadors were invited to partake with the court of a goodly banquet in the parliament chamber at Westminster, the king, after conducting the queen to her throne, and having saluted the visitors, suddenly disappeared, but soon after returned, with the earl of Essex, dressed after the Turkish fashion, and the earl of Wiltshire[1] and Fitzwater, in the costume of Russia, with furred hats of grey, each of them having a hatchet in hand, and wearing boots, with pikes turned up. Next came sir Edward Howard and sir Thomas Parr, after the fashion of Persia, followed by torch-bearers, with black faces, who were intended to represent Moors.

The king's beautiful young sister, the princess Mary, accompanied by some of Katharine's ladies, danced a masking ballet before her; but the princess hid her fair face under a black gauze mask, having assumed the character of an Ethiop queen.[2] In all these maskings and pageants, the queen's device, the pomegranate, was seen mingled with the roses of York and Lancaster, and the Tudor device of the hawthorn, with its scarlet fruit.

The queen's situation promising an heir to the throne, she took to her chamber at the close of the year 1510, with the usual ceremonies, being then residing at Richmond Palace. On new-year's day she brought into the world a prince, whose welcome appearance gave rise to fresh rejoicings and more elaborate pageantry. The young prince was named Henry, at a splendid christening; the archbishop of Canterbury, the earl of Surrey, and the king's favourite aunt, Katharine, countess of Devonshire, were the sponsors to the royal babe. Before the queen's churching, the king rode on a pilgrimage to the Lady-shrine of Walsingham, in order to return thanks for the birth of his heir. On his return, grand tournaments were held in honour of the queen at Westminster. At the opening of the tournament appeared the king's favourite, sir Charles Brandon, afterwards created duke of Suffolk, who came before Katharine, disguised like "hermit poor," with grey gown and lowly weeds, craving permission to tilt in her honour. When leave was given, Brandon flung off his hermit grey, and appeared armed as a champion of proof. This was considered by the populace as a most brilliant invention.[3]

In the evening, when the queen was set in glorious state in the white hall at Westminster, a nobleman entered to inform her, "how that in

[1] Stafford, earl of Wiltshire, not the father of Anne Boleyn. [2] Hall, p 514.
[3] Hall, lord Herbert

garden of pleasure was an arbour of gold, full of ladies, who were very desirous of showing pastime for the queen's diversion."

Katharine answered very graciously, "that both she and her ladies would be happy to behold them and their pastime."

Then a great curtain of arras was withdrawn, and the pageant moved forward. It was an arbour made with posts and pillars, covered with gold, about which were twined branches of hawthorn, roses, and eglantines, all made of satin and silk, according to the natural colours of the flowers. In the arbour were six fair ladies in gowns of white and green satin, their gowns covered with letters of gold, being H and K, knit together with gold lacing. Near the bower stood the king himself, and five lords, dressed in purple satin, likewise covered with gold letters,—H and K; and every one had his name in letters of bullion gold. The king's name was Cour-Loyal, and all the rest bore some such appellations. Then the king and this company danced before Katharine's throne. But while this fine fancy-ball was performing, a very different scene was transacting at the lower end of the white-hall. The golden arbour, which was intended to receive again the illustrious performers, had been rolled back to the end of the hall, where stood a vast crowd of the London populace, who were the constant witnesses of the grand doings of the English court in the middle ages, and, indeed, on some occasions, seem to have assimilated with the chorus of the Greek drama.[1] Their proceedings this evening were, however, not quite so dignified; the arbour of gold having been rolled incautiously within reach of their acquisitive fingers, the foremost began to pluck and pull at its fine ornaments; at last they made a regular inbreak, and completely stripped the pageant of all its ornaments; nor could the lord steward of the palace repel these intruders, without having recourse to a degree of violence which must have disturbed the royal ballet. Meantime, the king and his band having finished their stately pavons and "corontos high" with the utmost success, his majesty, in high good humour, bade the ladies come forward and pluck the golden letters and devices from his dress and that of his company. Little did the young king imagine what pickers and stealers were within hearing; for scarcely had he given leave for this courtly scramble, when forward rushed the plebeian intruders, and seizing not only on him, but his noble guests, plucked them bare of every glittering thing on their dresses with inconceivable celerity; what was worse, the poor ladies were despoiled of their jewels, and the king was stripped to his doublet and drawers. As for the unfortunate sir Thomas Knevet, who climbed on a high place, and fought for his finery, the mob carried off all his clothes. At last

[1] See an instance in the curious metrical description of Henry V.'s farewell to the city of London, before his French expedition, in which scene the populace certainly took their part as chorus.

"'Hail, comely king!' the mayor 'gan say.
'Amen!' cried all the commonalty."

Whoever looks closely into the manners and customs of the middle ages, will find that the English subjects were permitted to hold very close intercourse with their monarchs, who almost lived in their presence, till the reign of William III.

the guards succeeded in clearing the hall without bloodshed. The king, laughing heartily, handed the queen to the banquet in his own chamber, where the court sat down in their tattered condition, treating the whole scramble as a frolic; the king declaring that they must consider their losses as *largess* to the commonalty.[1]

This strange scene throws light on the state of society at that time; for the outrage was not committed by a *posse* of London thieves, but by people in respectacle stations of middle life; since Hall says "one shipmaster of the port of London gat for his share in the scramble some letters of beaten gold, which he afterwards sold for 3*l.* 18*s.* 8*d.*"

The royal infant, whose birth had caused all this uproarious joy, died February 22, 1511; indeed, he had never been well since his elaborate christening, when the tender creature had taken some cold or injury. His death is thus prettily recorded in one of the manuscript folios at the Chapter-house, Westminster: "In the second year of our lord the king, her grace the queen bore a prince, whose soul is now among the holy Innocents of God." The queen, according to Hall, "like a natural woman, made much lamentation; howbeit, by the king's persuasion, she was comforted, but not shortly." Katharine could not foresee what a fatal shade the loss of her son was to throw on her after-life, when she mourned in unconscious anticipation of all her future sorrow.

A war soon after broke out with France, in which Scotland incipiently joined. Sir Edward Howard, one of England's earliest naval heroes, distinguished himself in this war by his victory over sir Andrew Barton, a Scottish commander of equal valour. The gallant Howard fell gloriously in a desperate attack on the French galleys in Conquet Bay. He was a friend of queen Katharine and her parents, having served as a volunteer at the siege of Granada; he bequeathed to her in his will a beautiful relic of antiquity, the grace cup of Thomas à Becket. The queen subsequently restored the cup to the noble family of Howard, in whose possession it still is.[2] Sir Edward Howard had likewise, in his sailor-like will, left his whistle, then the insignia of his command, to the king, but he was seen to throw it into the sea just before he sunk, when boarding the French commander's galley.[3]

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[1] Hall, p. 519.

[2] See a most interesting account of his death in the Howard Memorials. Mr. Howard, of Corby, is in possession of the cup, which is at once a memorial of that most extraordinary Englishman, Thomas à Becket; of one of our earlies admirals; and of one of our most virtuous queens. For a description of it, see this work, vol. i., Life of Eleanora of Aquitaine, second edition.

[3] The king invested his naval captains with this insignia, as may be proved from the narrative of sir Peter Carew, of the loss of the Mary Rose, commanded by his brother sir George. "And first the king had secret talks with the lord admiral, and then with sir George Carew. The king took his chain from his neck with a great whistle of gold, and did put it about the neck of sir George." This happened not above an hour before sir George went on board; a few minutes after the Mary Rose heeled and went down, while her crew were in a state of mutiny. The gold chain and whistle is, therefore, with the bones of sir George, still in the Mary Rose; and as the diving bells are now bringing many curiosities from this antique wreck, this treasure may as well be sought for

The succeeding year, when Henry VIII. invaded France in person, he intrusted his queen with the highest powers that had ever yet been bestowed on a female regent in England, for he not only placed the reins of government in her hands, but made her captain of all his forces,[1] with the assistance of five of his nobles. She was, likewise, empowered to raise loans for the defence of the kingdom.

The queen accompanied her royal lord to Dover, where she was invested with this high trust. "And then," says Hall, "the king took leave of the queen, and many of her ladies of their lords, which altogether made such sorrow that it was a great dolour to behold. And so the king and all his army took ship the last day of June. The earl of Surrey, to whom had been confided the care of the north of England, accompanied the queen home from Dover, comforting her as well as he might."

Katharine's letters, soon after her regency, begin to form interesting features of her personal history; she had made herself sufficiently mistress of the English language to express her thoughts, and issue her commands, with clearness and decision. The following appears to be one of her earliest letters, as it is written during the lifetime of her father. It relates to the misconduct of one of her Spanish attendants, and is addressed to Wolsey,[2] who was certainly the factotum of the royal family; it appears to have been written on her homeward journey from Dover:—

"Mr. Almoner, touching Francesca de Casseris' matter, I thank you for your labour therein; true it is she was my woman before she was married, but now, since she cast herself away, I have no more charge of her. For very pity to see her lost, I prayed you in Canterbury to find the means to send her home to her country. Now, ye think, that with my letter of recommendation to the duchess of Savoy, she shall be content to take her into her service. This, Mr. Almoner, is not meet for her; for she is so perilous a woman, that it shall be dangerous to put her in a strange house, an' ye will do so much for me, to make her go hence by the way, with the ambassador of the king, my father; it should be to me a great pleasure, and with that, ye shall bind me to you, more than I ever was."

Here is benevolence, mingled with prudential forecast, arising from accurate judgment of character. She pities "the perilous woman, who has cast herself away," and wished that care might be taken of her, without danger of doing mischief in the household of another princess.

Henry won the battle of the Spurs,[3] August 16, 1513. It was a rout of cavalry at Guinegate, and was thus jestingly named by the French themselves, in satirical remembrance of the only weapons they used on that day. The king was at this time besieging Terouenne, in concert with the emperor Maximilian, who was fighting under the English ban-

[1] Rapin, vol. i. p. 752.

[2] Ellis' Letters, 1st series. Wolsey, who was then a rising person, accompanied the king to France, ostensibly as his almoner, but in reality as his private secretary.

[3] Sir Thomas Boleyn, sir John Seymour, and sir Thomas Parr, all knights of the king's household, and fathers of three of his succeeding queens, were engaged in this battle. (See Muster Roll, indorsed Order of the Army; Lodge's Illustrations of Brit. Hist. vol. i. p. 1.)

ners. Katharine alludes to this emperor, her family ally, in the following letter, which is her answer to a despatch of Wolsey's, announcing the victory:[1]—

"Master Almoner,

"What comfort I have with the good tidings of your letter I need not write to you. The victory hath been so great, that I think none such hath ever been seen before. All England hath cause to thank God of it, and I, specially, seeing that the king beginneth so well, which is to me a great hope that the end shall be like. I pray God send the same shortly; for if this continue so, still I trust in Him that every thing shall follow thereafter to the king's pleasure and my comfort. Mr. Almoner, for the pain ye take to write to me so often I thank you with all my heart; praying you to continue still sending me word how the king doeth, and if he keep still his good rule that he began. I think, with the company of the emperor, and with his good counsel, his grace shall not adventure himself too much, as I was afraid of before. I was very glad to hear of the meeting of them both, which hath been to my seeming the greatest honour to the king that ever came to prince. The emperor hath done every thing like himself. I trust to God he shall be thereby known for one of the excellentest princes in the world, and taken for another man than he was before thought. Mr. Almoner, I think myself, that I am so bound to him for my part, that in my letter I beseech the king to remember it."

The queen was at Richmond when she wrote this, August 25, 1513. Her signature is "Katharina the Qwene."

The situation of queen Katharine during her husband's absence was exactly similar to that of queen Philippa when left regent by Edward III. Like Philippa, Katharine had to repel a Scottish invasion; and it is no little honour to female government that the two greatest victories won against the Scots, those of Neville's Cross and Flodden Field, were gained during the administration of queens.

Katharine's correspondence with Wolsey at this juncture is cheerful and friendly. She viewed the coming storm with intrepidity, worthy the daughter of that great and victorious queen, Isabel of Castille, and only regrets that her removal nearer the seat of war will prevent her from hearing as speedily as usual of her husband's welfare. The following letter was written by her to Wolsey just a month before the invasion of the Scots:—

"Maister Almoner,

"I received both your letters by Coppinger and John Glyn, and I am very glad to hear how well the king passed his dangerous passage, the Frenchmen being present. * * * * * *

"Ye be not so busy with the war as we be here encumbered with it. I mean touching mine own self, for going where I shall not so often hear from the king. All his subjects be very glad (I thank God) to be busy with the Scots; for they take it for pastime. My heart is very good to it, and I am horrible busy with making standards, banners, and badges. At Richmond, 13 day of August,

"Katharina the Qwene."

The queen was preparing to make a pilgrimage to the Lady-shrine of Walsingham, in Norfolk, when the news of the Flodden victory reached her. The letter in which she announced it to Henry commences for-

[1] Ellis, 1st series.

mally, but soon falls into the tender and familiar style of an affectionate wife.

"Sir,

"My lord Havard (Howard) hath sent me a letter open to your grace within one of mine, by the which you shall see the great victory[1] that our Lord hath sent your subjects in your absence; and for this cause it is no need herein to trouble your grace with long writing; but to my thinking this battle hath been to your grace, and all your realm, the greatest honour that could be, and more than should you win all the crown of France. Thanked be God of it; and I am sure your grace forgetteth not to do this; which shall be cause to send you many more such victories as, I trust, he shall do.

"My husband, for hastiness with Rouge-crosse, I could not send your grace the piece of the king of Scotts' coat, which John Glyn now bringeth. In this your grace shall see how I can keep my promise, sending you for your banners a king's coat. I thought to send himself to you, but our Englishmen would not suffer it. It should have been better for him to have been in peace, than to have this reward. All that God sendeth is for the best. My Lord of Surrey, my Henry, would fain know your pleasure in burying the king of Scotts' body; for he hath written to me so. With the next messenger, your grace's pleasure may be herein known; and with this I make an end, praying God to send you home shortly; for, without this, no joy here can be accomplished, and for the same I pray. And now go I to our Lady at Walsingham, that I promised so long ago to see. At Woburn,[2] xvi. of September.

"I send your grace herein a *bill* [a note] found in a Scottish man's purse, of such things as the French king sent to the said king of Scotts to make war against you, beseeching you to send Matthew hither as soon this messenger cometh to bring me tidings from your grace.

"Your humble wife and true servant,

"1513. "KATARINE."

Skelton, the poet laureate of Henry VIII.'s court, composed verses of the most ungenerous exultation over the fall of the Scottish monarch.

In part of this poem he thus addresses the deceased king in allusion to the absence of Henry:—

"Ye were stark mad to make a fray,
His grace being then out of the way.
Ye wanted wit, sir, at a word
Ye lost your spurs, ye lost your sword,[3]
Ye might have boune to Huntley Branks,
Your pride was peevish to play such pranks."

He then breaks into the most vulgar taunts on the unconscious hero, "who laid cold in his clay," abusing him as "Jemmy the Scot," with a degree of virulence which would have disgusted any mind less coarse

[1] From Patrick Fraser Tytler's Hist. of Scotland, vol. v. p. 76, and the Gazette of the battle at the College at Arms.

[2] Katharine was then abiding at her seat called the Honour of Ampthill. She was, probably, visiting the neighbouring abbey of Woburn when she wrote her letters.

[3] This assertion of Skelton shows that the sword of James was among the trophies of the field. It fell into the hands of lord Surrey, and after being long in possession of the Howard family was presented by the unfortunate lord Stafford to the Herald's College, where it was shown to the author of this work by G. C. Young, esq., York Herald; together with the earl of Surrey's turquoise ring.

than that of his master.[1] The beautiful lyric, called the "Flowers of the Forest," in which Scotland bewailed her loss at Flodden, forms a noble contrast to this lampoon. But the laureated bard of Henry knew well his sovereign's taste, for it is affirmed that Skelton had been tutor to Henry in some department of his education. How probable it is that the corruption imparted by this ribald and ill-living wretch laid the foundation for his royal pupil's grossest crimes!

After the battle of Flodden, queen Katharine performed her vow of pilgrimage to the Walsingham shrine; she returned time enough to welcome the king, who landed privately at Dover the latter end of September, and rode post, incognito, to surprise the queen at Richmond, "where," observes Hall, "there was such a loving meeting, that every one rejoiced who witnessed it." But notwithstanding this tender greeting, Henry had permitted his heart to wander from his queen during his absence; for it was during his sojourn at Calais in this campaign, that he first saw the beautiful wife of sir Gilbert Tailbois. This lady, after the death of her husband, bore Henry a son in 1519, to whom he gave the name of Henry Fitzroy. For several years this was the only instance of Henry's infidelity to Katharine; his connexion with lady Tailbois was carried on with little publicity. They met at a place devoted to Henry's pleasures, which he called Jericho, situated near New Hall, in Essex.

The French war concluded with a marriage between Louis XII. and the king's beautiful young sister Mary, whose heart was devoted to Charles Brandon, duke of Suffolk. Katharine accompanied the royal bride to Dover, October 1514, and bade her an affectionate and tearful farewell; with Mary went as attendant Anne Boleyn, then a girl.

The November following the queen again became the mother of a living prince, but the infant died in a few days, to her infinite sorrow.[2]

The king on new-year's night performed a ballet with the duke of Suffolk and two noblemen, and four ladies, all dressed in cloth of silver and blue velvet, after the mode of Savoy, the young and blooming duchess of Savoy being supposed to be in love with Suffolk. This mask entered the queen's presence by a great light of torches, and, after dancing a long time, put off their visors; and when they were known, the queen heartily thanked the king's grace for her good pastime, and kissed him.

On the very day this ballet was danced, the king of France died, and his lovely bride was left a widow, after eighty-two days' marriage. In a very short time she stole a match with the duke of Suffolk at Paris, who had been sent by the king to take care of her and her property. All the influence of queen Katharine, who called Wolsey to her assist-

[1] The insulting neglect of the brave king of Scotland's remains was the first evil trait of character publicly shown by Henry VIII. Katharine had the corpse embalmed to await the orders of her husband; therefore the fault rests not with her. Under pretence that he died under the pope's excommunication, it was left unburied many years in a lumber-room at Shene Monastery, and appears never to have been decently committed to the earth.

[2] Hall, p. 572.

ance, was needful to appease the wrath of king Henry at the presumption of his favourite. The married lovers were, however, favourably received at Greenwich Palace by the queen, and publicly married after the Easter of 1515. Suffolk bore as his motto at the festival on this occasion the well-known couplet he wrote on his marriage:—

"Cloth of gold do not despise,
Though thou hast wedded cloth of frise."

The May-day after this royal love-match was distinguished by a most picturesque and poetical festival, such as never more was witnessed in England.

Katharine and the royal bride rode "a-maying" with the king from the palace of Greenwich to Shooter's Hill. Here the archers of the king's guard met them dressed like Robin Hood and his outlaws, and begged that the royal party "would enter the good green wood, and see how outlaws lived."

On this, Henry, turning to the queen, asked her "if she and her damsels would venture in a thicket with so many outlaws?"

Katharine replied, "that where he went she was content to go."

The king then handed her to a sylvan bower, formed of hawthorn-boughs, spring flowers, and moss, with apartments adjoining, where was laid out a breakfast of venison. The queen partook of the feast, and was greatly delighted with this lodge in the wilderness. When she returned towards Greenwich with the king, they met on the road a flowery car, drawn by five horses; each was ridden by a fair damsel. The ladies and their steeds personated the attributes of the spring. The horses had their names lettered on their head-gear, and the damsels had theirs on their dresses. The first steed was Caude, or heat, on him sat the lady Humid; the second was Memeon, on which rode the lady Vert, or verdure; on the third, called Phaeton, was the lady Vegetive; on the steed Rimphon sat the lady Plesaunce; on the fifth, Lampace, sat the lady Sweet Odour. In the car was the lady May, attended by Flora. All these damsels burst into a sweet song when they met the queen at the foot of Shooter's Hill, and preceded the royal party carolling hymns to the May, till they reached Greenwich Palace.

The amusements of the day concluded with the king and his brother-in-law, the duke of Suffolk, riding races on great coursers, which were like the Flemish breed of dray-horses. Strange races these must have been, but this is the first mention of horse-racing made in English history.[1]

Katharine again became a mother, and this time her hopes were not blighted. She brought into the world a girl, February 18, 1516, who was likely to live. This infant was baptised Mary, after her aunt the queen of France. At the same time the death of the queen's father, Ferdinand of Arragon, took place, and solemn requiems were sung for him at St. Paul's.

Nothing can show the disposition of Katharine in its truly beautiful

[1] Hall, p. 582.

character more than the motives which led to her intimacy with the daughter of Clarence. When Ferdinand of Castille demurred on the marriage of his daughter Katharine to prince Arthur, his excuse was, that while a male heir bearing the name of Plantagenet existed, the crown of England was not secure in the Tudor family. Whereupon Henry VII. had the innocent Edward Plantagenet, earl of Warwick, led out to execution, without a shadow of justice. The conscience of the excellent Katharine was infinitely grieved at this murder, of which she considered herself the cause, though innocently so.

As far as was in her power she made every reparation to the relatives of the unfortunate son of Clarence. She cultivated the friendship of his sister, Margaret countess of Salisbury, who was in her household at Ludlow. She gave her infant Mary to be suckled by Katharine Pole, the relative of the countess; she treated her son Reginald Pole as if he had been her own, and it is said, that she wished this gentleman to become her son-in-law.[1] The great talents of Reginald, his beauty and noble courage, distinguished him from all his brothers. He was, however, brought up to the church.

Queen Katharine welcomed at her Greenwich Palace queen Margaret, widow of James IV., who had taken refuge with Henry VIII. from the troubles in Scotland. The Scottish queen brought her daughter by her second husband, the earl of Angus. This infant was a few months older than the princess Mary, and was reared as her companion, being at the same time regarded with affection by the king and queen. Her name is of some consequence in history as lady Margaret Douglas.

The national jealousy of the Londoners regarding foreigners broke out into that formidable insurrection of the apprentices in London, which is called in our domestic history Ill May-day. There is no evidence that the queen unduly patronised foreigners, yet the popular fury was directed against her countrymen. Several Spanish merchants' houses were sacked and burnt, and the inhabitants were murdered. The duke of Norfolk, who had been incensed by the recent murder of a priest of his household by the citizens, was sent to quell the uproar, and then proceeded to dispense martial law in the turbulent metropolis. This he did with such vengeance, that dozens of the unfortunate boys, who had raised the riot, were soon seen hanging over their masters' sign-posts. As several hundred apprentices were captives to the vengeful duke, their mothers supposed all were to be immolated in the same manner. Calling together all their female relatives, they went to the palace, and with streaming eyes raised such a piteous wail for mercy, that the queen heard the cry of maternal agony in the retirement of her chamber. She summoned her sister queens, Margaret of Sotland, and Mary of France, to aid her; they flew with dishevelled hair to the king, and, kneeling before him, begged for pity on the misguided boys. Every one was struck with the benevolence of queen Katharine, because the rioters had directed their fury against her nation. This incident is com-

[1] Speed, 1040.

memorated to her honour in a ballad-poem of her times, which preserves many curious traits of that era.[1]

"'What if (she said) by Spanish blood,
Have London's stately streets been wet;
Yet I will seek this country's good,
And pardon for their children get.

'Or else the world will speak of me,
And say queen Katharine was unkind;
And judge me still the cause to be,
These young men did misfortune find.'
And so disrobed of rich attires,
With hair unbound, she sadly hies,
And of her gracious lord requires
A boon, which hardly he denies.

'The lives (quoth she) of all the blooms
Yet budding green (these youths) I crave;
O let them not have timeless tombs,
For nature longer limits gave.'
In saying so the pearled tears
Fell trickling from her princely eyes,
Whereat his gentle queen he cheers,
And says, 'Stand up, sweet lady, rise;

'The lives of them I freely give,
No means this kindness shall debar;
Thou hast thy boon, and they may live,
To serve me in my Boulogne war.'
No sooner was this pardon given,
But peals of joy rang through the hall,
As though it thundered down from Heaven,
The queen's renown amongst them all.

For which, kind queen, with joyful heart,
She heard their mothers' thanks and praise;
And so from them did gently part,
And lived beloved all her days.
And at the siege of Tours,[2] in France,
They showed themselves brave Englishmen;
At Boulogne, too, they did advance
St. George's lofty standard then.

But Ill May-day, and ill May-games,
Performed in young and tender years,
Can be no hindrance to their fames,
Or stains of valour any ways.
But now the watch, ordained by law,
We see on May-day's eve at night,
Is kept to fill the youth with awe,
By London bands in armour bright."

The fact that Katharine brought the king five children has been disputed, but evidence exists in a letter written by Henry VIII. to his council[3] eighteen months after the birth of the princess Mary, in which he announces that the queen was likely to bring him an heir. Richard Pace soon after wrote to Wolsey that, after the king's return to Windsor, the queen met him at her chamber-door, and gave him information which confirmed his hopes; she soon after brought him a third son, who died as soon as he saw the light.

After this disappointment the king created Henry Fitzroy, the son he had by lady Tailbois, duke of Richmond, and owned him with a degree of parade which showed Katharine how earnestly desirous he was of male offspring. This circumstance seems to have given the queen more uneasiness than any jealousy ever occasioned by the boy's mother.

In the spring of 1520 queen Katharine had the satisfaction of welcoming in England her nephew, who afterwards made his name so illustrious as the emperor Charles V.; he was the eldest son of the insane queen Joanna, Katharine's sister, and was regent of Spain and possessor of Holland and the Low Countries; he had been recently elected emperor of Germany. According to bishop Godwin, the emperor arrived at Dover, May 26, on his return from Spain. Katharine awaited her

[1] It is, most likely, by Churchyard, who was the contemporary of Katharine, and an *habitué* of her court.

[2] Perhaps Terouenne.

[3] State Paper Office, July 5, 1518.

nephew at the archbishop's palace at Canterbury, while Henry rode by torch-light to Dover castle, where he arrived in the middle of the night, when the emperor, sea-weary, was fast asleep; but, being awakened with the bustle of the king's entrance into the castle, he rose and met him at the top of the strairs, where Henry embraced and welcomed him. The next morning the king brought the emperor to queen Katharine, who received him joyfully. After three days' banqueting at Canterbury the emperor went to his navy at Sandwich, while Henry and Katharine embarked at Dover, the emperor having appointed a second meeting with them on the opposite coast.

Henry and Katharine, with their court, then proceeded to that congress with the king and queen of France, between Ardres and Guisnes, which has been called for its magnificence the Field of Cloth of Gold and the Golden Camp.

Katharine had here the satisfaction of forming an intimacy with a royal lady whose mind was a kindred one with her own; this was Claude queen of France, surnamed the Good. The chroniclers who dwell on this epoch notice that the queens of France and England visited each other every day in familiar intercourse. One morning, when cardinal Wolsey officiated at high mass before the assembled courts at Guisnes, the kings, Henry and Francis, received the eucharist as a pledge of the peace they so soon broke. Then the cardinal advanced to the separate oratory where queen Katharine of England and queen Claude of France were kneeling side by side; before they communicated, these royal ladies tenderly embraced and kissed each other, in token of mutual amity and good-will.

Katharine fully participated in all the tedious splendours of the Field of Gold, for even the foot-carpet of her throne was embroidered with pearls. Lord Herbert declares that queen Claude certainly brought Anne Boleyn in her train as one of her maids of honour; but the presence of this young lady was as yet of no moment to the royal Katharine, although her mind had already been somewhat troubled by the coquetries of the other sister, Mary Boleyn, with king Henry.

The emperor joined the congress of the Camp of Gold towards its conclusion. Katharine and her court went to meet her imperial nephew at Gravelines, and he accompanied them to Calais. Henry invited him to a grand entertainment at that town, where an amphitheatre was built in imitation of a firmament. But, an unfortunate storm happening the night of the festival, it blew out a thousand wax tapers, overturned the thrones erected for Henry, Katharine, and the emperor, and rendered the sun, moon, and stars, unfit for use. The court looked grave, and began to whisper regarding the presumption of making a firmament. Notwithstanding this mishap, Katharine entertained her nephew for six days at Calais, till he departed to Gravelines, mounted on a beautiful English horse, with a foot-cloth of gold tissue, bordered with precious stones, which Katharine had given him. He often spoke of his aunt's happiness, who was wedded to so magnificent a prince as Henry VIII.[1]

[1] Bishop Godwin's Life of Henry VIII.

While queen Katharine retained her place and influence, the career of improvement commenced, which has ever since continued to progress in this country. With her name was connected the revival of horticulture in England. We use the term *revival*, because there is ample proof in the pages of Matthew Paris, Chaucer, and Lambarde, that many plants were cultivated in England which were totally lost after the long course of warfare, foreign and domestic, had agonised the land, and perverted her energetic population into mischievous destructives. The cherry, the plum, and the peach-tree, the laurel, and the bay-tree, are familiarly mentioned by the earlier historians, and by Chaucer; but they had vanished from the land in 1500, and had to be re-imported. When Katharine of Arragon wished for salads (an important article of food in Spain), the whole fair realm of England could not furnish one for her table, till king Henry sent for a gardener from Flanders to cultivate them for her. There were no carrots and not an edible root grown, all the cabbages were imported from Holland; yet, as Edward II. was blamed for buying them from a Thames faggot-boat, it is evident that they were, in the thirteenth century, grown, as now, on the banks of the river.

An old rhyme, often quoted, preserves the memory of the introduction of some other useful things:—

> "Hops and turkeys, carps and beer,
> Came to England all in one year."

Wherefore the hop was cultivated is rather enigmatical, since Henry VIII., who interfered in all the concerns of his subjects, from their religion to their beer-barrels, forbade them to put hops in their ale; perhaps the above sapient distich means to imply that malt-liquor was first called *beer* when brewed with hops. The rhyme is right enough regarding the turkeys, since they were first brought from North America, by William Strickland,[1] the lieutenant of Sebastian Cabot, in the expeditions of discovery he undertook under the patronage of Henry VII. And this recalls to memory a curious article, in the privy-purse expenses of that monarch. "To the man in reward who found the new isle, 10*l.*" "The *man*" was the illustrious Cabot, "the isle," Newfoundland. Scanty is the reward of the benefactors of the human race, dim are their records, "and few there be that find them;" while those of the destroyers are blazoned before all eyes.

[1] He was the founder of the Boynton branch of his paternal house; he was granted new armorial bearings, in remembrance of his American discoveries, by the style of Strickland of Boynton-on-the-Wold, Yorkshire, and assumed the turkey for his crest, instead of the warlike holly of the elder line. The representative of Cabot's comrade is sir George Strickland, Bart., M. P. The portrait of Cabot's officer is still in good preservation at Boynton Hall.

KATHARINE OF ARRAGON,

FIRST QUEEN OF HENRY VIII.

CHAPTER II.

Person and manners of the king—Of the queen—Queen and Mary Boleyn—Cardinal Wolsey loses the queen's esteem—Queen's reception of Charles V.—Anne Boleyn—Failure of the Queen's health—King's alienation from her—Divorce agitated—Steps taken by the queen—Her messenger intercepted—Queen deceived—Patient conduct—King's fear of the pestilence—Re-united to the queen—Arrival of cardinal Campeggio—Queen declines a conventual life—Rage of the king—Accuses her to his council—Legantine court—King's praises of the queen—Her interview with Wolsey and Campeggio—Appears before the legantine court—Her speech to the king—Appeal to Rome—Interview with the cardinals—Final parting with the king—Letters and autograph—Residence at Ampthill—Pope decides in her favour—Divorce by Cranmer—Illness—Degraded from title of queen—Her resistance—Residence at Bugden—Disputes concerning her household—Refuses to go to Fotheringay—Removed to Kimbolton—Sir E. Bedingfield, her castellan—Her troubles regarding Father Forrest—Her supplication—Her physician's opinion—Her death-bed—Her friends' arrival—Her farewell letter—Announcement of death—Her will—Mourning—Place of interment—Relics at Kimbolton Castle.

BEFORE the sad record of Katharine's sufferings is unrolled, let us present to the reader a description of her husband, ere his evil passions had marred his constitutional good humour, and even his animal comeliness. It is drawn by Sebastiano Giustiniani, the Venetian resident in England in 1519:—

"His majesty is about twenty-nine years of age, as handsome as nature could form him, above any other Christian prince; handsomer by far than the king of France. He is exceedingly fair, and as well proportioned as possible. When he learned that the king of France wore a beard, he allowed his also to grow; which, being somewhat red, has at present the appearance of being of gold. He is an excellent musician and composer, an admirable horseman, and wrestler. He possesses a good knowledge of the French, Latin, and Spanish languages, and is very devout. On the days on which he goes to the chase he hears mass three times, but on the other days as often as five times. He has every day service in the queen's chamber at vespers and complin. He is uncommonly fond of the chase, and never indulges in this diversion without tiring eight or ten horses. These are stationed at the different places where he purposes to stop. When one is fatigued he mounts another, and by the time he returns home they have all been used. He takes great delight in bowling, and it is the pleasantest sight in the world to see him engaged in this exercise, with his fair skin covered with a beau-

tifully fine shirt. He plays with the hostages of France, and it is said they sport from 6000 to 8000 ducats in a day. Affable and benign, he offends no one. He has often said to the ambassador, he wished that every one was content with his condition, adding, 'we are content with our islands.'"

Katharine was at this time about thirty-four. The difference of years is scarcely perceptible between a pleasing woman of that age and a robust and burly man of twenty-nine. In the portrait most commonly recognised as Katharine of Arragon she appears a bowed-down and sorrow-stricken person, spare and slight in figure, and near fifty years old. But even, if that latest picture of Holbein really represents Katharine, it must be remembered that she was not near fifty all her life, therefore she ought not to be entirely identified with it, especially as all our early historians, Hall among them (who was present at the Field of Gold), mention her as a handsome woman. Speed calls her "beauteous," and sir John Russell, one of Henry's privy council, puts her in immediate comparison with the triumphant beauties, Anne Boleyn and Jane Seymour, declaring[1] she was not to be easily paralleled when in her prime. Her portrait, engraved in the first volume of Burnet, is very different from the one usually known; from what collection it was drawn, he does not say;[2] but there is a fac-simile of it, as a whole-length oil painting, in the gallery at Versailles, though it is called by a different name. Burnet, however, must be right, because he declares her name and age are inscribed on his original, which is by Holbein. This portrait represents her as a very noble-looking lady of thirty; the face oval, the features very regular, with a sweet calm look, but somewhat heavy, the forehead of the most extraordinary height,—phrenologists would say with benevolence greatly developed. The oil-painting at Versailles has large dark eyes and a bright brunette complexion. The hood cap of five corners is bordered with rich gems, the black mantilla veil depends from the back of the cap on each side, for she never gave up wholly the costume of her beloved Spain; clusters of rubies are linked with strings of pearl round her throat and waist, and a cordelière belt of the same jewels hangs to her feet. Her robe is dark blue velvet, with a graceful train bordered with sable fur; her sleeves are strait with ruffles, and slashed at the wrists. Over them are great hanging sleeves of sable fur, of the shape called *rebras*. She draws up her gown with her right hand; the petticoat is gold-coloured satin, barred with gold. Her figure is stately, but somewhat column-like and solid. It realised very well the description of an Italian contemporary, who said that her form was *massive*. Among the Strawberry Hill miniatures, that which represents Katharine of Arragon in her prime is the same, but much handsomer gives the idea of a most noble-looking woman.

The routine of Katharine's life was self-denying. Her contempora-

[1] Lord Herbert, Life of Henry VIII., p. 196, W. Kennet's edit.

[2] That has been known since the sale at Strawberry Hill; the miniature of Katharine is exactly the same as Burnet's engraving; there is no doubt these Strawberry Hill miniatures were part of the ancient royal collections over which Sir R. Walpole had full power.

ries held her in more estimation for her ascetic observances than for her brightest practical virtues. She rose in the night to prayers, at conventual hours; she dressed herself for the day at five in the morning. Beneath her regal attire she wore the habit of St. Francis of the third order, of which community she was an admitted member.[1] She was used to say that she considered no part of her time so much wasted as that passed in dressing and adorning herself.

She fasted on Fridays and Saturdays, and on the vigils of saints' days. She confessed at least weekly, and received the eucharist every Sunday. For two hours after dinner one of her attendants read to her books of devotion.

Notwithstanding this rigorous rule of self-discipline, Katharine delighted in conversation of a lively cast; she often invited sir Thomas More to her private suppers with the king, and took the utmost pleasure in his society.

The English were, for more than a century afterwards, very proud of queen Katharine's proficiency in needle-work, rich specimens of which, according to the domestic poet, Taylor, who wrote in the reign of James I., were shown in the royal apartments at the Tower:—

> "I read that in the 7th King Henry's reign
> Fair Katharine, daughter to the Castille king,
> Came into England with a pompous train
> Of Spanish ladies, which she thence did bring.
> She to the eighth king Henry married was
> (And afterwards divorced), where virtuously
> (Although a queen) yet she her days did pass
> In working with the needle curiously
> As in the Tower, and places *moe* beside,
> Her excellent memorials may be seen
> Whereby the needle's praise is dignified
> By her fair ladies and herself a queen,
> Thus for her pains, here, her reward is just:
> Her works proclaim her praise though she be dust."

It may be observed in Katharine's whole line of conduct, that she identified herself with the interests of England in all things, as if she had been a native-born queen. But she did not comply (and who can blame her?) with the customs of English women, who at that era scrupled not to accompany their husbands and brothers to cruel field-sports. The destructive excitement of seeing ferocious creatures, whether biped or quadruped, tearing their living prey, afforded no delight to the generous mind of Katharine. She pleaded that Spanish ladies were not brought up to mount on horseback and follow hawk and hound, when Henry expressed displeasure that she did not join him in his violent exercises.[2] Nevertheless she was willing to divert him by partaking in the amusements then reckoned among courtly accomplishments. For

[1] The third order of St. Francis of Assisium, instituted in 1221, for those living in the world, either single or married; the members were not bound by any vow, but performed certain exercises of piety.

[2] See letters of the French ambassador.

these attainments she was thus commended by a contemporary English versifier belonging to the court:—

> "With stole[1] and with needle she was not to seek,
> And other practisings for ladies meet
> For pastimes,—as tables, tric-trac, and gleek,[2]
> Cards, and dice."

The great Erasmus, in some emphatic words addressed to Henry VIII., to whom he dedicated his Exposition of St. Luke, bears witness that the queen did not suffer these vain pursuits to divert her mind from duties: "Your noble wife,"[3] says he, "spends that time in reading the sacred volume which other princesses occupy in cards and dice."

The queen had expressed a wish to become the pupil of Erasmus in the Latin language, if he would have resided in England; he dedicated to her his treatise entitled "Christian Matrimony," and always cited her as an example to her sex. He gives a brilliant list of the great and virtuous men, who were patronised at the English court when Katharine presided as queen of Henry VIII., declaring the residence of the royal couple "ought rather to be called a seat of the muses than a palace."

Erasmus added another sentence which was wofully contradicted by Henry's after-life. "What household is there among the subjects of their realms that can offer an example of such united wedlock? Where can a wife be found better matched with the best of husbands?" The conduct of a man is almost invariably influenced by the moral qualities of the woman who has his heart in her keeping. And as Henry deserved these encomiums in a season of life so trying, that even the prophet of God prays that "the sins of youth" may not be reckoned against him, can we believe that women of equal worth had his moral guidance in the meridian and decline of life?

For the first time in her life Katharine had, after her return from France, manifested some symptoms of jealousy, which was excited by Henry's admiration for Mary Boleyn.[4] She reasoned with the young lady,[5] and brought her to confession that she had been in fault — court scandals declare she acknowledged her guilt to the queen, but this is scarcely consistent with the disinterested love Mary then cherished for an honourable gentleman at court, whom she directly after married.

Sir Thomas Boleyn renounced Mary as his daughter, because she persisted in marrying this lover, whose name was William Carey.[6] He

[1] The fabric, satin or cloth, on which she worked.

[2] Chess, backgammon, and whist.

[3] To the great honour of Erasmus, this panegyric occurs after Katharine's misfortunes began.

[4] Cardinal Pole speaks repeatedly of the passion of Henry for Mary Boleyn; he supposes her guilty, from the scandals abounding at court; but a letter written by Mary (which we shall have occasion to quote) goes very far to prove her innocence.

[5] Sanders affirmed she had confessed her guilt to the queen. (See Burnet, vol. i. p. 260.)

[6] For sir Thomas Boleyn's opposition, see Love-Letters of Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn. For Carey's illustrious descent, see Milles' Catalogue of Honour, articles Boleyn and Beaufort.

was a younger brother, and wholly without fortune, yet he was a near kinsman of king Henry, by descent from the Beauforts. In all probability the discussion between the queen and Mary Boleyn led to the result of that young lady marrying the man she loved; for if king Henry had provided his kinsman as a husband, to rid him of Mary Boleyn, would he not have rewarded him so amply as to have satisfied her father? Instead of which, it is incontestable, from Henry's own statement (which will be subsequently quoted), that the young pair were destitute. Mary Boleyn's marriage took place January 31, 1521. The court were present, and there is every reason to believe that the queen made the usual offerings at the altar.

Queen Katharine and cardinal Wolsey had lived in the greatest harmony till this time, when his increasing personal pride urged him to conduct which wholly deprived him of the queen's esteem. One day, the duke of Buckingham was holding the basin for the king to wash, when it pleased the cardinal to put in his hands. The royal blood of the duke rose in indignation, and he flung the water in Wolsey's shoes, who, with a revengeful scowl, promised Buckingham "that he would sit on his skirts." The duke treated the threat as a joke, for he came to court in a jerkin, and, being asked by the king the reason of this odd costume, he replied, that "it was to prevent the cardinal from executing his threat, for if he wore no skirts they could not be sat upon."

As Wolsey could find no crime to lay to the charge of Buckingham, he had recourse to the example of the preceding century, and got up among other charges an accusation of treasonable sorcery against the high-spirited noble, which speedily brought his head on the block. Buckingham was one of Katharine's earliest friends in England. The just and generous queen, after uselessly pleading for him with the king, did not conceal her opinion of Wolsey's conduct in the business.[1]

The next year, her nephew, the emperor, paid a long visit at her court, the secret object of which was to excite a war against France. He landed at Dover, and came with king Henry, by water, to Greenwich Palace, where Katharine then was. The queen received him standing at the hall-door, holding the princess Mary by the hand. Charles bent his knee and craved his aunt's blessing, which she gave him, perhaps, in the character of mother-in-law, for his ostensible errand was to betroth himself with her daughter, Mary, a little girl of six years old.[2]

The emperor stayed six weeks in England. During his visit, a bon-mot of his was circulated at court, which obtained for himself and his aunt the active enmity of Wolsey. When Charles heard of the execution of Buckingham, he said, in allusion to Wolsey's origin and Buckingham's title, "Then has the butcher's dog pulled down the fairest Buck in Christendom."[3]

[1] Godwin. Shakespeare may fearlessly be referred to as one of the chroniclers of Katharine's life; he was nearly a contemporary, and will bear in this particular instance the severest historical tests. The scene where she reproves Wolsey will be remembered.

[2] Hall. [3] Godwin and Speed.

The war with France, which followed the emperor's visit to England, occasioned the return of Anne Boleyn to her native country,[1] when she received the appointment of maid of honour to queen Katharine, of whose court she became the star.

The recent passion of Henry for Mary Boleyn probably blinded the queen to the fact that he had transferred his love, with increased vehemence, to her more fascinating and accomplished sister. His love for Anne Boleyn was nevertheless concealed even from its object, till his jealousy of young Percy caused it to be suspected by the world. Meantime, the queen's health became delicate, and her spirits lost their buoyancy. Her existence was in a very precarious state from 1523 to 1526. Probably the expectation of the queen's speedy demise prevented the king from taking immediate steps for a divorce, after he had separated Anne Boleyn and young Percy. Katharine herself thought the end of her life was near. This is apparent in a letter she wrote to Wolsey, concerning the settlement in marriage of one of her ladies, who had been very attentive to her during her long affliction.

"My Lord,

"It hath pleased the king to be so good lord unto me as to speak unto Arundel[2] the heir, for a marriage to be had between him and one of my maids, and upon this I am agreed with him, having a sum of money which, being offered unto him, he shall make her sure jointure, during her life; the which she cannot be sure of, without the licence and goodwill of his father being *on live* (alive). For the which cause I beseech you to be good and gracious lord to the said Arundel, for business which he hath now to do before you, to the intent that he may have time to go to his father, and make me sure of her jointure in this present term time.

"And if this be *painful* (inconvenient) to you, I pray you my lord pardon me, for the *uncertainty of my life*, and the goodness of my woman, causeth me to make all this haste, trusting that she shall have a good husband and a sure living, *and if God would call me the next day after*, the surer it shall appear before him, that I intend to help them that be good, and taketh labour doing me service. And so I make an end, recommending me unto you.

"KATHARINE THE QWENE."

"At Ampthill, the XXV. day of January."

Katharine is scarcely mentioned in history from 1523 to 1526, which time she passed in lingering malady, and to this period certainly belongs the above letter, in which she shows her usual gratitude and consideration for those who have served her. The style of the letter is different from the confidential manner of those she formerly wrote to Wolsey, yet it is in a far more friendly strain than she would have indited to him after the events which took place in the year 1527, when the king's long meditated divorce from her was publicly agitated[3] by Wolsey's agency The first indications of the king's intentions were his frequent lamenta-

[1] Lord Herbert, confirmed by Dr. Lingard, vol. v. p. 110.

[2] Cavendish mentions Thomas Arundel as one of the gentlemen of Cardinal Wolsey's privy chamber, hence the queen's request of leave of absence for him; the name of the queen's lady does not occur. The letter, in its original orthography, is printed in the "Retrospective Review," 502.

[3] Charles the Fifth was aware in 1525 or 6 that the king meant to divorce his aunt.

tions to his confessor, Dr. Langford, that his conscience was grieved by his marriage with his brother's widow, mixed with regrets for the failure of male offspring, and of the queen's hopeless state of ill health. Wolsey's enmity to the queen and her nephew caused him to be an ardent inciter of the divorce; he had always, for the promotion of his power, kept a circle of court spies about Katharine, and all his insidious arts were redoubled at this juncture. ("If the queen was intimate with any lady, to that person he was familiar in conversation and liberal in gifts, in order to make her reveal all she said and did.") "I know one lady," adds Tindal, the celebrated Scriptural translator, "who left the court, for no other reason than that she would no longer betray her majesty."

As a means of introducing the subject of the invalidity of his marriage with Katharine to his privy council, Henry asserted that at Easter, 1527, the French ambassador, being the bishop of Tarbes, had questioned the legitimacy of the princess Mary.[1] Of course the most confidential of the king's advisers suggested cautiously the expediency of a divorce. These particulars came to the queen's ears about a month after, but how, notwithstanding all the activity of their spies, neither Henry nor Wolsey could ever tell. That she took prompt measures in this exigence is apparent, in a curious series of letters from Wolsey to the king, dated from July 1st to the 19th, 1527. From them may be gathered, that the queen despatched her faithful servant, Francis Phillipps, to Spain, to consult her nephew; but Wolsey took care to have him intercepted. "He feigns to go," says Wolsey, "to visit his mother, now sickly and aged; but your highness taketh it surely in the right, that it is chiefly for disclosing your secret matter[2] to the emperor, and to devise means and ways how it may be impeached. Wherefore your highness hath right prudently devised, so that his passage into Spain should be letted and stopped; for if the said matter should come to the emperor's ears, it should be no little hindrance to your grace's particulars; howbeit, if he pass by sea, there can be nothing devised." While the king and his minister were thus employed circumventing, by base underhand expedients, the friendless queen's natural right to consult her relative, she made no mystery of her resolution to appeal to legal means of defending her cause. She laid her case before her confessor, bishop Fisher, and retained him as her counsel, in case the ecclesiastical inquiry should take place. After these requisite precautions, she discussed the whole matter with her husband; her manner of doing so is thus described by the pen of Wolsey, in one of his letters at this epoch, written during his journey to Dover, when he went on an embassy to France:—

"The first night," says he, "I lodged at sir John Wiltshire's house, where met me my lord of Canterbury (archbishop Warham), with whom, after communication on your grace's secret matter, I showed him that the knowledge thereof is come to the queen's grace, and how displeasantly she taketh it, and what your highness *hath done for the staying*

[1] State Papers, Wolsey's Letter to the King, vol. i. pp. 194, 196, 198, 220, for these particulars; but there is not the least evidence that the bishop of Tarbes ever acted in this manner.

[2] The divorce.

and pacification of her, by declaring to her that your grace hath nothing intended nor done, but only for the searching and trying out the truth upon occasion given by the doubts moved by the bishop of Tarbes. And noting his countenance, gesture, and manner, I perceive he is not much altered from his first fashion;[1] expressly affirming that, however displeasantly the queen might take it, yet the truth and judgment of the law must have place. "He," adds Wolsey, "somewhat marvelled how the queen should come to the knowledge thereof, and by whom, thinking your grace might constrain her to show her informers." Thus, from the best authorities, it is plainly evident that Henry soothed the poor queen by hypocritical dissimulation, persuading her that the scruple of the bishop of Tarbes was the sole cause of the point being mooted, and that the ecclesiastical inquiry respecting the validity of her marriage was only instituted that it might never be questioned to the prejudice of their child. With such plausible explanation, Katharine, after a "short tragedy," rested tolerably well satisfied, and waited patiently for the good result promised by the king. To her rival (who was now well known at court to be such), she behaved with invariable sweetness. Once only she gave her an intimation that she was aware of her ambitious views. The queen was playing at cards with Anne Boleyn, when she thus addressed her,—

"My lady Anne, you have the good hap ever to stop at a king; but you are like others, you will have all or none."

By this gentle reproach, queen Katharine, in some degree, vindicates the honour of her rival, intimating that Anne Boleyn would be the king's wife or nothing to him. Cavendish, who records this pretty anecdote, likewise bears witness that the queen at this trying crisis, "behaved like a very patient Grissel."

While matters remained in this state at court, a dismal pestilence[2] broke out in the metropolis, and several of the royal household dying suddenly, the king, who had made such pathetic harangues regarding the pains he had in his conscience, arising from his marriage with the queen, was now seized with a true fit of compunction.[3] Its symptoms were indicated by sending Anne Boleyn home to her friends, and returning to the company and conversation of his queen, and sharing in her devout exercises. His recreations during this quarantine were compounding with his physician, Dr. Butts, spasmodic plasters, ointments, decoctions, and lotions. The receipt for one of these precious compositions was made public for the benefit of England, under the name of "the king's own plaster." Moreover the king made thirty-nine wills; and confessed his sins every day.

Henry's penitence was precisely of the same nature as that described

[1] Warham had from the first opposed the marriage in council. He was the most formidable of the opponents of Katharine, because he was consistent throughout, and therefore it may be considered his opinion was a sincere one.

[2] Hall gives the date of this temporary return to Katharine (the particulars of which he dare not mention) by saying the pestilence broke out May, 1528, it continued through June.

[3] Tyler's Henry VIII. p. 259; Ellis' Letters, 1st series, vol. i. p. 286

in some oft-quoted lines relative to his sable majesty, "when sick;" the pest abated, the king's jovial spirits returned, he wrote love-letters perpetually to his beautiful favourite, and huffed away his wife. The cardinal legate Campeggio having arrived to hold the court of inquiry regarding the validity of his marriage, he was once more elate with hope of long life and a new bridal. The representations of Wolsey to the pope had raised the idea at Rome, that it was the wish of Katharine to retire from the world, and devote herself to a religious life, leaving Henry at liberty to form a second marriage. There is little doubt that from Katharine's ascetic habits the king and his minister imagined she could be easily induced to take this step, from which, however, her duties as a mother wholly debarred her. Henry had not anticipated the slightest difficulty in the divorce, in fact he was encouraged by more than one recent example. His sister the queen of Scotland had divorced her second husband the earl of Angus, and taken to herself a third spouse, whom she was anxious to dismiss for a fourth. Louis the XII. had likewise discharged his wife Jane of Valois with little trouble. When the legate Campeggio arrived in England in the autumn of 1528, Katharine, in an interview with him, became aware of the false impression the pontiff had received of her intentions. She immediately adopted a course of conduct which proved she had no intention of religious profession; and this elicited a burst of vindictive fury from Henry, who at once threw aside the hypocritical mask he had worn, and permitted all the malice of his nature to blaze out in hideous colours. His obsequious council[1] "were informed," they said, "of a design to kill the king and the cardinal, in which conspiracy, if it could be proved the queen had any hand, she must not expect to be spared. That she had not shown either in public, or in the hours of retirement, as much love for the king as she ought; and, now that the king was very pensive, she manifested great signs of joy, setting all people to dancing and other diversions; this she did out of spite to the king, as it was contrary to her temper and ordinary behaviour. She showed herself much abroad too, and by civilities and gracious bowing of her head (which was not her custom formerly) she sought to work upon the affections of the people. From all which the king concluded that she hated him. Therefore, as his council in their consciences thought his life was in danger, they advised him to separate himself from the queen both at bed and board, and above all to take the princess Mary from her."

To this paper, which is still in existence, there is appended a Latin note in the handwriting of Wolsey, purporting "that the queen was a fool to resist the king's will, that her offspring had not received the blessing of heaven, and that an abstract of the pope's original bull of dispensation,[2] which she had sent for from Spain, was a forgery." This order of council was laid before the queen with the intention of frightening her into a convent. One sting the malice of her persecutors had inserted bitterer than death—the separation from her child. But Katha-

[1] Burnet, vol. i. p. 69.

[2] Either by accident or design, the original instrument was not forthcoming in England.

rine was not intimidated; the only effect it had was, that Wolsey heard her speak her mind, on the subject of his conduct, the first opportunity that occurred, and this came shortly.

On Sunday afternoon, the 8th of November, 1528, the king convoked all his nobility, judges, and council, in the great room of his palace at Bridewell, and made a speech which Hall declares he heard and recorded as much "as his wit would bear away."[1] "If it be adjudged," said Henry, "that the queen is my lawful wife, nothing will be more pleasant or more acceptable to me, both for the clearing of my conscience, and also for the good qualities and conditions I know to be in her. For I assure you all, that besides her noble parentage she is a woman of most gentleness, humility, and buxomness, yea, and of all good qualities pertaining to nobility she is without comparison. So that if I were to marry again I would choose her above all women. But if it is determined in judgment that our marriage is against God's law, then shall I sorrow, parting from so good a lady and loving companion. These be the sores that vex my mind! these be the pangs that trouble my conscience, for the declaration of which I have assembled you together, and now you may depart!" It was a strange sight to witness the effect this oration had upon the hearers; some sighed and said nothing, others were sorry to hear that the king was so troubled in his conscience, while many who wished well to the queen were grieved that the matter was thus far publicly opened. Soon after the two cardinal legates, Wolsey and Campeggio, requested an interview of the queen at the same palace, to announce that they were about to hold a court of inquiry regarding her marriage.

"Alas! my lords," answered the queen,[2] "is it now a question whether I be the king's lawful wife or no, when I have been married to him almost twenty years and no objection made before? Divers prelates and lords, privy councillors of the king, are yet alive who then adjudged our marriage good and lawful; and now to say it is detestable is a great marvel to me; especially when I consider what a wise prince the king's father was, and also the natural love and affection my father, king Ferdinand, bare unto me. I think that neither of our fathers were so unwise and weak in judgment, but they foresaw what would follow our marriage. The king, my father, sent to the court of Rome, and there obtained a dispensation, that I being the one brother's wife might without scruple of conscience marry the other brother lawfully — which license under lead [*under leaden seal*] I have yet to show, which makes me say and surely believe (as my first marriage was not completed) that my second is good and lawful." "But of this trouble," she continued, turning to cardinal Wolsey, "I may only thank you, my lord of York, because, I ever wondered at your pride and vain glory, and abhorred your voluptuous life, and little cared for your presumption and tyranny, therefore of malice have you kindled this fire; especially, for the great

[1] Hall, p. 754.

[2] "These words," said Hall (p. 756), "were spoken in French, and written down by Campeggio's secretary, who was present, and then I translated them as well as I could."

grudge you bear to my nephew the emperor, whom you hate worser than a scorpion, because he would not gratify your ambition by making you pope by force; and therefore have you said, more than once, you would trouble him and his friends — and you have kept him true promise; for of all his wars and vexations, he may only thank you. As for me, his poor aunt and kinswoman, what trouble you put me to by this new-found doubt, God knoweth, to whom I commit my cause."

Wolsey denied these charges, but the queen gave no credit to his protestations. He had, indeed, involved England in an unpopular war with the emperor, and, in order to gratify his private resentments, totally overlooked the earnest desire the English ever had to remain in close commercial alliance with the Low Countries, then possessed by the queen's kindred. The English had gratefully and affectionately regarded Katharine as the link that united their interests with the opposite coast; and so unpopular was the idea of her divorce, that one of the king's agents, Dr. Wakefield, expressed some fear lest the people should stone him if they knew he was concerned in divorcing the queen. The emperor Charles was deeply hurt at the turn affairs had taken;[1] he expressed his intention to afford all the protection in his power to his aunt, "who, he said, was an orphan and stranger in England; if the pope pronounced against her, he would bow to his decision; if in her favour, he would support her and her daughter as far as his ability would permit."

In the great hall of the palace at Blackfriars was prepared a solemn court; the two legates, Wolsey and Campeggio, had each a chair of cloth of gold placed before a table, covered with rich tapestry. On the right of the court was a canopy, under which was a chair and cushions of tissue for the king, and on the left a rich chair for the queen. It was not till the 28th of May, 1529, that the court summoned the royal parties. The king answered by two proctors; the queen entered, attended by four bishops and a great train of ladies, and, making an obeisance with much reverence to the legates, appealed from them, as prejudiced and incompetent judges, to the court of Rome; she then departed. The court sat every week, and heard arguments on both sides, but seemed as far off as ever in coming to any decision. At last the king and queen were cited by Dr. Sampson to attend the court in person, on the 18th of June. When the crier called, "Henry, king of England, come into court," he answered, "Here," in a loud voice from under his canopy, and proceeded to make an oration on the excellence of his wife, and his extreme unwillingness to part from her, excepting to soothe the pains and pangs inflicted on him by his conscience. Then "Katharine, queen of England," was cited into court. The queen was already present, seated in her chair of gold tissue; she answered, by protesting against the legality of the court, on the grounds, that all her judges held benefices presented by her opponent. The cardinals denied the justice of her appeal to Rome on these grounds. Her name was again called. She

[1] Charles assured the English herald sent to declare a most unprovoked war on him, that the whole strife was stirred up by Wolsey.

rose a second time; she took no notice of the legates, but crossed herself with much fervour, and, attended by her ladies, made the circuit of the court to where the king sat, and knelt down before him, saying, in her broken English:—

"Sir, I beseech you, for all the loves there hath been between us, and for the love of God, let me have some right and justice. Take of me some pity and compassion, for I am a poor stranger born out of your dominions; I have here no unprejudiced counsellor, and I flee to you, as to the head of justice, within your realm. Alas! alas! wherein have I offended you? I take God and all the world to witness, that I have been to you a true, humble, and obedient wife, ever conformable to your will and pleasure. I have been pleased and contented with all things wherein you had delight or dalliance; I loved all those you loved, only for your sake, whether they were my friends or mine enemies. This twenty years have I been your true wife, and by me ye have had divers children, although it hath pleased God to call them out of the world, which has been no fault of mine. I put it to your conscience, whether I came not to you a maid? If you have since found any dishonour in my conduct, then am I content to depart, albeit to my great shame and disparagement; but if none there be, then I beseech you, thus lowlily, to let me remain in my proper state. The king, your father, was accounted in his day as a second Solomon for wisdom, and my father, Ferdinand, was esteemed one of the wisest kings that had ever reigned in Spain; both, indeed, were excellent princes, full of wisdom and royal behaviour. Also, as me-seemeth, they had in their days as learned and judicious councillors as are at present in this realm, who thought our marriage good and lawful; therefore, it is a wonder to me to hear what new inventions are brought up against me, who never meant aught but honestly. Ye cause me to stand to the judgment of this new court, wherein ye do me much wrong, if ye intend any kind of cruelty; for ye may condemn me for lack of sufficient answer, since your subjects cannot be impartial counsellors for me, as they dare not, for fear of you, disobey your will. Therefore, most humbly do I require you, in the way of charity, and for the love of God, who is the just Judge of all, to spare me the sentence of this new court, until I be advertised what way my friends in Spain may advise me to take; and if ye will not extend to me this favour, your pleasure be fulfilled, and to God do I commit my cause."[1]

The queen rose up in tears; and, instead of returning to her seat, made a low obeisance to the king, and walked out of court. "Madam," said Griffith, her receiver-general, on whose arm she leant, "you are called back;" for the crier made the hall ring with the summons, "Katharine, queen of England, come again into court." The queen replied to Griffiths, "I hear it well enough; but on—on—go you on, for this is no court wherein I can have justice; proceed, therefore."

Sanders asserts, that she added, "I never before disputed the will of my husband, and I shall take the first opportunity to ask pardon for my

[1] Cavendish, vol. i. p. 109.

disobedience." But, in truth, the spirit of just indignation, which supported her through the above scene, is little consistent with such superfluous dutifulness to a husband, who was in the act of renouncing her.

When the crier was tired of calling queen Katharine back into court, Henry, who saw the deep impression her pathetic appeal had made on all present, commenced one of his orations, lamenting "that his conscience should urge the divorce of such a queen, who had ever been a devoted wife, full of all gentleness and virtue."

What could the members of his council (in whose memories the murderous accusations he had secretly brought against Katharine were fresh) have thought of the duplicity of his tongue? But unblushing falsehood is a trait in Henry's character, which his domestic history can alone set in a proper light. It is supposed, that a blunt, rough-spoken man is incapable of deceit, a mistake which causes the toleration of a good deal of ill behaviour in society. Henry VIII., the head of the order of bluff speakers, is a noted instance of the fallacy of this rule.

At the request of cardinal Wolsey, the king then proceeded in his speech to exonerate him from having prompted the divorce, and declared that "the admonitions of his confessor had first raised the doubt in his mind,[1] together with the demurs of the French ambassador, regarding the legitimacy of his only child." It has been affirmed by Hall, that it was the Spanish ambassadors who first raised this doubt; but the king's silence on this head, in his speech of vindication, is sufficient proof of the falseness of this assertion.[2]

The king, turning to Warham, archbishop of Canterbury, added, "that on this doubt being raised, he had applied to him for license of inquiry, which was granted, signed by all the bishops." Fisher, bishop of Rochester, who was one of the queen's councillors, declared he had not signed it. "Here is your hand and seal," replied the king. Fisher pronounced it "a forgery;" when archbishop Warham declared Fisher had permitted it to be signed for him. This Fisher firmly denied, saying, "If he wished it to be done, why could he not have done it himself?" Weary of the dispute, the king dissolved the court.

From that moment Fisher, who had been the king's tutor, and was supposed to be much beloved by him, became the object of his deadly hatred, which pursued him to the scaffold, and even beyond it.

Katharine was again summoned before the court, June 25th; and on refusing to appear was declared contumacious. An appeal to the pope, signed in every page with her own hand, was, however, given in, and

[1] Dr. Draycot (the chaplain of the king's confessor, bishop Longland,) affirmed to sir Thomas More, that the bishop declared to him, that instead of his starting the point of the illegality of king Henry's marriage at confession, the king was perpetually urging it to him. Longland afterwards deeply repented having listened to the king in the matter.—Burnet, vol. iii.

[2] Burnet, in his History of the Reformation, vol. iii. p. 33, acknowledges he was led into error by repeating this assertion, which is likewise made by Speed. The truth is, that the emperor had reproached Henry with offering him his young daughter in marriage, *when he knew he was meditating divorcing the mother, and declaring his child illegitimate;* it is a proof that the king's intentions were known to Charles V. before his marriage with his empress in 1525.

read on her part. She likewise, wrote to her nephew, declaring she would suffer death rather than compromise the legitimacy of her child.

The perplexed legates now paused in their proceedings: they declared that courts never sat in Rome from July to October, and that they must follow the example of their head.

At this delay Anne Boleyn so worked upon the feelings of her lover that he was in an agony of impatience. He sent for Wolsey, to consult with him on the best means of bringing the queen to comply with the divorce. Wolsey remained an hour with the king, hearing him storm in all the fury of unbridled passion. At last Wolsey returned to his barge; the bishop of Carlisle, who was waiting in it at Blackfriars Stairs, observed, "that it was warm weather." "Yea, my lord," said Wolsey, "and if you had been chafed as I have been, you would say it was *hot*."

That night, by the time he had been in bed at Whitehall two hours, the earl of Wiltshire, Anne Boleyn's father, called him up, and desired him, in the name of the king, to repair instantly to Bridewell Palace that he might, in company with Campeggio, be ready to wait on the queen in the morning with proposals for a private accommodation. It is said, that Wolsey was imprudent enough to rate the earl for his eagerness in the matter, so soundly, that he knelt by the bedside and wept bitterly all the time the cardinal was dressing himself.

Early that morning Wolsey and Campeggio came by water to Bridewell, and requested a private interview with the queen. She was at work with her maids, and came to them, where they awaited her in her presence-chamber, with a skein of red silk about her neck. She thanked them for their visit, and said "she would give them a hearing, though she imagined they came on business which required much deliberation, and a brain stronger than hers."

"You see," continued the queen, showing the silk, "my employment; in this way I pass my time with my maids, who are indeed none of the ablest counsellors, yet have I no other in England; and Spain, where there are those on whom I could rely, is, God knoweth, far off."

"If it please your grace," replied Wolsey,[1] "to go into your privy chamber, we will show you the cause of our coming."

"My lord," said the queen, "if you have any thing to say, speak it openly before these folk, for I fear nothing that can be alleged against me, but I would all the world should see and hear it. Therefore speak your minds openly, I pray."

Then began Wolsey to address her in Latin. "Pray, good my lord," replied the queen, "speak to me in English, for I can, thank God, speak and understand English, though I *do* know some Latin."

Her attainments in Latin were great, but in this manner she spoke of her own acquirements.

Then Wolsey unfolded the king's message, which was to offer her every thing she could name in riches and honours, and to place the princess Mary next in order of succession to the issue by the second marriage, if she would consent to the divorce.

[1] Cavendish, from whom this scene is taken.

"My lord," returned the queen, "I thank you for your good will, but I cannot answer you suddenly; for I was set among my maids at work, little dreaming of such a visit, and I need counsel in a matter which touches me so nearly: but as for any in England, their counsel is not for my profit. Alas, my lords, I am a poor woman, lacking wit to answer persons of wisdom as ye be, in so weighty a matter! Therefore, I pray you, be good unto me, a poor woman, destitute of counsel in a foreign land, and your advice I would be glad to hear."

"Upon this," says Cavendish, who was a witness of the scene thus far, "the queen went to her withdrawing-room with the legates, and remained there some time in earnest conversation. What passed no one knew, but accommodation of the dispute was as far off as ever." Yet, it must be observed, that from this interview the queen gained over both legates to her cause; indeed, they never would pronounce against her, and this was the head and front of the king's enmity to his former favourite Wolsey.

That minister had assuredly encouraged the separation between the king and queen in its earlier stages, in hopes of marrying his master to the brilliant and noble-minded sister of Francis I., Margaret of Valois, duchess of Alençon. That admirable lady, when the reversion of king Henry's hand was mentioned to her, replied—

"That, if she had had no other objection, she knew that listening to such a proposal would break the heart of queen Katharine; therefore she would none of it."

Wolsey now found that all the pains he had taken to injure Katharine, his once beneficent mistress and friend, was but to exalt Anne Boleyn, his active enemy.

When the legantine court resumed its sittings, the king's counsel pressed the legates to give judgment. Campeggio now took the lead and positively refused, declaring their determination to refer the matter to the pontiff. This court, from which so much had been expected by the impatient king, was then dissolved. On this, the duke of Suffolk, the king's brother-in-law, striking his hand so violently on the table, that he made every one start, swore rudely "that no good had ever befallen England since cardinals came there." Wolsey retorted with spirit, "That, if it had not been for one cardinal at least, the duke of Suffolk would have lost his head, and lost the opportunity of reviling cardinals at that time."

Queen Katharine was now taken from the palace of Bridewell by the king, who still remained her malcontent husband. The royal pair went on a progress together, and the bishop of Bayonne, in his letters, affirms, that there was no apparent diminution of affection between the king and queen; and though they were accompanied by Anne Boleyn, the queen showed no marks of jealousy or anger against her. The royal progress first tarried at the More, a royal manor in Hertfordshire, and then bent its course to Grafton, in Northamptonshire. Here Campeggio went to bid farewell to the king. Wolsey accompanied him, but was almost

driven from the royal abode by the king's attendants. He had one interview with Henry,—it was his last.[1]

At Christmas, 1530, the queen's appeal to Rome was still pending. The divorce excited the greatest interest among all sorts and conditions of persons in England. The women, from high to low, took the part of the queen;[2] while unmarried men, or those on whom the marriage-yoke sat heavily, were partisans of Henry. That Christmas the king and queen passed at Greenwich, and the usual festivities of masques and banquets took place. Henry caressed the princess Mary with more than his usual tenderness, and Katharine was treated with the respect due to the queen of England. All this was to induce her to withdraw her appeal from Rome, and submit her cause to the decision of any four prelates, or secular lawyers in England. Katharine refused to authorise this proceeding, and the king in sullen anger broke up all the court diversions, and retired, after Easter, to Whitehall, a palace he had just forced from Wolsey, belonging to the see of York.

The queen was residing at Greenwich, Whitsuntide, 1531, when the king sent to her a deputation from his council, announcing that he had, by the advice of Dr. Cranmer, obtained the opinions of the universities of Europe concerning the divorce, and found several which considered it expedient; he, therefore, entreated her for the quieting of his conscience, that she would refer the matter to the arbitration of four English prelates and four nobles. The queen received the message in her chamber, and thus replied to it:—

"God grant my husband a quiet conscience; but I mean to abide by no decision excepting that of Rome."[3]

The king heard this decision with gloom and fury. He accompanied the queen to Windsor after the festival of Trinity; but on the 14th of June he left the royal castle, and sent to Katharine imperious orders to depart from thence before his return. "Go where I may," was the reply of the forsaken queen, "I am his wife, and for him I will pray!" She immediately retired from Windsor Castle, and never again beheld her husband or child. Her first abiding place was her manor of the More in Hertfordshire; she then settled at Ampthill; from thence she wrote to pope Clement, informing him of her expulsion from her husband's court.

Katharine had, hitherto, been the princess Mary's principal teacher in the Latin language; she was now separated from her, but, more intent on her benefit than desirous of saddening her young heart with complaints of wrongs, she wrote the following sensible letter, recommending attention to her studies under her new tutor, Dr. Featherstone.[4]

"Daughter,

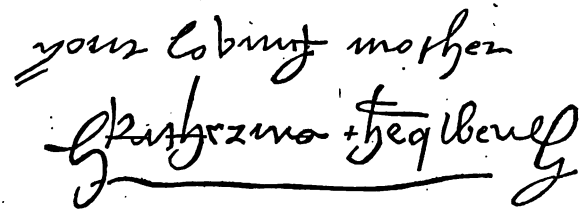
"I pray you, think not that forgetfulness has caused me to keep Charles so

[1] See the succeeding Life of Anne Boleyn. [2] Hall. Speed. [3] Hall.

[4] There is reason to suppose this tutor of Mary was afterwards put to death by Henry, at that dreadful execution in Smithfield, where Abell, one of Katharine's chaplains and two catholics, were butchered, according to their doom, for treason, and at the same time the pious Dr. Barnes, and two protestants, were burnt alive.

long here, and answered not your good letter, in the which I perceive ye would know how I do. I am in that case that the absence of the king and you troubleth me. My health is metely good; and I trust in God that he who sent it me doth it to the best, and will shortly turn all to come with good effect. And in the mean time, I am very glad to hear from you, specially when they show me that ye be well amended. I pray God to continue it to his pleasure.

"As for your writing in Latin, I am glad that ye shall *change from me* to maister Federston; for that shall do you much good to learn from him to write right, but yet sometimes I would be glad when ye do write to maister Federston of your own enditing, when he hath read it that I may see it; for it shall be a great comfort to me to see you keep your Latin, and fair writing, and all. And so I pray to recommend me to my lady of Salisbury. At *Woburn*, this Friday night."



While yet resident at Ampthill, Katharine wrote to her daughter another letter full of excellent advice, praying her to submit to her father's will. The wise queen justly considered, that if Mary did not exasperate her father, he would, at one time or other, acknowledge her rights as a child; and, at her tender age, her opinion on the divorce could be of no moment. At the conclusion of this letter, the queen desires to be remembered to her dear good lady of Salisbury, Mary's governess; "tell her," adds the pious Katharine, "that to the kingdom of Heaven we never come, but through many troubles."[1] Another letter of the queen was written to Cromwell on occasion of having heard news that the princess was ill. Katharine sues thus humbly to Henry's agent for permission to see her child, saying, "that a little comfort and mirth she would take with me would be a half-health to her. For my love let this be done." Yet this maternal request was cruelly refused.

At this juncture, pope Clement addressed a private letter of exhortation to Henry, advising him to take home queen Katharine and put away "one Anna," whom he kept about him. A public instrument from Rome soon followed this exordium, which confirmed the legality of Henry and Katharine's marriage, and pronounced their offspring legitimate. At first the king was staggered, and resolved to suspend his efforts to obtain the divorce. Cromwell offered his advice at that critical moment to separate the English church from the supremacy of Rome, and at the same time to enrich the king's exhausted finances by the seizure of church property. The consequences of this stupendous step fill many vast folios, devoted to the mighty questions of contending creeds and differing interests; the object of these unambitious pages is but to trace its effects on one faithful feminine heart, wrung with all the woes that pertain to a forsaken wife and bereaved mother.

[1] Hearne's Sylloge. The letter, like most of the others written at any time *when she was sojourning* at Ampthill, is dated Woburn.

The death of Warham, archbishop of Canterbury, in the year 1532, and the appointment of the king's esteemed theologian, Dr. Cranmer, in his place, gave a prospect of the conclusion of the long-agitated question of the divorce. The king resolved to cut the Gordian knot of his wedlock by a decision pronounced under his own supremacy. He, therefore, married Anne Boleyn in the commencement of the following year.

Insurrections and tumults were raised in many parts of the kingdom against the king wedding "Nan Bullen," as she was irreverently styled by the common people. If the queen had not been the great and good woman she was, she might have given her faithless husband and triumphant rival no little uneasiness, by heading a party with her daughter; especially as the court of Rome had pronounced her marriage good and her offspring legitimate. The House of Commons had declared in her favour by presenting a petition, moved by one of their members named Tems, requesting the king to take home queen Katharine.[1]

The first step Cranmer took as archbishop of Canterbury was, to address a letter to the king, requesting permission to settle the question of the divorce. An archiepiscopal court was, accordingly, held at Dunstable, six miles from the queen's residence. Here Katharine was repeatedly cited to appear, but she carefully avoided giving the least sign of recognition, that such tribunal existed. Finally, she was declared contumacious; and the sentence that her marriage was null and void, and never had been good, was read before two notaries in the Lady Chapel of Dunstable Priory.[2] Leave was given both to Katharine and the king to marry elsewhere if they chose. On the day after Ascension day, May 23, 1533, this important decision was pronounced.[3]

Sorrow had made cruel havoc in the health of the hapless queen, while these slow drops of bitterness were distilling. When lord Montjoy, her former page, was deputed to inform her, that she was degraded from the rank of queen of England to that of dowager princess of Wales, she was on a sick bed; it was some days before she could permit the interview, which is thus reported by Montjoy.

"Thursday, July 3. She commanded her chamberlain should bring into her privy chamber as many of her servants as he could inform of her wishes; 'for,' she said, 'she thought it a long season since she saw them.' Her grace was then lying upon her pallet, because she had pricked her foot with a pin, so that she might not well stand or go, and also sore annoyed with a cough. Perceiving that many of her servants were there assembled, who might hear what should be said, she then demanded, 'Whether we had our charge to say by mouth or by writing?' We said, 'Both;' but as soon as we began to declare and read that the articles were addressed to the princess dowager, she made exception to that name, saying, she was 'not princess dowager, but the queen, and, withal, the king's true wife; had been crowned and anointed queen,

[1] Lord Herbert, p. 156 (W. Kennet). [2] Ibid. p. 163. [3] Ibid. p. 163.

and had by the king lawful issue, wherefore the name of queen she would vindicate, challenge, and so call herself during her lifetime.'"[1]

It was in vain that Montjoy and his coadjutors alternately offered bribes and used threats. Katharine remained firm in her determination; she treated all offers of augmentation to her income with queenly contempt. They proceeded to tell her, if she retained the name of queen, she would (for a vain desire and appetite of glory) provoke the king's highness, not only against her whole household to their hindrance and undoing, but be an occasion, that the king should withdraw his fatherly love from her honourable and dearest daughter, the lady princess Mary, which ought to move her, if no other cause did.

This was the first time threats had been aimed at the daughter in case the mother continued impracticable. Katharine still continued unsubdued; she answered, "As to any vainglory, it was not that she desired the name of a queen, but only for the discharge of her conscience to declare herself the king's true wife, and not his harlot, for the last twenty-four years. As to the princess, her daughter, she was the king's true child, and as God had given her unto them, so, for her part, she would render her again to the king, as his daughter, to do with her as should stand with his pleasure, trusting to God that she would prove an honest woman, and that neither for her daughter, her servants, her possessions, or any worldly adversity, or the king's displeasure, that might ensue, she would yield in this cause to put her soul in danger; and that, they should not be feared, that have power to kill the body, but He only that hath power over the soul."

Katharine then exerted her queenly authority, by commanding the minutes of this conference to be brought to her, and drew her pen through the words "princess dowager" wherever they occurred. The paper still remains in our national archives with the alterations made by her agitated hand. She demanded a copy that she might translate it into Spanish; and the scene concluded with her protestations, that she would "never relinquish the name of queen." Indeed, the implicit obedience Henry's agents paid her, even when these came to dispute her title, proved how completely she was versed in the science of command. Her servants had been summoned by Montjoy to take an oath to serve her, but as princess of Wales, which she forbade them to do; therefore many left her service, and she was waited upon by a very few, whom the king excused from the oath.

The same summer, her residence was transferred to Bugden (now called Buckden), a palace belonging to the bishop of Lincoln, four miles from Huntingdon; her routine of life is most interestingly described in a curious manuscript of Dr. Nicholas Harpsfield, a contemporary, whose testimony is well worth attention, because it shows that the great and excellent Katharine continued to view her rival, Anne Boleyn, in the same Christian light as before, even in the last consummation of her bitterest trials considering her as an object of deep pity rather than

[1] State Papers of Henry VIII., published under his Majesty King William the Fourth's Commission, part i. pp. 397–402.

resentment. Katharine thus displays the highest power of talent bestowed on the human species, an exquisite and accurate judgment of character. Most correctly did she appreciate both Henry and his giddy partner. "I have credibly heard," says Dr. Harpsfield, "that, at a time of her sorest troubles, one of her gentlewomen began to curse Anne Boleyn. The queen dried her streaming eyes, and said earnestly, 'Hold your peace! curse not—curse her not, but rather pray for her, for even now is the time fast coming, when you shall have reason to pity her, and lament her case.' And so it chanced, indeed." "At Bugden," pursues Harpsfield, "queen Katharine spent her solitary life in much prayer, great alms, and abstinence; and when she was not this way occupied, then was she, and her gentlewomen, working with their own hands, something wrought in needlework, costly and artificially, which she intended, to the honour of God, to bestow on some of the churches. There was, in the said house of Bugden, a chamber with a window, that had a prospect into the chapel, out of the which she might hear divine service. In this chamber she inclosed herself, sequestered from all other company, a great part of the night and day, and upon her knees used to pray at the same window, leaning upon the stones of the same. There were some of her gentlewomen, who curiously marked all her doings, and reported, that oftentimes they found the said stones where her head had reclined wet as though a shower had rained upon them. It was credibly thought, that in the time of her prayer she removed the cushions that ordinarily lay in the same window, and that the said stones were imbrued with the tears of her devout eyes, when she prayed for strength to subdue the agonies of wronged affections."

The queen regained in some degree her cheerfulness and peace of mind at Bugden, where the country people began to love her exceedingly. They visited her frequently out of pure respect, and she received the tokens of regard they daily showed her most sweetly and graciously.[1] Her returning tranquillity was interrupted by archbishop Lee and bishop Tunstal,[2] who came to read to her six articles, showing why she ought to be considered only as prince Arthur's widow, and that she ought to resign the title of queen. "We admonished her, likewise," they declared in their despatch to Henry, "not to call herself your highness' *wief*, for that your highness was discharged of that marriage made with her, and had contracted new marriage with your dearest *wief* queen Anne, and forasmuch (as thanked be God) fair issue has already sprung of this marriage, and more is likely to follow by God's grace." The last remnant of Katharine's patience gave way at this tirade; in a climax of choler and agony, she vowed "she never would quit the title of queen, which she would persist to retain till death, concluding with the declaration that she *was* the king's wife and not his subject, and therefore not liable to his acts of parliament." A great historian[3] most aptly remarks "that Henry's repudiated wife was the only person who

[1] Harpsfield; likewise Burnet, vol. i. p. 184.

[2] State Paper Office, dated May 21, Huntingdon. This must have been in the transactions of 1534.

[3] Dr. Lingard.

could defy him with impunity; she had lost his love, but never forfeited his esteem."

The queen, in the midst of these degradations, retained some faithful friends, and had many imprudent partisans. Reginald Pole, whom she loved with a mother's tenderness, had passionately espoused her cause long before it had occasioned the division from Rome. The ladies of Henry's court exerted their eloquence in conversation so warmly against the divorce and the exaltation of Anne Boleyn, that the king sent two of the most contumacious to the Tower. One of these (and the fact is remarkable) was lady Rochford,[1] who had been lady of the bedchamber to Katharine, and was the wife of Anne Boleyn's brother. But the most troublesome of the queen's partisans was Elizabeth Barton, an epileptic nun, called the Holy Maid of Kent, who mixed the subject of the divorce and Katharine's name with the dreams of her delirious somnambulism. Henry's mortal vengeance soon fell on the poor woman and several of her followers, who mistook her for a prophetess. This affair, for lack of other matter, was made an excuse of accusing sir Thomas More, who had only spoken to the epileptic to remonstrate with her and her followers on their follies.

A reign of terror now ruled the shuddering realm. Erasmus, who was the intimate friend of Henry's two most illustrious victims, bishop Fisher and sir Thomas More, thus forcibly describes their loss and the state of their country: "In England, death has either snatched every one (of worth) away, or fear has shrunk them up." From the time of the executions of Fisher and More, Katharine's health became worse. She was willing to live for her daughter, and, thinking the air of Bugden too damp for her constitution, she requested the king to appoint her an abiding place nearer the metropolis.[2] Henry, with his usual brutality, issued his orders to Cromwell, that she should be removed to Fotheringay Castle.[3] This seat had been inherited by the king as part of the patrimony of his mother, Elizabeth of York, and the demesne had been settled on Katharine as part of her dower. Leland records, "that she did great costs in refreshing it." It was, notwithstanding all the queen's cost "in refreshing," a place notorious for its bad air; as will be easily remembered by those conversant with the sad history of Mary queen of Scots, and to it Katharine positively refused to go, "unless bound with ropes." She seems to have bitterly regretted drawing the attention of the king to her removal, for he sent the duke of Suffolk to break up her household at Bugden, and in what spirit he fulfilled this commission his letter[4] written to the duke of Norfolk, for the information of the privy council, can witness:—

"My Lord,

"Because we have written to the king's highness, we shall only advertise you, that we find here the most obstinate woman that may be; insomuch that, as we think, surely there is no other remedy than to convey her by force from hence to Somersame.[5] Concerning this, we have nothing in our instructions; we pray

[1] Dr. Lingard, vol. vi. p. 198.
[2] Burnet, vol. i. p. 183.
[3] Burnet, vol. i. p. 183.
[4] State Papers, vol. i.
[5] Somarsham, says Heylin, was a place belonging to the bishop and church of Ely.

your good lordship that with speed we may have knowledge of the king's express pleasure, at the furthest by Sunday night [December 21], or else there shall not be time before the feast [Christmas-day] to remove her. My lord, we have no small travail to induce the servants to take the new oath. Notwithstanding, now many of them are sworn with promise to serve the king's highness according to his pleasure. My lord, we found things here far from the king's expectation, we assure you, as more at our return ye shall know.

"Moreover, whereas Tomeo[1] was appointed to be clerk comptroller here in this house, and Wilbrahim with my lady princess [Elizabeth]; we understand that your lordship hath taken Tomeo to serve my lady princess, and discharged Wilbrahim, whereby this house is disappointed of that necessary officer.

"Bugden, Friday, 19 of Dec."

A bull of excommunication had at last been fulminated against Henry, and was recently published at Flanders, a measure which incited him thus to torment his wife, who had, poor soul! tried earnestly to shield him from it.

She had formerly interfered, at his request, to obviate some of the inconveniences of his struggle with the pope, before he had made the schism from Rome. Her love still interposed to avert from him a blow, which, according to her belief, was the heaviest that could fall on living man, although that blow was aimed to avenge her. "I understand to-day,"[2] writes cardinal Pole to his friend Priuli, "that if the queen, the aunt of Cæsar (the emperor Charles), had not interfered, the anathema would have already gone out against the king." So little did the loving Katharine deserve the cruel conduct that attended her expulsion from Bugden.

The commissioners at Bugden proceeded to examine the queen's servants, who were very earnest in entreaties to be dismissed rather than retained in her service, if they were forced to abjure their oaths to her as queen; for they could not take the second oath without perjury, neither could any inducement prevail on Katharine to say she should consider them as her dutiful servants if they called her the princess dowager. Both her almoner and receiver implored her to yield in this point, yet she persisted in her determination. The rest of the household refused to take the oath against her wish, and the commissioners questioned them regarding the persons who had persuaded them so earnestly that Katharine was queen. At last the servants declared that the chaplains Abell and Barker[3] had strengthened them in this belief. "Upon which," says the commissioners to Henry, "we called and examined these men, and found them stiffly standing in their conscience, that she was queen, and the king's lawful wife, and that no man sworn to serve

[1] He was afterwards in the service of Anne of Cleves. His name declares him a Spaniard.

[2] Pole's Letters, 445. The cardinal is so far from meaning to eulogise the queen for her temperate conduct, that he indulges in some indignant remarks that a *woman* should thus have the power of suspending the decrees of the church.

[3] Bibl. Harleian, 283, p. 102 (Art. 44). This despatch from the council has been dated 1532, an evident mistake, since many circumstances prove it was the removal from Bugden, December 1534, that is under discussion; and this punishment of Abell and his colleague makes whole the broken narrative we shall presently follow from the Privy Council Book.

her as queen might change that oath without perjury, and they acknowledged they had showed the same to as many as asked their counsel; whereupon we have committed them to the porter's ward, with liberty to speak to no one but their keeper." With some difficulty the household was made up, and the bishop of Llandaff, an old Spanish priest, of the name of Allequa, who had accompanied Katharine from Spain, was suffered to remain with her.

Sir Edmund Bedingfeld bore the nominal office of steward of her household, but was in reality the castellan who held her in custody. He wrote to the privy council at this period, giving a minute detail of the conversation that passed between him and Katharine on the subject of her household. The papers are half obliterated by fire, yet the following particulars, throwing much intelligence on her private life, are legible:[1]—She desired to retain "her confessor, her physician, and her *potecary;* two men servants, and as many women as it should please the king's grace to appoint; and that they should take no oath, but only to the king and to her, but to *none other woman.*" A glance at the oath required will show the reasons of this expression. It was no wonder the queen objected that her servants should be thus exhorted: "Ye shall swear to bear faith, troth, and obedience, only to the king's grace, and to the heirs of his body, by his most dear and entirely beloved lawful wife, queen Anne."[2]

"As to my physician and *potecary,*" continued queen Katharine, "they be my countrymen; the king knoweth them as well as I do. They have continued many years with me, and have (I thank them) taken great pains with me; for I am oft times sickly, as the king's grace doth know right well. And I require their attendance for the preservation of my poor bodie, that I may live as long as it pleaseth God. They are faithful and diligent in my service, and also daily do they pray that the king's royal estate long may endure. But if they take any other oath than they have taken to the king and me (to serve me), I shall never trust them again, for in so doing I should live continually in fear of my life with them. Wherefore I trust the king, of his high honour and goodness, and for the great love that hath been betwixt him and me (which love in me now is as faithful to him as ever it was, so take I God to record!), will not use extremity with me, my request being so reasonable."

This gentle and truly feminine supplication appears fairly reported by sir Edmund. The Spanish physician and apothecary certainly remained in queen Katharine's household; the confessor, Dr. Abell,[3] was separated from it at this juncture. The next despatch, signed R. Sussex, gives the information that Abell had departed, and implies that he was a great loss to Katharine, because he could speak Spanish, in which language she was ever confessed, "and she will use no other for that purpose." Father Forrest, her former confessor, had been thrown into Newgate at

[1] Privy Council, Henry VIII. edited by sir Harris Nicolas, pp. 347, 349.
[2] See the oath, Parliamentary History, 2d edition, vol. iii. p. 108.
[3] He was afterwards put to a cruel death by Henry VIII.

an early period of the divorce, and the difficulty was now to find a confessor agreeable both to Henry and his divorced wife. "The bishop of Llandaff," continues the king's agent, "will do less harm than any other, to tarry and be her ghostly father." The reason was, that the old Spaniard was timid and quiet, and had implored Katharine to yield to expediency. "But against all humanity and reason," continues Sussex, "she still persists that she will not remove, saying, that although your grace have the power, yet *ne* may she, *ne* will she go, unless drawn with ropes."

In this dilemma, the king's directions are required "what to do if she persisteth in her obstinacy, and that she will, we surely think, for in her wilfulness she may fall sick, and keep her bed, refusing to put on her clothes."[1]

The queen objected to Fotheringay, on account of its malaria from the banks of the river Nene, and likewise to go to any residence belonging to the dower granted her by prince Arthur, lest she should tacitly compromise her cause. She told Thomas Vaux, one of her officers, "that she had no mind to go to Fotheringay, and that she would not go thither, though all provisions were made for her, yet from the place where she was she much wished to go." Vaux was a spy who communicated all she said to Cromwell. At last, Kimbolton Castle was appointed for her, a situation she considered as particularly noxious to her health.[2] Indeed, no part of the counties of Huntingdonshire, Northamptonshire, or Bedfordshire, could have had a good effect on the constitution of a person reared in the sunny air of Granada.

After the duke of Suffolk had behaved with such personal insolence to the repudiated queen that she left his presence abruptly, she was taken to Kimbolton Castle, where she commenced the dreary new year of 1535, with her comforts greatly diminished. Notwithstanding 5000*l.* was her nominal income as prince Arthur's widow, it was so ill paid, that sir Edmund Bedingfeld, during the lingering malady that followed her arrival at Kimbolton, wrote, more than once, that the household was utterly devoid of money.

An instance occurred, while Katharine lived at Kimbolton, which proved that her neighbours of low degree were desirous to propitiate her, though fallen from her queenly state. A poor man ploughing near Grantham found a huge brass pot, containing a large helmet of pure gold, set with precious stones, with some chains of silver, and ancient defaced rolls of parchment, all which he presented, says Harrison, in his description of England,[3] to "queen Katharine, then living near Peterborough." The queen was then in a dying state, and these treasures must have fallen into the hands of the king's agents at Kimbolton Castle.

The persecution Henry was carrying on against the unfortunate Father Forrest, Katharine's former confessor, caused inexpressible anguish to her at Kimbolton. The only information on this subject is to be found

[1] State Papers, p. 453; this despatch is dated December 31, 1535.
[2] Encyc. Brit. Pollino says the air was noxious on account of damp.
[3] Holinshed's Chronicle, vol. i. p. 217.

in the Church History of Pollino, from which we translate this passage: "But chiefly to be deplored was the barbarous cruelty used against the venerable old man Father John Forrest, who had been confessor to the queen, and for this reason was one of the first of her friends who were incarcerated. He had been thrown into hard durance, and for two years had the old man remained among thieves and persons of infamous characters, and had endured the cruelest torments. Queen Katharine, who considered herself the cause of his intolerable miseries, felt herself obliged to write to him, saying 'how much the thought of his sufferings grieved her and moved her to pity, and to write him a letter of comfort, although she dreaded lest it should be intercepted and occasion his death.' Nevertheless he safely received it when in the prison of London called *Porta nuovo* (Newgate). He answered it by a letter of which the following is an abstract:—

"Serenest Queen and daughter in Christ,

"Your servant Thomas gave me your majesty's letter, which found me in great affliction, yet in constant hope of release by means of death from the captivity of this miserable body. Not only did your letter infinitely comfort me, but it excited in me patience and joy.

"Christ Jesu give you, daughter and lady of mine, above all mortal delights which are of brief continuance, the joy of seeing his divine presence for evermore.

"Remember me in your most fervent oraisons, pray that I may fight the battle to which I am called, and finally overcome, nor give up for the heavy pains and atrocious torments prepared for me! Would it become this white beard and hoary locks to give way in aught that concerns the glory of God? would it become, lady mine, an old man to be appalled with childish fear, who has seen sixty-four years of life, and forty of those has worn the habit of the glorious St. Francis? Weaned from terrestrial things, what is there for me if I have not strength to aspire to those of God? But as to you, lady of mine, and daughter in Christ, sincerely beloved, in life and death I will continue to think of you, and pray God in his mercy to send you from heaven, according to the greatness of your sorrows, solace and consolation. Pray to God for your devoted servant, the more fervently when you hear of horrid torments prepared for me.

"I send your majesty for consolation in your prayers my rosary, for they tell me that of my life but three days remain."[1]

The situation this unfortunate man had held as confessor to Katharine was the origin of his persecution, the king being desirous of forcing from him some admission, that Katharine might have made in confession, which would authorise the divorce in a greater degree. Abell, the queen's other confessor, was detained in as cruel confinement, and both were put to the most horrible deaths. Father Forrest was burnt alive in a manner too horrible for description, but, contrary to his own anticipations, his dreadful doom was not executed till two years after the death of the queen.

Pollino says that the Signora Lisabetta Ammonia,[2] the faithful lady of the queen, wrote a letter to Father Forrest, informing him of the continual tears and grief that oppressed Katharine on his account, ever since his sentence. That the queen could feel no ease or comfort till

[1] Pollino, pp. 126–129.

[2] It is probable that this name, thus Italianised, means Elizabeth Lady Hammond.

she had sent to him to know "whether there was aught she could do to avert from him his fate?" adding that she was herself languishing under incurable infirmity, and that the fury and rage of the king would infallibly cut short her life. It was but last Monday the king had sent some of his council to the queen's house to make search for persons or things he thought were hidden there; and his agents, with faces full of rage and angry words, had exceedingly harried "and terrified queen Katharine."

Forrest sent word, "that in justification of her cause he was content to suffer all things." He wrote in a similar strain to his fellow-sufferer Abell, and to many domestics of the queen, who had excited the wrath of the king for their extreme attachment to her.

The close of this sad year left the queen on her death-bed. As she held no correspondence with the court, the king received the first intimation of her danger from Eustachio Chapuys,[1] doctor of laws and divinity, and Spanish ambassador. Cromwell instantly wrote to sir Edmund Bedingfeld, rating him "because foreigners heard intelligence from the king's own castles sooner than himself." Sir Edmund excused himself by saying, "that his fidelity in executing the orders of the king rendered him no favourite with the lady dowager, therefore she concealed every thing from him."[2] Meantime, he sent for the queen's Spanish physician, and questioned him regarding her state of health; the answer was,

"Sir, she doth continue in pain, and can take but little rest; if the sickness continueth in force, she cannot remain long."

"I am informed," proceeds sir Edmund, "by her said doctor, that he had moved her to take some more counsel of physic; but her reply was, "'I will in no wise have any other physician, but wholly commit myself to the pleasure of God.'"

When Katharine found the welcome hand of death was on her, she sent to the king a pathetic entreaty to indulge her in a last interview with her child,[3] imploring him not to withhold Mary from receiving her last blessing. This request was denied.[4]

[1] He is the Capucius of Shakspeare, who is minutely historical in all regarding Katharine.

[2] State Papers.

[3] Cardinal Pole's Works; see Lingard, vol. v. p. 236.

[4] The following curious incident must have happened about the same period; it shows that Henry VIII. and his acknowledged family were prayed for by the Church after a preface of panegyric, and the extreme jealousy with which any acknowledgment of the unfortunate Katharine as queen was regarded. (State Papers, vol. i. p. 427.) The bishop of Bath and Wells thought it necessary to write to Cromwell, in explanation of an unfortunate slip of the tongue made by an old canon, when praying for the royal family in his cathedral.

He says, "Dr. Carsley, canon, when he came to *bidding off the beads*, after a very honourable mention made of the king's highness, said these words: 'That, according to our most bounden duty, we should pray for his grace, and for the lady *Katharine* the queen, and also by express name for the lady Elizabeth, princess, their daughter.'"

Now the bishop of Bath and Wells had no inclination to undergo the doom of Fisher and More, by a report reaching the ears of the tyrant, that Katharine was prayed for as queen in his presence and in his cathedral. He, therefore, "immo-

A few days before she expired she caused one of her maids to come to her bedside and write a farewell letter to the king, which she dictated in the following words:—

"My lord and dear husband, I commend me unto you. The hour of my death draweth fast on, and, my case being such, the tender love I owe you forceth me, with a few words, to put you in remembrance of the health and safe-guard of your soul, which you ought to prefer before all worldly matters, and before the care and tendering of your own body, for the which you have cast me into many miseries, and yourself into many cares. For my part I do pardon you all, yea, I do wish and devoutly pray God, that He will also pardon you.

"For the rest I commend unto you Mary, our daughter, beseeching you to be a good father unto her, as I heretofore desired. I entreat you also on behalf of my maids to give them marriage-portions, which is not much, they being but three. For all my other servants I solicit a year's pay more than their due, lest they should be unprovided for.

"Lastly, do I vow that mine eyes desire you above all things."

It appears from contemporary authority[1] that king Henry received queen Katharine's letter some days before her death. He shed tears on perusing it, and sent to Eustachio, entreating him to hasten to Kimbolton, to greet Katharine kindly from him. It has been generally supposed that he gave leave to lady Willoughby, the friend and countrywoman[2] of his dying queen, to visit and comfort her; but there is reason to believe, from the following narrative, that this faithful lady made her way to her without Henry's sanction:—

It was at nightfall, about six o'clock on new-year's day, when lady Willoughby arrived at Kimbolton Castle gate, almost perished with cold and exhausted with fatigue from her dreary journey, being much discomposed, withal, by a fall from her horse. Chamberlayne and Bedingfeld demanded of her the license that authorised her to visit Katharine. She piteously represented her sufferings, and begged to come to the fire; her

diately showed the canon his error; and reproved him for the same. The truth was," continued the bishop, "he was staggered a season, and would by no means allow that he had spoken a word of the lady Katharine, but, at last, being assured by me and others that he had spoken it, he openly, before all the audience, acknowledged his error and fault, and seemed very sorry for it, saying, 'I call God to witness that I thought not of the lady Katharine, I meant only queen Anne, for I know no *mo* queens but her.' The man is reported to be a good man, but he is not much under the age of eighty. There was no one there but might well perceive that the word escaped him unawares. Notwithstanding I thought it my duty to advise you thereof, and by my fidelity to God and my king;—so you have the whole plain truth."

[1] Pollino, p. 132.

[2] Lady Willoughby had been one of queen Katharine's maids of honour, who accompanied her from Spain. Her name was Mary de Salines, or Salucci; she was of illustrious descent and related, through the house of de Foix, to most of the royal families of Europe. During the prosperity of Katharine of Arragon, this lady married lord Willoughby d'Eresby, and had by him an only child, named Katharine after the queen, who was the fourth wife of Charles Brandon, duke of Suffolk, and became a leading character in the religious contests of the times. Lady Willoughby was left a widow in 1527, the time when Katharine of Arragon's troubles began.—(Dugdale), likewise information given by the Rev. *Mr.* Hunter, Augmentation Office.

countenance was overcast with grief and dismay; she told them that "from the tidings she had heard by the way she never expected to see the *princess dowager* alive." She added, "She had plenty of letters sufficient to exonerate the king's officers, which she would show them in the morning." By her eloquence she prevailed on them to usher her into her dying friend's chamber, but when once she was safely ensconced therein "we neither saw her again nor beheld any of her letters," says Bedingfeld, from whose despatch of exculpation this information is derived.[1] Thus it is evident that she never left the chamber of death, for the stern castellans dared not remove her by violence from the bedside of the beloved friend for whose sake she had encountered so many dangers.

Eustachio, the emperor's ambassador, arrived at Kimbolton, January 2. After dinner he was introduced into the dying queen's chamber, where he staid a quarter of an hour. Bedingfeld was present at the interview, but was much disappointed that he could send no information as to what passed, for Katharine conversed with Eustachio only in Spanish. He had hopes, however, that if Mr. Vaux was present he could make out what they said. At five o'clock the same afternoon, Katharine sent her physician for Eustachio, but there was no chance of the spy Vaux learning any intelligence, since no man but Eustachio's attendant was permitted to enter the royal chamber. They staid with the queen half an hour, and paid her similar visits next day, when none but her trusty women were permitted to be present, who either knew no Spanish, or would not betray what passed if they did. Lady Willoughby, of course, spoke to her dying friend in the dear language of her native Castille.

Katharine expired in the presence of Eustachio and lady Willoughby, with the utmost calmness. In the words of Dr. Harpsfield,[2] "she changed this woeful, troublesome existence for the serenity of the celestial life, and her terrestrial ingrate husband for that heavenly spouse who will never divorce her, and with whom she will reign in glory for ever."

Sir Edmund Bedingfeld, the castellan, in whose custody she expired, announced the demise of the sorrow-stricken queen in these words:[3] "January the 7th, about ten o'clock, the lady dowager was *aneled* with the holy ointment, master Chamberlayne and I being called to the same, and before two in the afternoon she departed to God. I beseech you that the king may be advertised of the same." He added the following postscript to his despatch to Cromwell, that announced her death:—

"Sir, the groom of the chaundry here can sere her, who shall do that feat, and further, I shall send for a plumber to close her body in lead, the which must needs shortly be done, for that may not tarry. Sir, I

[1] Strype's Memorials.

[2] Translated by Herne. Katharine's letter is from his Latin narrative; it varies a little from the usual version, but he is the nearest contemporary.

[3] State Papers, i. p. 452.

have no money, and I beseech your aid with all speed. Written at Kimbolton, about 3 o'clock, afternoon."

The will of Katharine of Arragon, it is evident, from various foreign idioms, was of her own composition; it is as follows:[1]—

"In the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, I Katharine, &c., supplicate and desire king Henry VIII., my good lord, that it may please him of his grace, and in alms, and for the service of God, to let me have the goods, which I do hold, as well in silver and gold as in other things; and also the same that is due to me in money for the time past, to the intent that I may pay my debts and recompense my servants, for the good services they have done for me. The same I desire, as *affectuously* as I may, for the necessity, wherein I am ready to die, and to yield my soul unto God.

"First, I supplicate that my body be buried in a convent of Observant Friars. *Item*, that for my soul may be said 500 masses. *Item*, that some personage go to our Lady of Walsingham in pilgrimage, and in going by the way to deal [distribute in alms] twenty nobles. *Item*, I appoint to *maistris* Darrel 20*l.* for her marriage. *Item*, I ordain the collar of gold, which I brought out of Spain, be to my daughter. *Item*, I ordain to *maistris* Blanche 100*l.* *Item*, I ordain to Mrs. Margery and Mr. Whyller, to each of them 40*l.* *Item*, I ordain to Mrs. Mary, my physician's wife, and to Mrs. Isabel, daughter to Mr. Marguerite, to each of them 40*l.* sterling. *Item*, I ordain to my physician the year's coming wages. *Item*, I ordain to Francisco Phillippo[2] all that I owe him, and beside that 40*l.* I ordain to master John, my apothecary, his wages for the year coming; and, besides that, all that is due to him. I ordain, that Mr. Whyller be paid his expenses about the making of my gown, and beside that 20*l.* I give to Philip, to Antony, and to Bastien, to every one of them 20*l.* I ordain to the *little* maidens 10*l.* to every one of them. I ordain my goldsmith to be paid his wages, for the year coming, and besides that, all that is due to him. I ordain that my *lavenderer* [*laundress*] be paid that which is due to her, and her wages for the year coming. I ordain to Isabel de Vergas 20*l.* *Item*, to my ghostly father his wages for the year coming.

"*Item*, It may please the king, my good lord, to cause church-ornaments to be made of my gowns *which he holdeth*, to serve the convent *thereas* I shall be buried, and the furs of the same I give to my daughter."

Ralph Sadler, and several other underlings of the privy council, have their names prefixed, who were evidently the administrators appointed by the king.

This will proves how slight were the debts of the conscientious queen, yet she felt anxiety concerning them. On her just mind even the obligations she owed her laundress had their due weight. It furnishes, too, another instance of the pitiful meanness of Henry VIII. The sentence alluding to the disposal of her gowns, "which he holdeth," will not be lost on female readers, and shows plainly that he had detained the best part of his wife's wardrobe; it is likewise evident that the gold collar brought from Spain was the only jewel in her possession. Will it be believed that, notwithstanding Henry shed tears over her last letter, he sent his creature, lawyer Rich, to see whether he could not seize all her property, without paying her trifling legacies and obligations? The letter of Rich, dated from Kimbolton, January 19th, is extant. It is a notable specimen of legal chicanery. "To seize her grace's goods as

[1] Strype's Mem. vol. i. pp. 252, 253.

[2] This faithful servant, who is called by Wolsey Francis Phillipps (p. 122), was evidently a Spaniard.

your own," he says, "would be repugnant to your majesty's own laws, and, I think, with your grace's favour, it would rather enforce *her blind opinion* while she lived than otherwise," namely, that she was the king's lawful wife. He then puts the king into an underhand way of possessing himself of poor Katharine's slender spoils, by advising him to administer by means of the bishop of Lincoln for her as princess dowager, and then to confiscate all as insufficient to defray her funeral charges! Whether the debtors and legatees of the broken-hearted queen were ever satisfied is a doubtful point; but, from a contemporary letter of a privy councillor, it seems that one of her three faithful ladies, Mrs. Elizabeth Darell (the daughter of an ancient line still extant in Kent), was paid her legacy. The other ladies, Blanche and Isabel de Vargas, were from Spain,—a fact Shakspeare has not forgotten. The name of Patience, remembered in his scene as Katharine's sweet songstress, does not occur; perhaps she was reckoned among the *little* maidens, who are likewise the legatees of their unfortunate patroness.

The property Katharine could claim for the liquidation of her debts and obligations to her faithful servants, was, even by Henry's own arbitrary decisions, considerable, being the arrears of the 5000*l.* per annum due to her from her jointure as Arthur's widow. This stipend, either from malice or poverty, had not been paid her. A scanty maintenance was (as may be seen by the foregoing despatches from Bedingfeld) all that Katharine received from her faithless spouse; and when the noble portion she had brought into England is remembered, such dishonesty appears the more intolerable. Even a new gown, it will be observed by the will, was obtained on trust. It appears likely that Katharine possessed no more of her jewels than were on her person when she was expelled from Windsor Castle by the fiat of her brutal lord.

The particulars of Katharine's funeral are chiefly to be gathered from a letter sent by Henry VIII. to Grace, lady Bedingfeld, wife to sir Edmund:—

"Henry Rex.

"*To our right dear and well-beloved lady Bedingfeld.*

"Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God, to call to his mercy out of this transitory life the right excellent princess our dearest sister the lady Katharine, relict of our natural brother prince Arthur, of famous memory, deceased, and that we intend to have her body interred according to her honour and estate. At the interment whereof (and for other ceremonies to be done at her funeral, and in conveyance of her corpse, from Kimbolton, where it now lieth, to Peterborough, where the same is to be buried), it is requisite to have the presence of a good many ladies of honour. You shall understand, that we have appointed you to be there one of the principal mourners; and therefore desire you to be in readiness at Kimbolton the 25th of this month, and so to attend on the said corpse till the same shall be buried. Letting you further *wit* that for the mourning apparel of your own person we send you by this bearer (a certain number) of yards of black cloth, and black cloth for two gentlewomen to wait upon you, and for two gentlewomen and for eight yeomen; all which apparel you must cause in the mean time to be made up, as shall appertain. And concerning the habiliment of linen for your head and face, we shall before the day limited send the same to you accordingly.

"Given under our signet, at our manor of Greenwich, January 10.

"P.S. For saving of time, if this order is shown to sir William Poulett, living at the Friars, Augustine's, London, comptroller of our household, the cloth and linen for the head[1] shall be delivered."

A circular nearly to the same effect summoned the principal gentry in the neighbourhood of Kimbolton Castle to attend the body of the king's dearest sister (as he chose to call his repudiated queen) from Kimbolton Castle to Peterborough Abbey, on the 26th January. Thus it is plain that the king did not comply with her last request regarding her place of burial. A local tradition declares that her funeral approached Peterborough by an ancient way from Kimbolton, called Bygrame's Lane. The last abbot of Peterborough, John Chambers, performed her obsequies. The place of burial was in the church, between two pillars, on the north side of the choir, near to the great altar. A hearse covered with a black velvet pall, on which was wrought a large cross of cloth of silver, and embossed with silver scutcheons of Spain, stood over her grave for several years; at first it was surrounded with tapers, as may be proved by the following curious piece of intelligence sent to Cromwell by John de Ponti, one of his agents, who wrote to him, "that the day before the lady Anne Boleyn was beheaded, the tapers that stood about queen Katharine's sepulchre kindled of themselfs; and after matins were done to *Deo gratias*, the said tapers quenched of themselfs, and that the king had sent thirty men to the abbey where queen Katharine was buried, and it was true of this light continuing from day to day." Whoever performed this trick was never discovered, neither was the person who abstracted the rich pall that covered the queen's hearse, and substituted a mean one, which likewise vanished in the year 1543.[2]

From the Italian contemporary historian we translate this passage: "At Greenwich, king Henry observed the day of Katharine's burial with solemn obsequies,[3] all his servants and himself attending them dressed in mourning. He commanded his whole court to do the same. Queen Anne Boleyn would not obey, but in sign of gladness dressed herself and all the ladies of her household in yellow. And amidst them all exulted for the death of her rival, 'I am grieved,' she said, 'not that she is dead, but for the vaunting of the good end she made.'

"She had reason to say this, for nothing was talked of but the Christian death-bed of Katharine, and numberless books and papers were written in her praise, blaming king Henry's actions, and all the world celebrated the obsequies of queen Katharine."[4]

A short time after queen Katharine's interment, some friends of hers

[1] Here is a curious proof of the manner in which the sovereign condescends to deal out from his stores articles pertaining to female dress, none of which were considered too trifling to receive the sanction of his royal hand and seal. This letter is copied from Notes to vol. v. of Dr. Lingard, p. 349; the original is in the possession of sir Henry Bedingfeld, bart., of Oxborough Hall, Norfolk.

[2] Gunton's Hist. of Peterborough, p. 57; and Patrick's Supplement, p. 330.

[3] It must always be remembered that *obsequies*, though the word is often used by modern poets as synonymous to funeral rites, was really a service meant to benefit the soul of the deceased, often performed by dear friends at distant places.

[4] Pollino, p. 129.

ventured the suggestion to king Henry "that it would well become his greatness to rear a stately monument to her memory." He answered, "that he would have to her memory one of the goodliest monuments in Christendom." This was the beautiful abbey church of Peterborough, which he spared, on account of its being her resting-place, from the general destruction that soon after overwhelmed all monasteries. Thus the whole of that magnificent structure may be considered the monument of Katharine of Arragon, although the actual place of her repose was never distinguished, excepting by a small brass plate.[1] It will be shown in the course of these biographies, that her daughter Mary intended that her beloved mother should share her tomb.

The chamber, hung with tapestry, in which Katharine of Arragon expired, is to this day shown at Kimbolton Castle; the tapestry covers a little door leading to a closet still called by her name. One of her travelling portmanteaus has remained at Kimbolton ever since her sad removal from Bugden. It is covered with scarlet velvet, and the queen's initials, K. R., with the regal crown, are conspicuous on the lid; there are two drawers beneath the trunk. Its preservation may be attributed to its having been used as the depository of the robes of the earls and dukes of Manchester.[2]

The grand abilities of Katharine of Arragon, her unstained integrity of word and action, united with intrepid firmness, commanded even from her enemies that deep respect, which her sweetness, benevolence, and other saintly virtues, would not have obtained, unsupported by these high queenly qualities. Sustained by her own innate grandeur of soul, her piety, and lofty rectitude, she passed through all her bitter trials without calumny succeeding in fixing a spot on her name. Among many eulogists, one mighty genius, who was nearly her contemporary, has done her the noblest justice. In fact, Shakspeare alone has properly appreciated and vividly portrayed the great talents, as well as the moral worth, of the right royal Katharine of Arragon.

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[1] The spot of her interment was long pointed out by the centegenarian sexton, old Scarlett, who buried her, and lived long enough to inter another royal victim, Mary Queen of Scots, in the same cathedral.

[2] Kimbolton Castle was the principal residence of the earls and dukes of Manchester.

ANNE BOLEYN,

SECOND QUEEN OF HENRY VIII.

CHAPTER I.

Descent and parentage—Place of birth—Early education—Appointed maid of honour to Mary queen of France—Her letter to her father—Goes to France—Enters the service of queen Claude—Her accomplishments—Return to England—Proposed marriage—Becomes maid of honour to Katharine of Arragon—Her first interview with the king—His admiration—Courted by Lord Percy—Jealousy of Henry VIII.—Wolsey divides Anne and Percy—Her resentment—She is sent from court—Refuses to return—King's visit to her—She repulses him—His love letters—Anne resumes her place at court—Henry's persevering courtship—Anne's enmity to Wolsey—She listens to the king—Wyatt's passion for her—Steals her tablets—Anger of Henry—Anne's retirement during the pestilence—King's letters to her—Her illness—Henry's anxiety—Anne's letters to Wolsey—Divorce agitated—Anne returns to court—Competes with Queen Katharine—Is dismissed to Hever—Her displeasure—Henry's letters—Anne's establishment in London—Her levees—Incurs scandal at Greenwich—Her letter to Gardiner—Present of cramp rings—Her copy of Tindal's Bible—Effects Wolsey's ruin—Her influence in government—King's presents to her—Book of divination—Dialogue with Anne Savage—Anne Boleyn's death predicted—Created marchioness of Pembroke—Goes to France with the king—His grants to her—She returns with him to England—Her gambling propensities.

THERE is no name in the annals of female royalty over which the enchantments of poetry and romance have cast such bewildering spells as that of Anne Boleyn. Her wit, her beauty, and the striking vicissitudes of her fate, combined with the peculiar mobility of her character, have invested her with an interest, not commonly excited by a woman, in whom vanity and ambition were the leading traits. Tacitus said of the empress Poppea, "that with her love was not an affair of the heart, but a matter of diplomacy;" and this observation appears no less applicable to Anne Boleyn, affording, withal, a convincing reason that she never incurred the crimes for which she was brought to the block.

Unfortunately for the cause of truth, the eventful tragedy of her life has been so differently recorded by the chroniclers of the two great contending parties, in whose religious and political struggle she was involved, that it is sometimes difficult to maintain the balance faithfully between the contradictory statements of champion and accuser. Prejudice, on the one hand, has converted her faults into virtues, and, on the other, transformed even her charms into deformity, and described her as a monster, both in mind and person. It would be well for the memory of the lovely Boleyn, if all the other detractions of her foes could be

disproved by evidence as incontrovertible as that which Hans Holbein's faithful pencil has left in vindication of her beauty.

Her character has, for the last three centuries, occupied a doubtful, and therefore a debateable point in history; and philosophic readers will do well, in perusing her memorials, to confine their attention to those characteristics, in which both her panegyrists and accusers agree, without allowing their opinions to be biassed by the unsupported assertions of either, whether for commendation or blame.

The family of Boleyn, Bullen, or, as it was anciently spelt, Boulen, was of French origin, and appears to have been first settled in Norfolk. Thomas of Salle, in Norfolk, the patriarch of Anne Boleyn's line, was a younger brother of the estatesman of the family; he married Anna, the daughter of sir John Bracton, and bound their eldest son, Geoffrey Boleyn, prentice to a mercer. He was, probably, a thriving London trader himself, for he died in that city, 1411, and was buried in the church of St. Lawrence-Poultney. Geoffrey became very prosperous, and may certainly be regarded as one of the most distinguished citizens of London. He married Anna, daughter of the lord of Hoo and Hastings. He was master of the mercers' company in 1424, and was sheriff of London during the stormy and difficult times of the wars of the Roses, and not unfrequently exchanged the mercer's yard for the sword, to preserve the city from the outrages of the rival factions. He was lord mayor in the year 1457, and by his wisdom, courage, and unremitting exertions, maintained tranquillity in his jurisdiction during the memorable congress between the hostile partisans of York and Lancaster for the accommodation of their differences. He died in 1471, and left the magnificent sum of 1000*l.* to poor householders of London.[1] He established his family on the sure foundation of landed property, purchasing Blickling Hall and manor, in Norfolk, from sir John Falstolf, and the manor and castle of Hever from the Cobhams of Kent. After the death of this good and great citizen, his son, sir William Boleyn, eschewed the city and became a courtier; he was made knight of the Bath at Richard III.'s coronation. The branch whence the lineage of Henry VIII.'s second queen was derived rose to wealth and station wholly by trade and lucky marriages.

Thomas, the father of Anne Boleyn, was first heard of in the reign of Henry VII., as a brave leader against the Cornish insurgents. He was the son of sir William Boleyn, of Blickling, Norfolk, by Margaret,[2] daughter and co-heir of Thomas Butler, last earl of Ormond, which ancient title was revived in the person of this sir Thomas Boleyn, who was, by maternal descent, the representative of one of the most illus-

[1] Stow's Annals.

[2] This lady shared patrimony equal to 30,000*l.* per annum of our circulation, exclusive of considerable domains in Ireland, many rich jewels, and 40,000*l.* in money: besides Rochford, she had the manors of Smeton, Lee, Hawkswell Hall, and Radings. Her great estate of Rochford Hall had been granted by Edward IV. to his sister, the duchess of Exeter, and on her death to earl Rivers, the brother of queen Elizabeth Woodville. On the accession of Henry VII. it was restored to the heiress of the Butlers, its rightful possessors.

trious of the Norman noblesse. Sir Thomas Boleyn obtained for his wife, the lady Elizabeth Howard, the daughter of the renowned earl of Surrey, afterwards duke of Norfolk, by his first wife Margaret Tylney. This noble alliance brought sir Thomas Boleyn into close connexion with royalty, by the marriage of his wife's brother, the lord Thomas Howard with the lady Anne Plantagenet, sister to Henry VII.'s queen. He was appointed knight of the body at the commencement of Henry VIII.'s reign, and advanced to many other preferments, as will be seen hereafter. The lady Boleyn was one of the reigning beauties of the court of Katharine of Arragon, and took a leading part in all the masks and royal pageantry which marked the smiling commencement of the reign of Henry.

It was not till long after the grave had closed over Anne Boleyn that the malignant spirit of party attempted to fling an absurd scandal on her memory, by pretending that Anne Boleyn was the offspring of her amours with the king during the absence of sir Thomas Boleyn on an embassy to France.[1] But, independently of the fact that sir Thomas Boleyn was not ambassador to France till many years after the birth of all his children, Henry VIII. was a boy under the care of his tutors at the period of Anne's birth, even if that event took place in the year 1507, the date given by Camden. Lord Herbert, however, says expressly, that Anne Boleyn was twenty years old when she returned from France in 1521, so that she must have been born about 1501. She was the eldest daughter of sir Thomas Boleyn and the lady Elizabeth. Hever Castle, in Kent, Rochford Hall, in Essex, and Blickling Hall, in Norfolk, have each been named by historians and topographers as the birth-place of Anne Boleyn. The evidences are strongly in favour of Blickling Hall: the local tradition, that Anne Boleyn was born there, is so general that it pervades all classes in that neighbourhood, even to the peasantry. This is confirmed by Blomefield, the accurate historian of that county;[2] and also by that diligent antiquarian, sir Henry Spelman, in his Icena, in which we find the following passage: "To the left lies Blickling, once the seat of the Boleyns, from whence sprung Thomas Boleyn, earl of Wiltshire, and Anne Boleyn, the mother of the divine queen, Elizabeth. To Blickling was decreed the honour of Anne Boleyn's birth." As sir Henry Spelman was a Norfolk man, and the contemporary of queen Elizabeth, we think his testimony, borne out as it is by the opinion of the late noble owner of the domain,[3] is conclusive.

No fairer spot than Blickling is to be seen in the county of Norfolk. Those magnificent arcaded avenues of stately oaks and giant chestnut-trees, whose majestic vistas stretch across the velvet verdure of the widely extended park, reminding us, as we walk beneath their solemn shades, of green cathedral aisles, were in their meridian glory three hundred and forty years ago, when Anne Boleyn first saw the light in the adjacent mansion.

[1] Brookes' Succession.

[2] Blomefield's Hist. of Norfolk, vol. iii., folio, 2d edition.

[3] The earl of Buckinghamshire's letters: "Anne Boleyn was born here."

The room where she was born was shown, till that portion of the venerable abode of the Boleyns was demolished to make way for modern improvements. Some relics of the ancient edifice have been evidently united to the new building, and the servants were formerly in fear of a domestic spectre, whom they called "Old Bullen." One room called "Old Bullen's study" was shut up, on account of the supernatural terrors of the household. There are statues of Anne Boleyn and queen Elizabeth on the staircase, of wainscot, painted white. I saw them when very young, and was much impressed with the fashion of their robes, which are truly royal in amplitude and length. The head-dress of Anne Boleyn's statue is not the coif edged with pearls which bears her name, but is a small bangled hat. The full sleeves are confined to the arm, at regular distances, with strings of pearls.[1]

The first years of Anne Boleyn's life were spent at Blickling[2] with her sister Mary and her brother George, afterwards the unfortunate viscount Rochford. Thomas Wyatt, the celebrated poet, was, in all probability, her playfellow, for his father sir Henry Wyatt was her father's coadjutor in the government of Norwich Castle, and when the Boleyns removed to Hever Castle, in Kent, the Wyatts were still their neighbours, residing at Allington in the same county.

The first misfortune that befell Anne was the death of her mother lady Boleyn, who died in the year 1512, of puerperal fever.[3] She was interred in the splendid chapel and mausoleum of her own illustrious kindred, the Howards, at Lambeth.[4] Sir Thomas Boleyn married again, at what period of his life we have no record, but it is certain that Anne's stepmother was a Norfolk woman of humble origin, and it has been observed that queen Elizabeth was connected, in consequence of this second marriage of her grandfather, with numerous families in Norfolk of a mean station in that county.[5]

After the death of lady Boleyn, Anne resided at Hever Castle, under the superintendence of a French governess, called Simonette, and other instructors, by whom she was very carefully educated, and acquired an

[1] This sleeve is called "the mode of Francis I.;" indeed his portrait by Titian has this peculiar style of sleeve, which pretty well marks the era when the statue was carved.

[2] After the death of Anne Boleyn's father, Blickling fell into the possession of the infamous lady Rochford, on whom it had possibly been settled as dower. When lady Rochford was committed to the Tower with queen Katharine Howard, Henry VIII. sent his sharks to pillage Blickling. We wonder they spared the statue of Anne Boleyn. After lady Rochford's execution, Blickling was granted to sir Francis Boleyn, a kinsman of the family. If Mary Boleyn had had any peculiar claims on Henry's remembrance, it is scarcely probable that she and her children would have been thus wrongfully deprived of their patrimony.

[3] Howard Memorials, by Mr. Howard of Corby.

[4] The chapel at Lambeth church, from which all traces of magnificence were removed in the revolution of 1640.

[5] Thoms' Traditions, Camden Society. The fact that the lady Boleyn, so prominent in history, who is evidently the person on whom scandal glances as the mistress of Henry VIII., was *not* Anne Boleyn's mother, throws a new light on the history of the court. It ought to be noted how completely Mr. Thoms' Norfolk MSS. and the Howard Memorials agree on this point.

early proficiency in music, needle-work, and many other accomplishments. While her father was at court or elsewhere, Anne constantly corresponded with him. Her letters were fairly written by her own hand, both in her own language and in French.

These acquirements, which were rare indeed among ladies, in the early part of Henry VIII.'s reign, rendered Anne a desirable *suivante* to the princess Mary Tudor, Henry's youngest sister, when she was affianced to Louis XII. of France, in September 1514. This also makes it certain that Anne was double the age stated by her biographers, for it is neither likely that a child of seven years old would have acquired the knowledge which Anne possessed at that time, or that an appointment would have been sought, much less obtained, for her in the *suite* of the departing princess. Certainly both nurse and governess would have been required for a maid of honour under ten years old. The letter written by Anne to her father in French, on the joyful news that she was to come to court to receive the honour of presentation to queen Katharine, pretty well decides the point of her age, for it expresses the feelings of a young lady in her teens on the contemplation of such an event, and not those of a little child.

"Sir,

"I find by your letter that you wish me to appear at court, in a manner becoming a respectable female, and likewise, that the queen will condescend to enter into conversation with me; at this I rejoice, as I do to think that conversing with so sensible and elegant a princess will make me even more desirous of continuing to speak and to write good French; the more as it is by your earnest advice, which (I acquaint you by this present writing) I shall follow to the best of my ability. Sir, I entreat you to excuse me if this letter is badly written; I can assure you the spelling proceeds entirely from my own head, while the other letters were the work of my hands alone; and Semmonet tells me she has left the letter to be composed by myself, that nobody else may know what I am writing to you. I therefore pray you not to suffer your superior knowledge to conquer the inclination which (you say) you have to advance me; for it seems to me you are certain . . . . . where if you please you may fulfil your promise. As to myself, rest assured that I shall not ungratefully look upon this fatherly office, as one that might be dispensed with; nor will it tend to diminish the affection you are in quest of, resolved, as I am, to lead as holy a life as you may please to desire of me; indeed my love for you is founded on so firm a basis that it can never be impaired. I put an end to this my lucubration after having very humbly craved your good-will and affection. Written at Hever, by

"Your very humble and obedient daughter,

"ANNA DE BOULLAN."[1]

This letter is without date, but is undoubtedly written just before Anne's appointment as maid of honour to the royal bride, of which, from the sentence in which the hiatus occurs, it should seem she had received a hint. It is impossible to believe that such a letter was ever written by an infant of seven years old unassisted by her governess The ideas are those of a young woman acquainted with the world: they could not have emanated from a little child.

[1] The above translation of the original French letter preserved among archbishop Parker's MSS., Coll. Corp. Christi Cantabr., is from the invaluable collection of royal letters edited by sir Henry Ellis. 2d series, vol. ii.

Anne Boleyn is named in the list of the English retinue of Mary queen of France, as her fourth maid of honour. Her coadjutors in this office were the granddaughters of Elizabeth Woodville, lady Anne Gray, and Elizabeth Gray, sisters to the marquis of Dorset. They were cousins to king Henry. The other was the youngest daughter of lord Dacre. The document in which they are named is preserved in the Cottonian Library, and is signed by Louis XII. Four was the smallest number of maids of honour that could have been appointed for a queen of France, and assuredly a child of seven years old would scarcely have been included among them, especially at a time when the etiquettes of royal ceremonials were so much more rigidly observed than at present. There can be no doubt that mademoiselle de Boleyn, as she is called in that catalogue, was of full age to take a part in all the pageantry and processions connected with the royal bridal, and to perform the duties pertaining to her office, which could not have been the case had she been under fourteen years of age.

The fair young Boleyn, as one of the maids of honour to the princess Mary, had, of course, a place assigned to her near the person of the royal bride, at the grand ceremonial of the espousal of that princess to Louis XII. of France, which was solemnised August 13, 1514, in the church of the Grey Friars, Greenwich, the duke of Longueville acting as the proxy of his sovereign.[1] In September, Anne attended her new mistress to Dover, who was accompanied by the king and queen and all the court. At Dover they tarried a whole month on account of the tempestuous winds, which did great damage on that coast, causing the wrecks of several gallant ships with awful loss of lives. It was not till the 2d of October that the weather was sufficiently calm to admit of the embarkation of the royal train.[2] Anne, and the rest of the noble attendants of queen Mary, who were all lodged in Dover Castle, were roused up to accompany their royal mistress to the beach, long before the dawn on the morning of that day. King Henry conducted his best loved sister to the sea-side and there kissed her, and committed her to the care of God, the fortune of the sea, and the governance of the French king her husband.[3]

Mary and her retinue embarked at four o'clock in the morning. Her young maid of honour, Anne Boleyn, though bidding adieu to her native land, was encouraged by the presence of her father, sir Thomas Boleyn, her grandfather, the duke of Norfolk, and her uncle, the earl of Surrey, who were associated in the honour of delivering the princess to the king of France.[4] Great perils were encountered on the voyage, for a tempestuous hurricane presently rose and scattered the fleet. The ship in which Anne sailed with her royal mistress was separated from the con-

[1] Lingard. [2] Hall. [3] Ibid.

[4] Anne must have had her pay appointed as maid of honour to the royal bride, for all the noble personages in Mary's retinue were paid for their attendance.

"They had each xx days wages in hand: first, the duke of Norfolk, my lady his wyff, the countess of Oxenford, and the lord Edmond Howard, with a hundred horses, at 5*l.* for the day, for twenty days = 100*l.*"—Lelandi Collectanea, p. 702.

voy, and was in imminent danger for some hours; and when at last she made the harbour of Boulogne, the master drove her aground in the mouth of the haven. Fortunately, the boats were in readiness, and the terrified ladies were safely conveyed to the shore. Wet and exhausted as the fair voyagers were they were compelled to rally their spirits the instant they landed, in order to receive, with the best grace their forlorn condition would permit, the compliments of a distinguished company of French princes, prelates, nobles, knights, and gentlemen, who were waiting on the strand to offer their homage to their beautiful young queen.[1] To say nothing of the inconvenience, it must have been mortifying enough to Mary and her ladies to make their first appearance before the gallants of the court of France in the plight of a water goddess and her attendant Nereids. Thus was the future queen of England, Anne Boleyn, initiated into some of the pains and penalties of grandeur, to which she served her early apprenticeship in the court of the graceful princess whom she was in after days to call sister.

The fair travellers were conducted with solemn pomp to the town of Boulogne, where they obtained needful rest and refreshment, with the liberty of changing their wet garments. Anne proceeded with her royal mistress, and the rest of the train, by easy journeys, till within four miles of Abbeville, when the bride and all her ladies, clad in glittering robes, mounted white palfreys, forming an equestrian procession of seven-and-thirty. Queen Mary's palfrey was trapped with cloth of gold. Her ladies were dressed in crimson velvet, a costume that must have been peculiarly becoming to the sparkling black eyes and warm brunette complexion of the youthful maid of honour.

A series of splendid pageants graced the public entrance of queen Mary and her ladies into Abbeville. On the following Monday, being St. Dennis's day, Anne Boleyn was an assistant at the nuptials of her royal mistress with the king of France, which were solemnised with great pomp in the church of Abbeville. After the mass was done, there was a sumptuous banquet, at which the queen's English ladies were feasted, and received especial marks of respect. But the next day, October 10th, the scene changed, and, to the consternation and sorrow of the young queen, and the lively indignation of her followers, all her attendants, male and female, including her nurse, whom she called her mother Guildford, were dismissed by the king her husband, and ordered to return home. Anne Boleyn, and two other ladies, were the only exceptions to this sweeping sentence.[2] She, therefore, witnessed all the pageants that were given in honour of the royal nuptials, and took a part in the fêtes. Her skill in the French language was doubtless the reason of her detention, and in this she must have been very serviceable to her royal mistress, who, but for her company, would have been left a forlorn stranger in her own court. It has been stated by a French biographer, from the authority of records of contemporary date, that when sir Thomas Boleyn returned to England, he placed his daughter, whose education he did not consider complete, in a seminary, probably a con-

[1] Hall.

[2] Lingard, Benger, Thompson, Herbert.

vent, in the village of Brie, a few miles from Paris, under the especial care of his friend and kinsman Du Moulin, lord of Brie and Fontenaye.[1]

Whether Anne remained with her royal mistress till the death of Louis XII. broke the fetter which had bound the reluctant princess to a joyless home, and left her free to return to England as the happy wife of the man of her heart, or the previous jealousy of the French court against Mary's English attendants extended at last to her young maid of honour, and caused her removal to Brie, cannot be ascertained. It is, however, certain that she did not return to England with queen Mary, but entered the service of the consort of Francis I., queen Claude, the daughter of the deceased king, Louis XII. This princess, who was a truly amiable and excellent woman, endeavoured to revive all the moral restraints and correct demeanour of the court of her mother, Anne of Bretagne, so that Anne Boleyn's natural inclination for levity and coquetry received no encouragement while under her *surveillance*. Queen Claude was always surrounded by a number of young ladies, who walked in procession with her to mass, and formed part of her state whenever she appeared in public. In private she directed their labours at the loom, or embroidery-frame, and endeavoured, by every means in her power, to give a virtuous and devotional bias to their thoughts and conversations. The society of gentlemen was prohibited to these maidens.[2] How the rules and regulations enacted by this sober-minded queen for discreet demoiselles suited the lively genius of her volatile English maid of honour, we leave our readers to judge, after they have perused the following description, which the viscount Chateaubriant, one of the courtiers of Francis I., has left of the personal characteristics of the fair Boleyn:—

"She possessed a great talent for poetry, and when she sung, like a second Orpheus, she would have made bears and wolves attentive. She likewise danced the English dances, leaping and jumping with infinite grace and agility. Moreover, she invented many new figures and steps, which are yet known by her name, or by those of the gallant partners with whom she danced them. She was well skilled in all games fashionable at courts. Besides singing like a syren, accompanying herself on the lute, she harped better than king David, and handled cleverly both *flute* and *rebec*.[3] She dressed with marvellous taste, and devised new modes, which were followed by the fairest ladies of the French court, but none wore them with her gracefulness, in which she rivalled Venus."[4]

[1] The abbé Libouf, who mentions this circumstance, considers that the French progenitor of the Boleyns formerly emanated from this very village, as Brodeart, in his Life of Du Moulin, proves, by an ancient document, which he quotes, that Gualtier de Boleyn, the ancestor of Anne, was a vassal kinsman to the lord of Brie in 1344. That Anne Boleyn received much kindness from the lord of Brie and his family is also inferred by this gentleman, from the manner in which her daughter, queen Elizabeth, urged the French ambassador to bring the murderers of the wife of one of the family to justice. [2] Brantome.

[3] In the original extract, "*elle manoit fort gentilment fluste et rebec.*" The rebec was a little violin, with three strings.

[4] This extract is made from the manuscript of the count, by M. Jacob, the

Our modern taste could dispense with her skill on the flute and fiddle, and likewise with her agile leaps and jumps in the dance, but every age varies in its appreciation of accomplishments. Of the poetical talents hinted at by count de Chateaubriant, nothing has been hitherto mentioned by her English biographers; we shall, however, be able to give some specimens of her verses. Like musical talent, poetical genius is often manifested in persons of the same descent, and Anne Boleyn was cousin-german to the first English poet of her day, the celebrated earl of Surrey, and her brother, George Boleyn, was a lyrist of no little fame in the gallant court of Henry VIII. Several of his poems are published with those by sir Thomas Wyatt, her lover and faithful friend.

The French chroniclers have preserved a description of the costume Anne Boleyn wore at the court of Francis I. She had a bourrelet or cape of blue velvet, trimmed with points; at the end of each hung a little bell of gold. She wore a vest of blue velvet starred with silver, and a surcoat of watered silk lined with miniver, with large hanging sleeves which hid her hands from the curiosity of the courtiers; her little feet were covered with blue velvet brodequins, the insteps were adorned each with a diamond star. On her head she wore a golden-coloured aureole of some kind of plaited gauze, and her hair fell in ringlets. This is not the attire in which her portraits are familiar to the English, but it was the dress of her youth. If we may believe Sanders, Blackwood, and, indeed, many of the French historians, Anne Boleyn did not pass through the ordeal of the gay court of Francis I. without scandal. Francis himself has been particularly named in connexion with these aspersions, if such they were; but as nothing like fact has been stated in confirmation of such reports, we are bound to believe her innocent of any thing beyond levity of manner. Even in the present age it may be observed that ladies who aim at becoming the leaders of the *beau monde* not unfrequently acquire that species of undesirable notoriety which causes them to be regarded as *blazé*. It is possible that Anne Boleyn might be so considered by the more sedate ladies in the service of queen Claude.

Anne Boleyn is not mentioned as one of the company at the Field of the Cloth of Gold, yet it is almost certain that she was present in the train of her royal mistress, queen Claude. Her father, her stepmother, her uncle, sir Edward Boleyn, and his wife, the heiress of sir John Tempest, and all her noble kindred of the Howard line, were there; so that we may reasonably conclude that she graced that splendid *reunion* of all that was gay, gallant, and beautiful, in the assembled courts of France and England. Our limits will not permit us to enter into the details of that last gorgeous page in the annals of chivalry. Records of darker hue and deeper interest are before us than those of the royal pageantry in the plain of Ardres, where, if Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn looked upon each other, it was not as lovers. His fancy, we can scarcely venture to say his heart, was at that time occupied with her younger

learned octogenarian bibliopole of Paris. He says that the unedited memoirs of the count de Chateaubriant are "*trop hardis pour voir le jour.*"

sister, Mary Boleyn, and Anne would naturally aim her brilliant glances at the young and noble bachelors, among whom she might reasonably expect to find a fitting mate.

At what period Anne Boleyn exchanged the service of the good queen Claude for the more lively household of that royal *belle esprit*, Margaret, duchess of Alençon, and afterwards queen of Navarre, the sister of Francis I., is not exactly known. Her return to England, according to the most authentic accounts, took place in the year 1522. Some historians of modern date have supposed that she remained in France till 1527, but this is decidedly an error, as we shall very soon prove from incontrovertible evidence.[1] Lord Herbert, who gives the first date, assures us that he has examined very carefully many manuscripts and records, both French and English, on this subject, and, as he gives a very favourable view of Anne Boleyn's character, there is no reason why he should have misrepresented a point of some consequence in her life. We give the noble historian's sketch of Anne at this period, transcribed, as he tells us, from the then unpublished manuscripts of George Cavendish, gentleman-usher to cardinal Wolsey :—

"This gentlewoman being descended on the father's side from one of the heirs of the earl of Ormond, and on the mother's from the house of Norfolk, was from her childhood of that singular beauty and towardness that her parents took all possible care for her good education. Therefore, besides all the usual branches of virtuous instruction, they gave her teachers in playing on musical instruments, singing, and dancing, insomuch that, when she composed her hands to play and her voice to sing, it was joined with that sweetness of countenance that three harmonies concurred; likewise, when she danced, her rare proportions varied themselves into all the graces that belong either to rest or motion. Briefly, it seems that the most attractive perfections were evident in her. Yet did not our king love her at first sight, nor before she had lived some time in France, whither, in the train of the queen of France, and in company of a sister of the marquis of Dorset, she went A.D. 1514. After the death of Louis XII. she did not return with the dowager, but was received into a place of much honour with the other queen, and then with the duchess of Alençon, where she staid till some difference grew betwixt our king and Francis; therefore, as saith Du Tillet, and our records, 'about the time when our students at Paris were remanded, she, likewise, left Paris, her parents not thinking fit for her to stay any longer.'"[2] In confirmation of this statement, Fiddes also informs us that Francis I. complained to the English ambassador, "that the English scholars and the daughter of sir Thomas Boleyn had returned home."[3] When a disputed matter happens to be linked with a public event, there can be no real difficulty in fixing the date, at least not to those historians who, instead of following the assertions of others, refer to the fountain-heads of history.

[1] From Du Tillet, Fiddes, Herbert, State Papers, Lingard, Duplex, Tindal's notes on Rapin.

[2] Lord Herbert's Henry VII.; in White Kennet, vol. ii. fol. 122.

[3] Fiddes' Wolsey, 268.

There was another cause which may be considered a family reason for Anne's return to England in that year; this was the dispute between sir Thomas Boleyn and the male heirs of the Butlers for the inheritance of the last earl of Wiltshire, Anne's great-grandfather, which had proceeded to such a height, that the earl of Surrey suggested to the king that the best way of composing their differences would be, by a matrimonial alliance between a daughter of sir Thomas Boleyn and the heir of his opponent, sir Piers Butler.[1] Henry agreed, and directed Wolsey to bring about the marriage. Mary Boleyn had been married to William Carey nine months before Wolsey received this interesting commission in November 1521; therefore Anne was recalled from France for the purpose of being made the bond of peace between her father and their rival kinsman, Piers the Red.[2]

With so many graces of person and manners as were possessed by the lovely Boleyn, it is remarkable that she had not previously disposed of both hand and heart to some noble cavalier in the gay and gallant court of France; but she appears to have been free from every sort of engagement when she returned to England. She was then, lord Herbert tells us, about twenty years of age, but according to the French historians, Rastal, a contemporary, and Leti (who all affirm that she was fifteen when she entered the service of Mary Tudor queen of France), she must have been two years older. The first time Henry saw her after her return to England was in her father's garden at Hever, where it is said he encountered her by accident, and admiring her beauty and graceful demeanour, he entered into conversation with her, when he was so much charmed with her sprightly wit, that on his return to Westminster he told Wolsey, "that he had been discoursing with a young lady who had the wit of an angel, and was worthy of a crown." "It is sufficient if your majesty finds her worthy of your love," was the shrewd rejoinder. Henry said "that he feared she would never condescend in that way." "Great princes," observed Wolsey, "if they choose to play the lover, have that in their power which would mollify a heart of steel." Our author avers "that Wolsey, having a desire to get all the power of state into his own hands, would have been glad to see the king engrossed in the intoxication of a love affair, and that he was the first person who suggested Anne Boleyn's appointment as maid of honour to the queen."[3]

"There was at this time presented to the eye of the court," says the poet Wyatt, "the rare and admirable beauty of the fresh and young lady Anne Boleyn, to be attending upon the queen. In this noble *imp*, the graces of nature, adorned by gracious education, seemed even at the first to have promised bliss unto her in after times. She was taken at that time to have a beauty, not so *whitely*, clear, and fresh, but above all we may esteem, which appeared much more excellent by her favour, passing sweet and cheerful, and was enhanced by her noble presence of shape and fashion, representing both mildness and majesty, more than can be expressed." Wyatt is rapturous in his commendations of her

[1] State Papers, published by Government, ii. 57.
[2] Lingard, Hist. England, vol. vi. p. 172.
[3] Leti.

musical skill, and the exquisite sweetness of her voice, both in singing and in speaking. In the true spirit of a lover, the courtly poet, when he mentions the malformation of the little finger of the left hand, on which there was a double nail, with something like an indication of a sixth finger, says, "but that which in others might have been regarded as a defect was to her an occasion of additional grace, by the skilful manner in which she concealed it from observation." On this account Anne always wore the hanging sleeves, previously mentioned by Chateaubriant, as her peculiar fashion when in France. This mode, which was introduced by her into the court of Katharine of Arragon, was eagerly copied by the other ladies. Her taste and skill in dress are mentioned even by Sanders, who tells us "she was unrivalled in the gracefulness of her attire, and the fertility of her invention in devising new patterns, which were imitated by all the court belles, by whom she was regarded as the glass of fashion." The same author gives us the following description of her person from a contemporary, not quite so enthusiastic in his ideas of her personal charms as her admirer the poetical Wyatt.

"Anne Boleyn was in stature rather tall and slender, with an oval face, black hair, and a complexion inclining to sallow; one of her upper teeth projected a little. She appeared at times to suffer from asthma. On her left hand a sixth finger might be perceived. On her throat there was a protuberance, which Chateaubriant describes as a disagreeably large mole, resembling a strawberry; this she carefully covered with an ornamented collar-band, a fashion which was blindly imitated by the rest of the maids of honour, though they had never before thought of wearing any thing of the kind. Her face and figure were in other respects symmetrical," continues Sanders; "beauty and sprightliness sat on her lips; in readiness of repartee, skill in the dance, and in playing on the lute, she was unsurpassed."

Having thus placed before our readers the testimony of friend and foe, as to the charms and accomplishments of the fair Boleyn, we will proceed to describe the allowance and rules that were observed with regard to the table of the ladies in the household of queen Katharine, to which Anne was now attached.

Each maid of honour was allowed a woman servant and a spaniel as her attendants; the *bouche* of court afforded ample sustenance not only to the lady herself but her retainers, both biped and quadruped, were their appetites ever so voracious. A chine of beef, a manchet, and a *chet* loaf, offered a plentiful breakfast for the three; to these viands was added a gallon of ale, which could only be discussed by two of the party. The brewer was enjoined to put neither hops nor brimstone into their ale, the first being deemed as horrible an adulteration as the last. The maids of honour, like officers in the army and navy at the present day, dined at mess, a circumstance which shows how very ancient that familiar term is. To the honour of the ladies we have nothing to record of their squabbles at mess. "Seven messes of ladies dined at the same table in the great chamber. Manchets, beef, mutton, ale, and wine were served to them in abundance, to which were added hens, pigeons, and

rabbits. On fast days their mess was supplied with salt salmon, salted eels, whitings, gurnet, plaice, and flounders. Such of the ladies as were peers' daughters had stabling allowed them."[1]

There was a striking resemblance between Anne Boleyn and her sister Mary, the previous object of Henry's attention; but Mary was the fairest, the most delicately featured, and the most feminine of the two. In Anne, the more powerful charms of genius, wit, and fascination, triumphed over every defect which prevented her from being considered a perfect beauty, and rendered her the leading star of the English court. Yet it was her likeness to her sister which perhaps, in the first instance, constituted her chief attraction with the king, who soon became secretly enamoured of her, though he concealed the state of his mind.

As for the fair Boleyn herself, at the very time when most surrounded with admirers, she appears to have been least sensible to the pride of conquest, having engaged herself in a romantic love affair with Henry lord Percy, the eldest son of the earl of Northumberland, regardless of the family arrangement by which she was pledged to become the wife of the heir of sir Piers Butler. Percy, like herself, had been destined, by paternal policy, to a matrimonial engagement wherein affection had no share. He had exhibited great reluctance to fulfil the contract, into which his father had entered for him in his boyhood with the daughter of the earl of Shrewsbury,[2] and it was still unratified on his part when he appeared at court as an *élève* of cardinal Wolsey. The office which Percy filled about the person of the minister required that he should attend him to the palace daily, which he did, and while his patron was closeted with the king, or engaged at the council board, he was accustomed to resort to the queen's antechamber, where he passed the time in dalliance with the maids of honour. At last he singled out mistress Anne as the object of his exclusive attention, and, from their frequent meetings, such love was nourished between them that a promise of marriage was exchanged, and, reckless alike of the previous engagements which had been made for them in other quarters by their parents, they became what was then called troth-plight, or insured to each other.[3]

Percy, like a true lover, gloried in his passion, and made no secret of his engagement, which was at length whispered to the king by some envious busybody, who had, probably, observed that Henry was not insensible to the charms of Anne Boleyn. The pangs of jealousy occasioned by this intelligence, it is said, first awakened the monarch to the state of his own feelings towards his fair subject,[4] in whose conversation

[1] Household Books of Henry VIII.

[2] Lodge's Illustrations, vol. i. pp. 20, 21. In a letter to the earl of Shrewsbury from his priest, Thomas Allen, concerning the contract between the earl of Northumberland and the earl of Shrewsbury for their children, Thomas Allen says, "The question hath been asked of my lord of Northumberland of the marriage of his son; he hath answered, 'I have concluded with my lord Shrewsbury.' He hath been desired to bring lord Percy to court. He answered, 'when he is better learned, and well acquainted with his wife, shortly after he shall come to court.'" Such was the intelligence written to the earl of Shrewsbury by his family priest so early as May 24, 1516.

[3] *Cavendish*; Nott's Life of Surrey.

[4] Cavendish; Herbert; Tytler.

he had always taken the liveliest pleasure, without being himself aware that he regarded her with emotions inconsistent with his duty as a married man.

As for the young lady herself, she appears to have been wholly unconscious of the impression she had made on her sovereign's heart. In fact, as her whole thoughts were employed in securing a far more desirable object, namely, her marriage with the heir of the illustrious and wealthy house of Percy, it is scarcely probable that she would incur the risk of alarming her honourable lover by coquetries with the king. Under these circumstances, we think Anne Boleyn must be acquitted of having purposely attracted the attention of Henry in the first instance. On the contrary, she must, at this peculiar crisis, have regarded his passion as the greatest misfortune that could have befallen her, as it was the means of preventing her marriage with the only man whom we have the slightest reason to believe she ever loved.

If Anne, however, regarded the king with indifference, his feelings towards her were such that he could not brook the thought of seeing her the wife of another, though aware that it was not in his power to marry her himself.[1] With the characteristic selfishness of his nature, he determined to separate the lovers. Accordingly he sent for Wolsey, and, expressing himself very angrily on the subject of the contract into which Anne Boleyn and Percy had entered, charged him to take prompt steps for dissolving their engagement.[2] It is probable that Henry made the infringement of the arrangement previously sanctioned by him, for the marriage of Anne with the son of sir Piers Butler, the pretext for the extraordinary displeasure he manifested on this occasion.

The cardinal, in great perplexity, returned to his house at Westminster, and sending for lord Percy, there, before several of his servants, he rudely addressed him in these words:[3] "I marvel not a little at thy folly, that thou wouldst thus attempt to *assure* [contract] thyself with a foolish girl yonder in the court, Anne Bullen; dost thou not consider the estate that God hath called thee unto in this world? for, after thy father's death, thou art likely to inherit and enjoy one of the noblest earldoms in the kingdom, and therefore it had been most meet and convenient for thee to have had thy father's consent in this case, and to have acquainted the king's majesty therewith, requiring his princely favour, and in all such matters submitting thy proceedings unto his highness, who would not only thankfully have accepted thy submission, but I am assured would have so provided thy purpose, that he would have advanced thee much more nobly, and have matched thee according to thy degree and honour, and so by thy wise behaviour mightest have grown into his high favour, to thy great advancement. But now, see what you have done through your wilfulness; you have not only offended your father, but also your loving sovereign lord, and matched yourself with such a one as neither the king nor your father will consent to; and hereof I put thee out of doubt that I will send for thy

[1] Cavendish; Herbert; Tytler; Guthrie. [2] Cavendish's Wolsey; Herbert.
[3] The whole scene is in the words of Cavendish, who was present.

father, who, at his coming, shall either break this unadvised bargain, or else disinherit thee for ever. The king's majesty will also complain of thee to thy father, and require no less than I have said, because he intended to prefer Anne Bullen to another, wherein the king had already *travailed* [taken trouble], and being almost at a point with one for her (though she knew it not), yet hath the king, like a politic prince, conveyed the matter in such sort that she will be, I doubt not, upon his grace's mention, glad and agreeable to the same." "Sir" (quoth the lord Percy weeping), "I knew not the king's pleasure, and am sorry for it. I considered I am of good years, and thought myself able to provide me a convenient wife as my fancy should please me, not doubting but that my lord and father would have been right well content; though she be but a simple maid, and a knight to her father, yet is she descended of right noble parentage, for her mother is high of the Norfolk blood, and her father descended of the earl of Ormond, being one of the earl's heirs-general; why then, sir, should I be any thing scrupulous to match with her, in regard of her estate and descent equal with mine, when I shall be in most dignity? Therefore I most humbly beseech your grace's favour therein, and also to entreat the king's majesty on my behalf, for his princely favour in this matter, which I cannot forsake."

"No, sirs" (quoth the cardinal to us), "ye may see what wisdom is in this wilful boy's head! I thought that, when thou heardest the king's pleasure and attention herein, thou wouldst have relented, and put thyself and thy voluptuous act wholly to the king's will and pleasure, and by him to have been ordered, as his grace should have thought good." "Sir" (quoth the lord Percy), "so I would, but in this matter I have gone so far before so many worthy witnesses, that I know not how to discharge myself and my conscience." "Why" (quoth the cardinal), "thinkest thou that the king and I know not what we have to do in as weighty matters as this? Yes, I warrant thee; but I see no submission in thee to that purpose." "Forsooth, my lord" (quoth lord Percy), "if it please your grace, I will submit myself wholly to the king and your grace in this matter. My conscience being discharged of a weighty burden thereof." "Well, then" (quoth my lord cardinal), "I will send for your father out of the north, and he and we shall take such order as—in the mean season I charge thee that thou resort no more into her company, as thou wilt abide the king's indignation." With these words[1] he rose up and went into his chamber. Nor was this unceremonious lecture the only mortification the unfortunate lover was doomed to receive. His father, the earl of Northumberland, a man in whose cold heart and narrow mind the extremes of pride and meanness met, came with all speed out of the north, having received a summons in the king's name; and, going first to Wolsey's house to inquire into the matter, was received by that proud statesman in his gallery, "where," says Cavendish, "they had a long and secret communication." Then (after priming himself for the business with a cup of the cardinal's wine) he

[1] Cavendish.

seated himself on a bench which stood at the end of the gallery for the use of the serving-men, and calling his son to him, he rated him in the following harsh words,[1] while Percy stood cap in hand before him.

"Son" (quoth he), "even as thou hast been, and always wert, a proud licentious, and unthinking waster, so hast thou now declared thyself; and therefore what joy, what comfort, or pleasure, or solace, shall I conceive of thee, that thus, without discretion, has misused thyself, having neither regard unto me, thy natural father, nor yet to the king, thy sovereign lord, to whom all honest and loyal subjects bear faithful obedience, nor to the weal of thy own estate, but hast unadvisedly assured thyself unto her, for whom the king is with thee highly displeased, whose displeasure is intolerable, for any subject to bear; but his grace, considering the lightness of thy head, and wilful qualities of thy person (his indignation were able to ruin me and my posterity utterly). Yet he (being my singular good lord and favourable prince), and also my lord cardinal, my good lord, hath and doth clearly excuse me in thy light act, and do lament thy folly, rather than malign me for the same, and hath devised an order to be taken for thee; to whom both I and you are more bound than we conceive of. I pray God, that this may be a sufficient admonition to thee, to use thyself more wisely hereafter, for assure thyself that, if thou dost not amend thy prodigality, thou wilt be the last earl of our house. For thy natural inclinations, thou art masterful and prodigal, to consume all that thy progenitors have, with great travail, gathered together. But I trust (I assure thee) so to order my succession that thou shalt consume thereof but little." Then telling Percy that he did not mean to make him his heir, having other boys whom he trusted would prove themselves wiser men, he threatened to choose the most promising of those for his successor. To crown all, he bade Wolsey's servants mark his words, and besought "them not to be sparing in telling his son of his faults; then bidding him 'Go his ways to his lord and master, and serve him diligently,' he departed to his barge."

The matter did not end here, for Percy was banished the court, and not only commanded to avoid mistress Anne's company, but compelled to fulfil in all haste the hitherto unratified contract, which his father had made for him in his boyhood with lady Mary Talbot, one of the earl of Shrewsbury's daughters.[2]

The date of the year in which this important episode in the life of Anne Boleyn occurred is stated by Herbert, with great accuracy, to be 1523, which is verified beyond a doubt by a letter from Anne's cousin, the earl of Surrey, "scribbled the 12th day of September, 1523," in which he says, "the marriage of my lord Percy shall be with my lord steward's (Shrewsbury's) daughter, whereof I am glad. The chief baron is with my lord of Northumberland to conclude the marriage."[3]

[1] Cavendish.

[2] Although Cavendish has not given the dates when these events occurred, he relates them in chronological order, with other matters, which verify the year as precisely as if he had noted it in figures.

[3] Quoted by Dr. Lingard, vol. vi. Hist. England, p. 112.

If Percy had possessed sufficient strength of mind to have remained constant to his engagement with the beautiful and beloved Anne Boleyn, he would have been soon at liberty to please himself, for the proud and worldly-minded earl, his father, died in less than three years after he had rendered him the most wretched of men, by forcing him into a heartless marriage. Percy was married to lady Mary Talbot at the close of the year 1523,[1] and succeeded to the earldom of Northumberland on the death of his father, 1526–7,[2] which dates afford incontrovertible evidence that Anne Boleyn returned to England, as stated by Fiddes and Herbert, in 1522, and not, as some other historians erroneously affirm, in 1527, when Percy had been married four years.

Anne Boleyn, whom Henry chose to punish for the preference she had manifested for young Percy, was discharged from queen Katharine's service, and dismissed to her father's house. "Whereat," says Cavendish, "mistress Anne was greatly displeased, promising that if ever it lay in her power she would be revenged on the cardinal, and yet he was not altogether to be blamed, as he acted by the king's command." Anne Boleyn having no idea of the real quarter whence the blow proceeded by which she was deprived of her lover, and the splendid prospect that had flattered her, naturally regarded the interference of Wolsey as a piece of gratuitous impertinence of his own, and in the bitterness of disappointed love nourished that vindictive spirit against him which no after-submissions could mollify.

Anne continued for a long time to brood over her wrongs and disappointed hopes in the stately solitude of Hever Castle, in Kent, where her father and stepmother then resided. There appears to have been little intercourse, after her father's second marriage, with her noble maternal kindred, as sir Thomas Boleyn's name is never mentioned in the Howard book among the visitors to the duke of Norfolk from the date of his first lady's death. There is reason to believe, that Anne was tenderly attached to her stepmother, and much beloved by her.

After a period sufficient to allow for the subsiding of ordinary feelings of displeasure had elapsed, the king paid an unexpected visit to Hever Castle. But Anne was either too indignant to offer her homage to the tyrant, whose royal caprice had deprived her of her affianced husband, or her father, having already felt the evil of having the reputation of one lovely daughter blighted by the attentions of the king, would not suffer her to appear, for she took to her chamber, under pretence of indisposition, on Henry's arrival at the castle, and never left it till after his departure.[3]

It was doubtless to propitiate the offended beauty that Henry, on the 18th of June, 1525, advanced her father, sir Thomas Boleyn, to the peerage, by the style and title of the viscount Rochford, one of the long-contested titles of the house of Ormond.[4] He also, with the evident intention of drawing the whole family to his court once more, bestowed

[1] Lingard; Archives of the House of Percy.
[2] Brook's Succession; Mille's Catalogue of Honour; Benger's Anne Boleyn.
[3] Benger's Life of Anne Boleyn. [4] Lingard.

on the newly created viscount the high office of treasurer of the royal household, and appointed William Carey, the husband of Mary Boleyn, a gentleman of the privy chamber. There is not, however, any trace of Anne Boleyn's appearance at court till the year 1527. Having been injuriously dismissed from the service of the queen, she appears to have manifested a persevering resentment, for the affront she had received, by refusing to return when she had reason to believe her presence was desired by the jealous tyrant who had prevented her marriage with Percy.

It is scarcely probable that Anne continued unconscious of the king's passion, when he followed up all the favours conferred on her family by presenting a costly offering of jewels to herself. But when Henry proceeded to avow his love, she recoiled from his lawless addresses with the natural abhorrence of a virtuous woman, and falling on her knees she made this reply:—[1]

"I think, most noble and worthy king, your majesty speaks these words in mirth, to prove me, without intent of degrading your princely self. Therefore, to ease you of the labour of asking me any such question hereafter, I beseech your highness, most earnestly, to desist and take this my answer (which I speak from the depth of my soul), in good part. Most noble king, I will rather lose my life than my virtue, which will be the greatest and best part of the dowry I shall bring my husband."

Henry having flattered himself that he had only to signify his preference, in order to receive the encouragement which is too often accorded to the suit of a royal lover:—

"Suit lightly made and short-lived pain,
For monarchs seldom sigh in vain,"

met this dignified repulse with the assurance, that "he should at least continue to hope."

"I understand not, most mighty king, how you should retain such hope," she proudly rejoined; "your wife I cannot be, both in respect of mine own unworthiness, and also because you have a queen already. Your mistress I will not be."[2]

Those historians who have consigned the name of Anne Boleyn to unmixed infamy have distorted this beautiful instance of lofty spirit and maidenly discretion into a proof of her subtilty, as if she had anticipated a like result to that which had followed the repulse given by Elizabeth Woodville to Edward IV. But the case was wholly different, as Edward was a bachelor, and Henry a married man; therefore Anne Boleyn very properly reminded Henry, that she could not be his wife, because he had a queen. This speech affords no intimation that her answer would have been favourable to his wishes, even if he had been free to offer her his hand. Keenly feeling, and deeply resenting, as she undoubtedly did, the loss of Percy, she was not of a temper to reward the royal libertine, for the wrong he had committed, in compelling her betrothed to break his contract with her, and to become the husband of another. There is

[1] MS., Sloane, 2495, p. 197.
[2] MS., Sloane, No. 2495; Tytler; Sharon Turner.

every reason to think with lord Herbert, that Anne "would rather have been Percy's countess than Henry's queen."

The manner in which she repelled the sovereign's addresses only added fuel to his flame, and next he assailed the reluctant beauty with a series of love-letters of the most passionate character. The originals of these letters are still preserved in the Vatican, having been stolen from the royal cabinet and conveyed thither. Burnet was prepared to consider them as forgeries, but, says he, "directly I saw them, I was too well acquainted with Henry's hand to doubt their authenticity."[1] In the absence of all dates, the arrangement of these letters becomes matter of opinion, and we are disposed to think the following was written soon after the circumstances to which we have just alluded, containing, as it does, an earnest expostulation from Henry against her continued refusal to appear at his court.

"To my Mistress.

"As the time seems very long since I heard from you, or concerning your health, the great love I have for you has constrained me to send this bearer, to be better informed both of your health and pleasure, particularly because, since my last parting with you, I have been told, that you have entirely changed the mind in which I left you, and that you neither mean to come to court with your mother, nor any other way; which report, if true, I cannot enough marvel at, being persuaded in my own mind that I have never committed any offence against you; and it seems hard, in return for the great love I bear you, to be kept at a distance from the person and presence of the woman in the world that I value the most; and if you love me with as much affection as I hope you do, I am sure the distance of our two persons would be equally irksome to you, though this does not belong so much to the mistress as to the servant.

"Consider well, my mistress, how greatly your absence afflicts me. I hope it is not your will that it should be so; but if I heard for certain that you yourself desired it, I could but mourn my ill fortune, and strive by degrees to abate of my folly.

"And so for lack of time I make an end of this rude letter, beseeching you to give the bearer credence, in all he will tell you from me. Written by the hand of your entire Servant,

"H. R."

The relative terms of mistress and servant, which the king uses so frequently in this correspondence, belonged to the gallantry of the chivalric ages, and were not yet obsolete.

That some replies were made by Anne to the royal love-letters is evident, but that they were of a most unsatisfactory nature to Henry we perceive from the letter which follows. It evidently occurs very early in the correspondence:—

"By revolving in my mind the contents of your last letters, I have put myself into great agony, not knowing how to interpret them, whether to my disadvantage (as I understand some others) or not. I beseech you earnestly to let me know your real mind, as to the love between us two. It is needful for me to obtain this answer of you, having been for a whole year wounded with the dart of love, and not yet assured, whether I shall succeed in finding a place in your heart and affection. This uncertainty has hindered me of late from declaring

[1] They are chiefly in old French. We have seen a faithful transcript from the original MS. in the collection of Sir Thomas Phillipps, Bart., of Middle Hill.

you my mistress, lest it should prove, that you only entertain for me an ordinary regard. But if you please to do the duty of a true and loyal mistress, and to give up yourself heart and person to me, who will be, as I have been, your most loyal servant (if your rigour does not forbid me), I promise you that not only the name shall be given you, but also that I will take you for my mistress, casting off all others that are in competition with you, out of my thoughts and affections, and serving you only. I beg you to give an entire answer to this my rude letter, that I may know on what and how far I may depend. But if it does not please you to answer me in writing, let me know some place where I may have it by word of mouth, and I will go thither with all my heart.

"No more for fear of tiring you. Written by the hand of him who would willingly remain yours.

"H. Rex."

Notwithstanding all these submissions on the part of her royal lover, it is certain that Anne Boleyn did not reappear in the court till some time in 1527. Burnet suggests the possibility of her having returned to France in the interim, and that she came back to England with her father, when he was recalled from his embassy, in 1527,[1] when, as Stowe says, he brought with him the portrait of Margaret, the widowed duchess of Alençon, Anne's royal patroness and friend, for Henry's consideration. We have no doubt but this conjecture will one day be verified, by the increasing activity of modern research among contemporary records and letters. Burnet, after adverting to Cavendish's account of Anne Boleyn's engagement with Percy, as the only satisfactory guide for fixing the real period of her first appearance at court, concludes with this observation: "Had that writer told us in what year this was done, it had given a great light to direct us." That light is now fully supplied by the date of the earl of Surrey's letter, which we have previously quoted,[2] touching the marriage of the unfortunate Percy to the lady for whom he was compelled to relinquish his beloved Anne Boleyn. We may, therefore, fairly come to the conclusion that Anne entered the service of Margaret, duchess of Alençon, at the beginning of the year 1526, when the French court had re-assembled, with renewed splendour, to rejoice in the restoration of its chivalric sovereign, Francis I., and that she returned to England with her father, as surmised by Burnet, when he was recalled from a diplomatic mission, early in 1527.

After an absence of four years, Anne Boleyn resumed her place in the palace of queen Katharine, in compliance, it is supposed, with her father's commands, and received the homage of her enamoured sovereign in a less repulsive manner than she had done while her heart was freshly bleeding for the loss of the man whom she had passionately desired to marry. If her regrets were softened by the influence of time and absence, it is certain that her resentment continued in full force against Wolsey, for his conduct with regard to Percy; and the anger she dared not openly manifest against the king was treasured up, against a day of vengeance, to be visited on the instrument whom he had employed in that business. "She having," says Cavendish, "always a prime grudge against my lord cardinal, for breaking the contract between her and

[1] Burnet's Hist. Reformation, vol. i. p. 43.

[2] See Lingard's Hist. England, vol. vi. note to page 112.

lord Percy, supposing it to be his own device, and no other's." And she at last, knowing the king's pleasure and the depth of his secrets, then began to look very haughty and stout, lacking no manner of rich apparel or jewels that money could purchase."

Henry's passion for Anne and her ill-will to his favourite minister were soon apparent to the magnates of the court, who, disgusted with the pride and despotic conduct of the latter, eagerly availed themselves of her influence to accomplish his fall. Wolsey, perceiving the danger that threatened him, exerted all his arts of pleasing to conciliate the offended beauty, and prepared many feasts and masques to entertain her and the king at his own house. This induced her to treat him with feigned civility, but the hatred that a vindictive person dissembles is always far more perilous than the open violence of a declared foe.

The question of Henry's divorce from Katharine was now mysteriously agitated under the name of "the king's secret matter," and Wolsey, far from suspecting the real object for which the king was desirous of ridding himself of his consort, became the blind instrument of opening the path for the elevation of his fair enemy to a throne.

The intrigues which prefaced the public proceedings for the divorce have been related in the life of Katharine of Arragon. A splendid farewell fête was given to the French ambassadors at Greenwich, May 5th, 1527, and at the mask, with which the midnight ball concluded, the king gave a public mark of his preference for Anne Boleyn by selecting her for his partner.[1]

Soon after the passion of Henry became obvious even to the queen, and occasioned her to upbraid him with his perfidy; but it does not appear that she condescended to discuss the matter with Anne. Wolsey's appointment to the embassy to France is stated by Cavendish to have been contrived by the intrigues of Anne Boleyn, at the instigation of his enemies, who were desirous of getting him out of England. During the absence of Wolsey, the influence of Anne increased beyond measure, and the "king's secret matter" ceased to be a mystery to those who did not shut their eyes to the signs of the times. Wolsey, indeed, had suffered himself to be so completely duped by Henry's diplomatic feints as to have committed himself at the French court by entering into negotiations for uniting his master to Rénée of France, the sister of the deceased queen Claude.

Meantime a treatise on the unlawfulness of his present marriage was compounded by the king and some of his favourite divines. How painfully and laboriously the royal theologian toiled in this literary labyrinth is evidenced by a letter written by himself to the fair lady whose bright eyes had afflicted him with such unwonted qualms of conscience, that he had been fain to add the pains and penalties of authorship to the cares of government for her sake. This curious letter must have been written in the summer of 1527, during one of those temporary absences with which Anne Boleyn seems occasionally to have tantalized him:—

[1] MSS. de Brienne, folio 80.

"Mine own Sweet Heart,

"This shall be to advertise you of the great loneness that I find since your departing, for, I assure you, me-thinketh the time longer since your departing now last than I was wont to do a whole fortnight. I think your kindness and my fervency of love causeth it, for otherwise I would not have thought it possible, that for so little a while it should have grieved me. But now that I am coming towards you, me-thinketh my pains be half relieved, and also I am right well comforted, insomuch that my book maketh substantially for my matter. In token whereof I have spent above four hours this day upon it, which has caused me to write the shorter letter to you at this time, because of some pain in my head."[1]

Henry's impatience for the accomplishment of his wishes made him dissatisfied with Wolsey's diplomatic caution with regard to "his matter," and, having hitherto found the cardinal subservient to all his wishes, he recalled him to England, and confided to him his desire of making Anne Boleyn his wife.[2] Thunderstruck at this disclosure, the minister threw himself at the feet of his royal master, and remained several hours on his knees reasoning with him on the infatuation of his conduct, but without effect. Henry's passion was again quickened by the stimulus of jealousy, for about this time we find Anne assailed by the addresses of a lover far more likely to win an interest in the heart of a sensitive female than the monarch by whom she was wooed. This was the graceful poet-statesman, sir Thomas Wyatt, her early friend and devoted admirer. Wyatt, Surrey, George Boleyn, and Anne Boleyn, were the most accomplished quartette in the court of Henry VIII. The ties of blood which united the two Boleyns with their cousin Surrey were not so powerfully felt as the attraction which a sympathy of tastes and pursuits created between them and Wyatt. Under these circumstances Anne Boleyn would have probably consoled herself for the loss of Percy by matching herself with Wyatt; but, unfortunately, his hand was pledged to another, before her contract with the heir of Northumberland was broken. Her French education, however, had taught her to regard adulation as a welcome tribute to her charms; and though she did not accept Wyatt's addresses, she permitted his attentions.

A very curious incident occurred during this sort of negative flirtation, as it would be called in modern parlance, which throws some light on the progress of Henry's courtship at this time.

"One day while Anne Boleyn was very earnest on her embroidery, Wyatt was hovering about her, talking and complimenting her (for which their relative employments about the king and queen gave him good opportunity); he twitched from her a jewelled tablet, which hung by a lace or chain out of her pocket. This he thrust into his bosom, and, notwithstanding her earnest entreaties, never would restore it to her, but

[1] Dr. Lingard considers the expressions with which this letter concludes too coarse to be transcribed. Sharon Turner, on the contrary, who quotes the whole letter, regards it as one of the proofs of Henry's respect for Anne Boleyn's virtue. "It requires no great correctness of taste," says Turner, "to feel that those letters are written in very decorous, affectionate, and earnest terms, and with the feelings and phrase that men use to honourable and modest women." It is, nevertheless, difficult to imagine any woman of honourable principles receiving and treasuring such letters from a married man.

[2] Cavendish; Lingard.

wore it about his neck under his cassock. Now and then he showed it to her, in order to persuade her to let him retain it as a mark of her favour, or at all events to prove a subject of conversation with her, in which he had great delight. Anne Boleyn perceiving his drift, permitted him to keep it without further comment, as a trifle not worth further contest. Henry VIII. watched them both with anxious jealousy, and quickly perceived that, the more sir Thomas Wyatt hovered about the lady, the more she avoided him." "Well pleased at her conduct, he in the end," says sir Thomas Wyatt, "fell to win her by treaty of marriage, and in his talk on that matter took from her a ring, which he ever wore upon his little finger."

Anne Boleyn had gained some little wisdom by her disappointment in regard to Percy, for Wyatt declares "that all this she carried with great secrecy." Far different was the conduct of the king, who was extremely anxious to display his triumph over Wyatt. Within a few days after, he was playing at bowls with Wyatt, the duke of Suffolk, and sir Francis Brian; Henry was in high good humour, but affirmed that in the cast of the bowl he had surpassed his competitor Wyatt. Both Wyatt and his partner declared, "By his leave, it was not so."

The king, however, continued pointing with his finger, on which he had Anne Boleyn's ring, and, smiling significantly, said,

"Wyatt, I tell thee it is *mine*."

The ring, which was well known to him, at last caught the eye of sir Thomas Wyatt, who paused a little to rally his spirits. Then taking from his bosom the chain to which hung the tablet, which the king likewise remembered well, and had noted it when worn by Anne Boleyn, he said,

"And if it may like your majesty to give me leave to measure the cast with *this*, I have good hopes yet it will be mine."

Sir Thomas Wyatt then busied himself with measuring the space between the bowls with the chain of the tablet, and boldly pronounced the game to be his.

"It may be so," exclaimed the monarch, haughtily, spurning from him the disputed bowl; "but then I am deceived!" and, with an angry brow, he broke up the sport.

This double-meaning dialogue was understood by few or none but themselves. But the king retired to his chamber with his countenance expressive of the resentment he felt. He soon took an opportunity of reproaching Anne Boleyn of giving love-tokens to Wyatt, when the lady clearly proved, to the great satisfaction of her royal lover, that her tablet had been snatched from her and kept by superior strength.[1]

No one who dispassionately reflects on these passages in Anne's conduct can reconcile it either with her duty to her royal mistress, or those

[1] On this circumstance, related by Wyatt himself, has been founded the calumny repeated by Sanders, and many French and Spanish writers, and by the catholic historians in general, that Wyatt had confessed to Henry an intrigue with Anne Boleyn; but the high favour in which he continued with *both* plainly proves that Wyatt's passion was not permitted by the lady to transgress farther than he describes in the above narration.

feelings of feminine delicacy which would make a young and beautiful woman tremble at the impropriety of becoming an object of contention between two married men. Wyatt prudently resigned the fair prize to his royal rival, and if Anne abstained from compliance with the unhallowed solicitations of the king, it must, we fear, be ascribed rather to her caution than her virtue, for she had overstepped the restraints of moral rectitude when she first permitted herself to encourage his attentions. In the hour that Anne Boleyn did this, she took her first step towards a scaffold, and prepared for herself a doom which fully exemplifies the warning, "Those that sow the whirlwind must expect to reap the storm."

Ambition had now entered her head; she saw that the admiration of the sovereign had rendered her the centre of attraction to all who sought his favour; and she felt the fatal charms of power—not merely the power which beauty, wit, and fascination, had given her, but that of political influence. In a word, she swayed the will of the arbiter of Europe, and she had determined to share his throne as soon as her royal mistress could be dispossessed. The Christmas festival was celebrated with more than usual splendour at Greenwich that year, and Anne Boleyn, not the queen, was the *prima donna* at all the tournays, masks, banquets, and balls, with which the king endeavoured to beguile the lingering torments of suspense occasioned by the obstacles which Wolsey's diplomatic craft continued to interpose in the proceedings for the divorce.

When Henry's treatise on the illegality of his present marriage was completed, in the pride of authorship he ordered it to be shown to the greatest literary genius of his court, sir Thomas More, with a demand of his opinion. Too honest to flatter, and too wise to criticise, the work of the royal pedant, More extricated himself from the dilemma by pleading his ignorance of theology. The treatise was, however, presented to pope Clement; and Stephen Gardiner (then known by the humble name of Mr. Stephen), was, with Edmund Fox, the king's almoner, deputed to wring from that pontiff a declaration in unison with the prohibition in Scripture against marriage with a brother's widow. This, and some other equivocal concessions having been obtained, Fox returned to England, and, proceeding to Greenwich, communicated the progress that had been made to the king, who received him in Anne Boleyn's apartments. Anne, whose sanguine temper, combined with feminine inexperience in ecclesiastical law, made her fancy that the papal sanction to the divorce was implied in the instruments exhibited to the king, was agitated with transports of exultation, and bestowed more liberal promises of patronage on the bearer of these unmeaning documents than became her. Wolsey was included in a commission with cardinal Campeggio to try the validity of the king's marriage, and, under the influence of his enamoured master, had written a letter to the pope, describing Anne Boleyn as a model of female excellence, in order to controvert the scandals that were already current at Rome respecting her connexion with the king.

In this position were affairs, when the awful epidemic called the

sweating sickness broke out, June 1st, in the court. Henry, in his first alarm, yielded to the persuasion of Wolsey and his spiritual directors, and sent the fair Boleyn home to her father at Hever Castle, while he effected a temporary reconciliation with his injured queen. His penitentiary exercises with the saintly Katharine did not, however, deter him from pursuing his amatory correspondence with her absent rival. Here s one of the letters which appears to have been addressed to Anne while at Hever Castle:[1]—

"My Mistress and my Friend,

"My heart and I surrender ourselves into your hands, and we supplicate to be commended to your good graces, and that by absence your affections may not be diminished to us. For that would be to augment our pain, which would be a great pity, since absence gives enough, and more than I ever thought could be felt. This brings to my mind a fact in astronomy, which is, that the further the poles are from the sun, notwithstanding the more scorching is his heat. Thus is it with our love, absence has placed distance between us, nevertheless fervour increases—at least on my part. I hope the same from you, assuring you that in my case the anguish of absence is so great, that it would be intolerable, were it not for the firm hope I have of your indissoluble affection towards me. In order to remind you of it, and because I cannot in person be in your presence, I send you the thing which comes nearest that is possible, that is to say, my picture, and the whole device, which you already know of, set in bracelets, wishing myself in their place when it pleases you; this is from the hand of

"Your servant and friend,

"H. R."

Fears for the health of his absent favourite certainly dictated the following letter from Henry to Anne:—

"The uneasiness my doubts about your health gave me disturbed and frightened me exceedingly, and I should not have had any quiet without hearing certain tidings. But now, since you have as yet felt nothing, I hope it is with you as it is with us. For when we were at Walton, two ushers, two valets de chambre, and your brother,—[*this was George Boleyn,*]—fell ill, but are now quite well, and since we have returned to your house at Hundsdon[2] we have been perfectly well, God be praised, and have not, at present, one sick person in the family, and, I think, if you would retire from the Surrey side, as we did, you would escape all danger. There is another thing that may comfort you, which is, that, in truth, in this distemper few or no women have been taken ill, and besides no person of our court, and few elsewhere, have died of it. For which reason I beg you, my entirely beloved, not to frighten yourself, or to be too uneasy, at our absence. For wherever I am, I am yours, and yet we must sometimes submit to our misfortunes, for whoever will struggle against fate is generally but so much the farther from gaining his end: wherefore comfort yourself, and take courage, and make this misfortune as easy to you as you can, for I hope shortly to make you sing '*le renvoyé*.'[3]

"No more at present for lack of time, but that I wish you in my arms, that I might a little dispel your unreasonable thoughts."

One of the earliest victims to the pestilence was Anne's brother-in-

[1] Printed at the end of Robert of Avesbury.

[2] This seat, so noted as the nursery of Henry VIII.'s children, originally belonged to the Boleyns, and was purchased by the king from them.

[3] This was probably the refrain of some pretty French roundelay she used to sing.

law, William Carey, gentleman of the bedchamber to the king. A letter, written by Anne to the king, in behalf of her sister Mary, now left a destitute widow, with two infants, elicits from Henry this mysterious reply, in which no lingering sympathy of tenderness for the former object of his fickle regard is discernible:—

"In regard to your sister's matter, I have caused Walter Welche[1] to write to my lord (her father) my mind thereon, whereby I trust that Eve shall not deceive Adam; for surely whatever is said, it cannot stand with his honour, but that he must needs take her, his natural daughter,[2] now in her extreme necessity. No more to you at this time, mine own darling; but awhile, I would we were together an evening; with the hand of yours, H. R."

This metaphor of Eve has allusion to the step-mother of Mary and Anne Boleyn, who had been extremely averse to Mary's love-match; but the king seems to suppose that she would not, after his mandate, dare to prejudice the father against his distressed child.

We shall soon find the indiscreet Mary in disgrace with all parties on account of her incorrigible predilection for making love-matches.

Anne and her father were both seized with this alarming epidemic in July. The agitating intelligence of the peril of his beloved was conveyed to Henry by express at midnight. He instantly despatched his physician, Dr. Butts, to her assistance, and indited the following tender epistle to her:—

"The most displeasing news that could occur came to me suddenly at night. On three accounts I must lament it. One, to hear of the illness of my mistress, whom I esteem more than all the world, and whose health I desire as I do my own. I would willingly bear half of what you suffer to cure you. The second, from the fear that I shall have to endure my wearisome absence much longer, which has hitherto given me all the vexation that was possible. The third, because my physician (in whom I have most confidence) is absent at the very time when he could have given me the greatest pleasure. But I hope, by him and his means, to obtain one of my chief joys on earth, that is, the cure of my mistress. Yet, from the want of him I send you my second (Dr. Butts), and hope that he will soon make you well. I shall then love him more than ever. I beseech you to be guided by his advice in your illness. By your doing this, I hope soon to see you again, which will be to me a greater comfort than all the precious jewels in the world.

"Written by that secretary who is, and for ever will be, your loyal and most assured servant, H. R."

Anne was in imminent danger, but through the skill and care of Dr. Butts she was preserved to fulfil a darker destiny. The shadow of death had passed from over her, but the solemn warning was unheeded, and she fearlessly pressed onward to the fatal accomplishment of her wishes.

The first use she made of her convalescence was to employ Heneage to pen the following deceitful message from her to cardinal Wolsey:

[1] Sir Walter Welche, one of the six gentlemen of his privy chamber.

[2] The expression in this letter of *natural* daughter does not mean *illegitimate* daughter, but points out that she was Sir Thomas's daughter by the ties of *nature*, while she was but the *stepdaughter* of Lady Boleyn. The term natural for illegitimate was not used till the last century.

"Maistress Anne is very well amended, and commended her humbly to your grace, and thinketh it long till she speak with you."[1] She soon after wrote to the cardinal herself, and it seems difficult to imagine how a woman of her haughty spirit could condescend to use the abject style which at this period marks her letters to her unforgiven foe. It is, however, possible, that this dissimulation was enjoined by Henry, when he paid her his promised visit, after her recovery from the sickness, at which time they must have compounded this partnership epistle,[2] with the view of beguiling Wolsey into forwarding their desire at the approaching convention:—

"My Lord,

"In my most humble wise that my heart can think, I desire you to pardon me, that I am so bold to trouble you with my simple and rude writing, esteeming it to proceed from her, that is much desirous to know that your grace does well, as I perceive from this bearer that you do, the which I pray God long to continue, as I am most bound to pray, for I do not know the great pains and troubles you have taken for me both night and day is ever to be recompensed on my part, but *alonely* [only] in loving you (next to the king's grace) above all creatures living. And I do not doubt but the daily proof of my deeds shall manifestly declare and affirm the same writing to be true, and I do trust you think the same. My Lord, I do assure you, I do long to hear from you news of the legate, for I do hope (an' they come from you) they shall be very good, and I am sure you desire it as much as I, and more, an' it were possible, as I know it is not, and thus remaining in a steadfast hope, I make an end of my letter. Written with the hand of her that is most bound to be."[3]

"P.S. by king Henry. The writer of this letter would not cease till she had caused me likewise to set my hand, desiring you, though it be short, to take it in good part. I *ensure* you, that there is neither of us but greatly desireth to see you, and are joyous to hear that you have escaped this plague so well, trusting the fury thereof to be passed, especially with them that keepeth good diet, as I trust you do. The not hearing of the legate's arrival in France causeth us somewhat to muse, notwithstanding we trust by your diligence and vigilancy (with the assistance of Almighty God) shortly to be eased out of that trouble. No more to you at this time, but that I pray God send you as good health and prosperity as the writer would. By your loving sovereign and friend, H. R."

The king had, according to the French ambassador, become infuriated with Wolsey at the delay of the divorce, and had used "terrible terms" to him. Wolsey, towards the middle of July, fell sick of the pestilence, or pretended to be so, in order to work on the king's affection, or to procure some respite till the arrival of Campeggio. Anne Boleyn sent him the following letter, which, from mentioning this illness, is supposed to have been written at the end of July, 1528:—

"My Lord,

"In my most humble wise, that my poor heart can think, I do thank your

[1] State Papers, vol. i. [2] Harleian Miscellany.

[3] This letter has been attributed to queen Katharine and Henry VIII. It has no signature, but the manner of composition is precisely the same with the next letter by Anne Boleyn. The creeping spirit denotes the deceit she afterwards practised. The noble-minded queen Katharine, who had written pleasantly and affectionately to Wolsey before he forfeited her esteem, did not assume a deceitful style to him in her misfortunes.

grace for your kind letter and for your rich and goodly present, the which I shall never be able to deserve, without your help, of which I have hitherto had so great plenty, that all the days of my life I am most bound of all creatures, next the king's grace, to love and serve your grace, of the which I beseech you never to doubt, that ever I shall vary from this thought, as long as any breath is in my body. And as touching your grace's trouble with the sweat, I thank our Lord, that them that I desired and prayed for are escaped—and that is the king's grace and you; not doubting that God has preserved you both for great causes known *alonely* [only] of his high wisdom. And as for the coming of the legate, I desire that much. And if it be God's pleasure, I pray him to send this matter shortly to a good end; and then, I trust, my lord, to recompense part of your great pains. In the which I must require you, in the mean time, to accept my good-will in the stead of the power; the which must proceed partly from you, as our Lord knoweth, whom I beseech to send you long life with continuance in honour. Written with the hand of her that is most bound to be

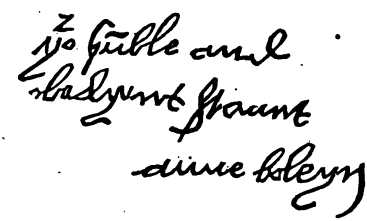
"Your humble and obedient servant,

"ANNE BOLEYN."[1]

There is a difficulty in reading and understanding the letters of Anne Boleyn, on account of an evident want of sincerity. Another of these epistles, which are meant to propitiate the good offices of Wolsey, regarding the trial of the validity of Queen Katharine's marriage, is a repetition, with little variation, of the professions in the above. She "humbly thanks him for his travail in seeking to bring to pass the greatest weal that is possible to come to any creature living, and in especial remembering how wretched and unworthy I am in compare to his highness."

The earnestness of her protestations of favour and affection to the cardinal, in case he should succeed in making her queen, is apparent in the following words, which are still to be seen in the British Museum, written by her hand and subscribed with her autograph as follows:—

"I assure you that after this matter is brought to bear, you shall find as your bound (in the meantime) to owe you my service, and then look, what thing in this world I can imagine to do you pleasure in, you shall find me the gladdest woman in the world to do it.



That occasional doubts and misgivings were entertained by Anne, as to the stability of Henry's regard and the real nature of his intentions, may be gathered from the device of a jewel presented by her to the royal lover, to which he alludes in the following letter:—

"For a present so valuable, that nothing could be more (considering the whole of it), I return you my most hearty thanks, not only on account of the costly diamond and the ship, in which the solitary damsel is tossed about, but chiefly for the fine interpretation and the too humble submission, which your goodness

hath made to me; for I think it would be very difficult for me to find an occasion to deserve it if I were not assisted by your great humanity and favour, which I have always sought to seek, and will always seek to preserve, by all the services in my power; and this is my firm intention and hope, according to the motto,[1] *Aut illic aut nullibi.*

"The demonstrations of your affections are such, the fine thoughts of your letter so cordially expressed, that they oblige me for ever to honour, love, and serve you sincerely, beseeching you to continue in the same firm and constant purpose; and assuring you that, on my part, I will not only make you a suitable return, but outdo you in loyalty of heart if it be possible.

"I desire also, that if at any time before this I have in any way offended you, that you would give me the same absolution that you ask, assuring you, that hereafter my heart shall be dedicated to you alone. I wish my person was so too. God can do it, if he pleases, to whom I pray once a-day for that end, hoping that at length my prayers will be heard. I wish the time may be short; but I shall think it long till we see one another. Written by the hand of that secretary, who in heart, body, and will, is

"Votre loyal et plus assuré serviteur,

It must have been nearly at this crisis that the king was induced to declare to Anne Boleyn and her father, that it was his intention to make her his consort whenever he should be released from his present marriage. After this intimation he became a frequent visitor at Hever Castle. He used to ride thither privately from Eltham or Greenwich. The local tradition of Hever points out a certain hill which commanded a view of the castle, where he used to sound his bugle to give notice of his approach. The oak-panelled chamber and the antique gallery is still shown at the castle where he used to have interviews with Anne Boleyn. If Wyatt's enthusiastic encomiums may be credited, she still demurred on account of her respect and affection to the queen; her subsequent persecution of Katharine's virtuous friends, Fisher and More, is scarcely consistent with such delicacy of feeling; but the heart of Anne Boleyn, like other hearts, did not improve after a long course of flattery and prosperity.

"She stood still upon her guard," says Wyatt, "and was not easily carried away with all this appearance of happiness; first, on account of

[1] The original of this letter is written in French. The letters are seventeen in all; eight of these are written in English and nine of the earlier in French. Two of the French letters have the fanciful heart signature, with the French words on each side of the heart, signifying *Henry seeks Anne Boleyn, no other:* and the word of power, *Rex.* One French letter is signed with H. R., and the heart inclosing A. B. without the words, as above; another has merely the king's initials, with the French words *ma aimable* written on each side. The English letters are signed in three different modes, with the initials of the king's name as above, without other additions. Some have a small *h* and the Rex contraction; another the word Henry, very well written, and the Rex contraction; this last is added to a small French letter, No. 8, ending in cypher, in answer to an evident request for a place in the household.

[2] *This fantastic signature* is appended to more than one of Henry's letters.

the love she bare ever to the queen, whom she served, a personage of great virtue; and, secondly, she imagined that there was less freedom in her union with her lord and king than with one more agreeable to her."

There is little doubt this was the real motive of her hesitation. That, however, was at last overcome by ambition. Her love of pleasure and thirst for admiration rendered Anne impatient to emerge from the retirement of Hever Castle; and the fears of the pestilence having entirely passed away, she returned to court on the 18th of August. The French ambassador, Du Bellay, who had predicted that her influence would entirely decay with absence, thus announces her reappearance in his reports to his own government: "Mademoiselle de Boleyn has at last returned to the court, and I believe the king to be so infatuated with her that God alone could abate his madness." The queen was sent to Greenwich, and her fair rival was lodged in a splendid suite of apartments contiguous to those of the king.[1]

The time-serving portion of the courtiers flattered the weakness of the sovereign by offering their adulation to the beautiful and accomplished object of his passion. She was supported by the powerful influence of her maternal kinsmen, the duke of Norfolk and his brethren, men who were illustrious, not only by their high rank and descent from the monarchs of England and France, but by the services they had rendered their country both by sea and land; but the voice of the great body of the people was against her. They felt the cause of their injured, their virtuous queen, as their own; and their indignation was so decidedly manifested, that Henry, despotic as he was, ventured not to oppose the popular clamour for the dismissal of his fair favourite.[2] Power might uphold, the sophistry of party defend, the position of Anne Boleyn at this crisis, but on the grounds of morality and religion it could never be justified. The legate was expected from Rome to try the validity of the king's marriage with Katharine, and, as Henry founded his objections on scruples of conscience, it was judged most prudent to keep passion behind the scenes till the farce was ended.

Anne Boleyn was accordingly required by her royal lover to retire to Hever Castle for the present. This sort of temporising policy was not agreeable to her, but the king insisted on her departure; "whereat," to use the quaint but expressive phrase of a contemporary, "she smoked." So great, indeed, was her displeasure, that she vowed she would return to court no more after having been dismissed in such an abrupt and uncourteous fashion.

Henry, who was greatly troubled at the perversity of mistress Anne, did every thing in his power to conciliate her. He continued to write the most impassioned letters to her, and to give her the earliest intelligence of the progress of the expected legate. That Anne at first maintained an obdurate silence is evinced by one of Henry's letters, which we insert:—

"Although, my mistress, it has not pleased you to remember the promise you made me when I was last with you; that is, to hear good news from you, and

[1] Le Grand; Tytler; Lingard. [2] Herbert, in White Kennet, vol. i. p. 108.

to have an answer to my last letter, yet it seems to me that it belongs to a true servant (seeing that otherwise he can know nothing) to inquire the health of his mistress; and to acquit myself of the duty of a true servant, I send you this letter, beseeching you to apprise me of your welfare. I pray this may continue as long as I desire mine own. And to cause you yet oftener to remember me, I send you, by the bearer of this, a buck killed last evening, very late, by mine own hand—hoping that, when you eat of it, you may think of the hunter. From want of room, I must end my letter. Written by the hand of your servant, who very often wishes for you, instead of your brother.

"H. R."

Cardinal Campeggio's frequent fits of the gout had retarded his opening of the legantine court, which was expected speedily to pronounce the divorce. It has been conjectured that the delay was wilful, in order that Henry's fickle temper might have scope, and that he might weary of his passion before the sentence was pronounced. Anne Boleyn was certainly of this opinion, and expressly declared that Campeggio's illness was feigned. The next letter shows that the king was of a different opinion, and it is apparent, that he thought, that she had acted unreasonably in the anger she had lately manifested against himself:—

"To inform you what joy it is to me to understand of your conformableness with reason, and of the suppressing of your inutile and vain thoughts with the bridle of reason—I assure you all the greatness of this world could not counterpoise, for my satisfaction, the knowledge and certainty thereof. Therefore, good sweetheart, continue the same, not only in this, but in all your doings hereafter, for thereby shall come, both to you and me, the greatest quietness that may be in this world.

"The cause why the bearer stays so long, is the gear[1] I have had to dress up for you, which I trust, ere long, to see you occupy, and then I trust to occupy yours, which shall be recompense enough to me for all my pains and labour.

"The unfeigned sickness of this well-willing legate[2] doth somewhat retard this access to your person, but I trust verily, when God shall send him health, he will with diligence recompense his demur. For I know well when he hath said (touching the saying and bruit noise[3] that he is thought imperial), 'that it shall be well known in this matter that he is not *imperial*:'[4] and this for lack of time Farewell."

According to Stowe, and some others, the revenues of the see of Durham (or, at any rate, that portion of the immunities of the bishopric which were situated in the metropolis), were bestowed by Henry on Anne Boleyn, while she yet retained the name of maid of honour to his queen. It is certain that Durham House became by some means the London residence of herself and her parents.[5] It was pleasantly situ-

[1] Suppose the furnishing and decking of Suffolk House.

[2] Cardinal Campeggio, whom Anne Boleyn suspected of a political fit of the gout.

[3] *Regarding the popular report*, is the meaning of this strange sentence.

[4] Meaning that he was not devoted to the interests of queen Katharine's nephew, the emperor.

[5] Pennant. It is curious to trace the possessions of queen Elizabeth as Anne Boleyn's heiress; when she was princess, this Durham House was her town residence, and was afterwards granted by her to Sir Walter Raleigh.

"It was, according to the survey of Norden, a contemporary topographer of queen Elizabeth, a stately house, built in the reign of Henry III. by Anthony *Beck, bishop of* Durham; the hall is stately and high, supported with lofty marble

ated on the banks of the river, on the very spot in the Strand now occupied by the Adelphi Buildings. This, however, did not content Anne, and when, after an absence of two months, she consented, by the entreaties of the king, seconded by the commands, and even the tears, of her father, to return to court, it was only on condition that a more splendid and commodious residence should be allotted her. Henry took infinite pains to please her in this matter, and at length employed Wolsey as his agent in securing Suffolk House for her abode. This is announced to Anne in the following letter:—

"Darling,

"As touching a lodging for you, we have gotten one by my lord cardinal's means, the like whereof could not have been found here-abouts, for all causes, as this bearer shall more show you. As touching our other affairs, I assure you there can be no more done or more diligence used, nor all manner of dangers better both foreseen and provided for, so that I trust it shall be hereafter to both our comforts, the specialities whereof were both too long to be written, and hardly by messenger to be declared. Wherefore, till you repair hither, I keep something in store, trusting it shall not be long. For I have caused my lord your father to make his provisions with speed."

In another letter, he wishes her father to hasten their arrival in London, saying, "I entreat you, my mistress, to tell your father, from me, that I beg him to advance, but two days, the designated time, that it may be earlier than the old term, or at least on the day prefixed. Otherwise, I shall think he is not disposed to assist lovers, as he promised, nor according to my expectations.

Suffolk House was contiguous to Wolsey's splendid new-built palace, York House, known afterwards by the name of Whitehall. Henry took the opportunity of borrowing this mansion of the cardinal, as affording better facilities for unobserved intercourse with Anne than his own royal abode at Westminster. The monarch liked York House so well that he never returned it either to its defrauded master or to the see of York.

Before these arrangements were well completed, the king had the annoyance of learning that all he wrote in confidence to Anne Boleyn was publicly known in London soon after, which caused him to write this admonition to the incautious beauty:—

"Darling,

"I heartily commend me to you, ascertaining you, that I am a little perplexed with such things as your brother shall, on my part, declare unto you, to whom I pray you will give full credit, for it were too long to write.

"In my last letters, I writ to you, that I trusted shortly to see you; this is better known in London than any thing that is about me, whereof I not a little marvel, but *lack* of *discreet* handling must needs be the cause.

"No more to you at this time, but that I trust shortly our meeting shall not depend upon other men's light handling, but upon your own.

"Writ with the hand of him that longs to be yours."[1]

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pillars. It standeth upon Thames, very pleasantly. Her Majesty (Elizabeth) hath given the use thereof to sir Walter Raleigh."—Camden Society, Norden's Survey.

[1] This billet appears to be the last in the series of Henry's celebrated love letters to Anne Boleyn. They were stolen from her at the close of the year 1528, and conveyed to Rome by the intrigues probably of Wolsey, though great suspicion fell on the legate, cardinal Campeggio.

The reproof contained in this letter is gentle, considering the provocation, and shows how extremely Anne was indulged by her lover. It developes, likewise, a great weakness in her character, that of tattling and boasting to all around her of the arrangement the king was making at London to have access to her presence without ostensibly living under the same roof with her.

Anne took possession of the stately mansion which her enamoured sovereign had provided for her early in December, for on the 9th of that month the French ambassador writes, "Mademoiselle de Boulan has arrived, and the king has placed her in very fine lodgings, immediately adjoining to his own, and there, every day, more court is paid to her than *she* ever paid to the queen." Henry, indeed, induced his courtiers to attend the daily levées, which she, like a rival queen, held with all the pomp of royalty. She had her ladies in waiting, her train-bearer, and her chaplains, and dispensed patronage both in church and state.

At Christmas the king joined his family at Greenwich, and Anne Boleyn outraged all propriety by accompanying him. She and the queen, however, were not supposed to associate. The queen kept open house as usual, and mistress Boleyn held her revels apart.[1] Scandal, of course, was busy with her name;[2] what lady who submitted to occupy a position so suspicious could escape with a reputation unblemished?

The reports of the foreign ambassadors, especially those of France and Venice, are full of those rumours which might have been foreseen by any female who had the slightest delicacy of mind. The apathy of Anne Boleyn to such imputations can only be accounted for by her residence in the licentious court of Francis I., where she had seen the countess Chateaubriant and the duchess d'Estampes treated with the distinction of princesses, and tolerated by the ladies of the royal family. Even her own illustrious and high-minded patroness, Margaret, duchess of Alençon, had condescended to avail herself of the influence of d'Estampes over the mind of Francis, in more instances than one—a melancholy proof of the deterioration of the moral standard of *diplomatistes*.

In the commencement of the year 1529, Gardiner was again despatched to Rome to plead for the divorce. It is a curious fact, that on the 4th of April, Anne Boleyn sent him a present of cramp-rings, accompanied with the following letter.[3] It is expressed in a style which shows she either considered him as her friend, or was desirous of persuading him that she thought him such.

"Mr. Stephen,[4]

"I thank you for my letter, wherein I perceive the willing and faithful mind you have to do me pleasure, not doubting but as much as it is possible for man's wit to imagine, you will do. I pray God to send you well to speed in all your matters, so that you will put me in a study how to reward your high service. I

[1] L'Evêque de Bayonne, p. 231. [2] Ibid.; Turner, vol. ii. p. 516.

[3] Le Grand; Ellis, Royal Letters, 1st series.

[4] State Paper MSS. No. 123. Gardiner's Christian name was Stephen. The letter in Burnet, vol. ii. p. 265. In Tytler's lately published letters from the State Papers, the envoys of Mary I. request there may be sent some newly *blessed cramp-rings for* distribution.

do trust in God you shall not repent it, and that the end of this journey shall be more pleasant to me than your first;—for that was but a rejoicing hope, which ceasing, the lack of it does put to the more pain, and they that are partakers with me, as you do know. Therefore do I trust that this hard beginning shall make the better ending.

"Mr. Stephen, I send you here the cramp-rings for you, and Mr. Gregory (Cassali), and Mr. Peter; pray you to distribute them both, as *she*, that (you may assure them) will be glad to do them any pleasure which shall be in my power. And thus I make an end, praying God send you good health.

"Written at Greenwich the 4th day of April,

"By your assured friend,

"Ann Bollein."

There is something remarkable connected with this present of cramp-rings, seeing that by a superstition, parallel to the kings of England curing the evil by their touch, the queens of England were supposed to possess the power alone of consecrating cramp-rings. The question naturally arises, how came Anne Boleyn, in the year 1529, by a sufficient number of cramp-rings for Gardiner to distribute among the English ambassage to the pope, if she had not taken upon herself the queenly office of consecrating them?[1]

It is remarkable that those cruel persecutors of our early reformers, Gardiner and Bonner, were the most active of all the ecclesiastics for the divorce, and that Cranmer was brought forward as an élève of Gardiner for the same purpose; all three were under the especial patronage of Anne Boleyn, and rose to greatness chiefly through her influence. Cranmer, when he was first encountered by Gardiner at the house of Mr. Cressy, at Waltham, was occupied in the tuition of Mr. Cressy's sons. His eloquence and learning attracted the attention of Gardiner, who, to prove him, introduced the topic of the divorce, and asked in what manner he would proceed if the conduct of that affair were intrusted to him. "I would obtain the opinion of the most learned universities in Europe on the validity of a marriage contracted under such circumstances," was the reply.

[1] In Burnet, vol. ii. p. 266, of Records, is to be found the whole Latin formula of this singular and forgotten office pertaining to our English queens. It is entitled the "Office of Consecrating the Cramp-rings; and certain prayers to be used by the queen's highness in the consecration of the cramp-ring." It commences with the Psalm of "*Deus misereatur nostri.*" Then follows a Latin prayer invoking the aid of the Holy Spirit; the rings then lying in one basin or more, a prayer to be said over them, from which we learn the rings were made of metal (silver, we think), and were to expel all livid venom of serpents. The rings were then blessed with an invocation to the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob, and signed frequently with the cross; in the last benediction, the request is made "that the rings may restore contracted nerves." A psalm of benediction follows, and a prayer "against the frauds of devils." These prayers being said, "the queen's highness rubbeth the rings between her hands," saying, *Sanctifice, Domine, annulos istos, &c.;* the rest of the prayer implies, "that as her hands rub the rings, the virtue of the holy oil wherewith she was anointed might be infused into their metal, and by grace of God be efficacious." The rest of this curious ceremony concludes with holy water being poured into the basins with further prayers. The manuscripts from which Burnet copied this service were written for the use of queen Mary I.

Gardiner communicated this rejoinder to the king: on which Henry made this characteristic exclamation, "He has gotten the sow by the right ear." The plan was adopted, and Cranmer was immediately received into the family of Anne Boleyn's father,[1] where he was treated with much regard. Soon after he was preferred to the office of chaplain to the king, and ever enjoyed the confidence and favour of the fair Anne Boleyn, whose theological opinions he is supposed to have greatly influenced.

The first introduction of Tindal's translations of the Holy Scriptures was, according to Strype, effected while Anne Boleyn was the all-powerful favourite of Henry, served with royal pomp and attended by a suite of maids of honour, like a queen. Among the ladies of her retinue there was a fair young gentlewoman called mistress Gaynsford, who was beloved by Anne's equerry, a youth of noble lineage, named George Zouch. In the course of their "love tricks," George one day snatched a book out of young mistress Gaynsford's hands, to which she was attending more than he approved when in his company. It was no other than Tindal's translation of the Gospels, which had been lent to her by her mistress Anne Boleyn, to whom it had been privately presented by one of the Reformers. It was proscribed by cardinal Wolsey, and kept secretly from the king. Mistress Gaynsford, knowing its importance, tried to get it back from her lover, but George Zouch remained perversely obstinate, and kept it to tease her. One day he went with other courtiers to the king's chapel, when he took it into his head to read the book he had snatched from his beloved, and was soon so utterly absorbed in its contents, that the service was over before he was conscious of the lapse of time. The dean of the chapel, wishing to see what book the young gentleman was perusing with such attention, took it out of his hand; when, finding it was the prohibited version of the Scriptures, he carried it to cardinal Wolsey. Meantime Anne Boleyn asked mistress Gaynsford for the book she had lent her, who, greatly terrified at its loss, confessed that George Zouch had stolen it, and detained it to torment her. Anne Boleyn sent for George and inquired into the matter. When she heard the fate of the book she was not angry with the lovers. "But," said she, "it shall be the dearest book that ever dean or cardinal detained."

She then hastened to the king, and entreated that he would interpose to recover her stolen volume, a request with which he instantly complied. The first use she made of her recovered treasure was to entreat the king to examine it, and this incident had a great effect in producing the change that followed.[2]

[1] It was at Durham House that Cranmer was domesticated with the Boleyns; and when the earl of Wiltshire was absent, he used to transmit from thence particulars of the proceedings and the welfare of his family. "The countess (lady Boleyn, he writes, "is well. The king and the lady Anne rode to Windsor yesterday, and to-night they be expected at Hampton Court."—Strype's Cranmer.

[2] Sir Thomas Wyatt likewise relates this anecdote, but he affirms that the book was Tindal's Christian Obedience; it is scarcely probable that an essay of mere *precept* could be so absorbing as the scriptural narratives, which read for the

This circumstance is supposed to have precipitated the fall of Wolsey Anne Boleyn had not forgiven, she never did forgive, the interference which had deprived her of her first love, Percy. The anger she had conceived against the cardinal on that occasion remained, after a lapse of six years, an unquenchable fire. In the hope of making him an instrument in her aggrandizement she had, as we have seen, condescended to employ the arts of flattery, till she perceived that he was playing a game as fine and as false with her as she with him, and that it was no part of his intention to make her an amend, for the loss of a countess's coronet, by assisting her to encircle her brow with a queenly diadem. She had, moreover, shrewd reason to suspect, however fairly he might carry it with her, that he was the man who secretly incited the popular cry, "We'll have no Anne Bullen. Nan Bullen shall not be our queen."

Anne dissembled no longer than till Wolsey (entangled in the perplexities of the net he had woven for his own destruction) had committed himself irrevocably with the queen, and at the same time incurred the suspicions of the king by his sinuous conduct. She then placed in Henry's hands letters written by the cardinal to Rome, which afforded proofs of his duplicity. These she had obtained from her kinsman, sir Francis Bryan, and they weighed heavily against the minister. She had already obtained more than one signal triumph over him, especially in the case of sir Thomas Cheney, whom Wolsey had injuriously driven from the court. Cheney entreated the intercession of Anne Boleyn with the sovereign, and she pleaded his cause so successfully that he was recalled, and Wolsey received a reprimand.[1]

Having once declared her hostility, Anne was not of a temper to recede; she pursued her advantage with steady implacability, and in this she was fiercely seconded by her uncle Norfolk, the duke of Suffolk, Henry's brother-in-law, and—but at this no one can wonder—her defrauded lover Percy, whose compulsory marriage with lady Mary Talbot had rendered him the most wretched of men. An opportunity of inflicting an overwhelming blow on the cardinal soon offered. Wolsey, who was determined not to lose his credit with the sovereign without a struggle, after many repulses obtained permission to accompany Campeggio, when that legate went to take leave of the king at Grafton. Campeggio received the most scrupulous attention, and stately apartments were provided for his use; but Wolsey was forced to be indebted to the civility of Henry Norris for the temporary accommodation of a chamber. This was an ominous beginning; and when Wolsey entered the presence-chamber, the courtiers awaited with intense curiosity the result of his reception. But when the monarch entered, and Wolsey tendered the homage of his knee, a sudden revulsion in his favour evidently took place in the royal mind. Henry raised him up with both hands, and led him to the window, where he held a long private conference with him, to the dismay of the adverse party.

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first time with all their beauty of simplicity and pathos, would have extraordinary power of captivation.

[1] Bishop of Bayonne, 291.

"And so," continues Cavendish,[1] "departed the king, and dined the same day with Mrs. Anne Boleyn in her chamber, who kept state there, more like a queen than a simple maid."

"I heard it reported," pursues our author, "by those who waited on the king at dinner, that mistress Anne Boleyn was offended as much as she durst, that the king did so graciously entertain my lord cardinal, saying, 'Sir, is it not a marvellous thing to see into what great debt and danger he hath brought you with all your subjects?' 'How so?' said the king. 'Forsooth,' she replied, 'there is not a man in your whole nation of England, worth a hundred pounds, but he hath indebted you to him;' alluding to the late loan, an expedient in the ways and means of government, which originated with that bold statesman, and has formed a fatal precedent for later times.

"'Well, well,' quoth the king, 'for that matter there was no blame in him, for I know that matter better than you, or any one else.'

"'Nay,' quoth she, 'besides that, what exploits hath he wrought in several parts and places of this nation to your great slander and disgrace? There is never a nobleman but, if he had done half so much as he hath done, were well worthy to lose his head. Yea, if my lord of Norfolk, my lord of Suffolk, my father, or any other man had done much less than he hath done, they should have lost their heads ere this.'

"'Then I perceive,' said the king, 'you are none of my lord cardinal's friends.'

"'Why, sir,' replied she, 'I have no cause, nor any that love you; no more hath your grace, if you did well consider his indirect and unlawful doings.'"

Before the fair Boleyn had fully concluded schooling her royal lover on the financial sins of his favourite minister, "the waiters had dined, and came and took up the tables, so no more was heard for that time of their discourse."

"You may perceive by this," observes our author,[2] "how the old malice was not forgotten. The king, for that time, departed from Mrs. Anne Boleyn, and came to the chamber of presence, and called for my lord [Wolsey], and in the window had a long discourse with him. Afterwards the king took him by the hand, and led him into the privy chamber, and sat in consultation with him all alone, without any other of the lords, till it was dark night, which blanked all his enemies very sore, who had no other way but by Mrs. Anne Boleyn, in whom was all their trust and affiance, for the accomplishment of their enterprises, for without her they feared all their purposes would be frustrated."

The king had promised to see Wolsey again in the morning, but the interview was prevented by the adverse influence of the fair intrigueante, who had traversed all his hopes, by prevailing on the king to attend her in an equestrian excursion. These are the words in which the faithful Cavendish records the fact: "This sudden departure of the king was the especial labour of mistress Anne Boleyn, who rode with him pur-

[1] Singer's edition of Cavendish's Wolsey, vol. i. p. 174.
[2] Cavendish's Life of Wolsey.

posely to draw him away, because he should not return till after the departure of the cardinals. The king rode that morning to view a piece of ground to make a park of (which was afterwards, and is at this time, called Harewell Park), where mistress Anne had provided him a place to dine in, fearing his return before my lord cardinal's departure."

It is probable, that while dallying with her in the gay green wood, at their sylvan meal, that Anne Boleyn extorted from her royal lover the solemn promise never to see or speak with Wolsey again, which is mentioned by the bishop of Bayonne.[1]

The mysterious disappearance of Henry's love-letters to Anne Boleyn, from the royal cabinet of York House, and the anxiety of the monarch to prevent these records of his private feelings from being carried out of his realm, caused him to offer an unparalleled affront to the departing legate Campeggio, by ordering his baggage[2] to be ransacked at Dover, under pretence that he was conveying Wolsey's treasure out of the kingdom.[3] Nothing was found of a suspicious nature, for he had already sent the stolen effusions of Henry's passion to Rome, where they are still shown at the Vatican.

The vengeance of Anne Boleyn continued to follow Wolsey after the departure of his colleague, and on the 9th of October two bills were filed against him by the attorney-general, charging him with having exercised his legantine authority in England contrary to the law of the land. Wolsey said, "He knew that there was a *night crow* that possessed the royal ear against him, and misrepresented all his actions." An expression that significantly pointed at Anne Boleyn.

Wolsey humbly solicited the good offices of sir Henry Norris to intercede for him to his fair enemy, and anxiously, from time to time, inquired of him, "if the displeasure of my lady Anne, as he now called her, were somewhat abated. Her favour being the only help and remedy."[4] The lingering regard of Henry for his former favourite was openly manifested, when he was told at Christmas that the cardinal was sore sick and like to die, for he expressed great concern, and sent Dr.

[1] Du Bellai, the French ambassador, attributes the fall of Wolsey entirely to the ill offices of Anne Boleyn. In one of his letters, speaking of the cardinal, for whom he expresses great commiseration, he says, "The worst of the evil is, that mademoiselle de Boulen has made her friend promise that he never will hear him speak, for she well thinks that he cannot help having pity upon him."

[2] If we may judge of the treasures the poor legate was carrying away, by the sample of those of which an accidental exposé was made on his entrance into London, one would suppose, indeed, that the chance of food for the royal rapacity was but small, and this lends the greater probability to Dr. Lingard's idea that the ostensible charge was a pretence to make a search for the lost papers. Speed gives a laughable description of an accident in Fleet Street, owing to the wanton, high-pampered mules belonging to cardinal Wolsey running away with his brother cardinal's luggage, when the fardels and portmanteaus burst, and out fell such a selection of old shoes, patched gaberdines, and ancient garments of all kinds, together with roasted eggs and dry crusts, provided against the assaults of hunger by the way, that the purse-pride of the beholders (which was as tho roughly a national trait in London then as at present) was much gratified by the display of the poverty of the legantine baggage.

[3] State Papers, 332.

[4] Cavendish's Wolsey

Butts, his physician, to attend him. When Butts returned, the king said to him, "Have you seen yonder man?" "Yes, sir," was the reply. "How do you like him?" demanded the king. "Sir," said Dr. Butts, "if you will have him dead, I will warrant you that he will be dead within four days if he receive not comfort shortly from you." "Marry, God forbid," cried the king,[1] "that he should die, for I would not lose him for twenty thousand pounds. I pray you go to him, and do you care to him." "Then must your grace," said Dr. Butts, "send him some comfortable message." "So I will," replied the king, "by you; therefore make speed to him again, and deliver this ring from me for a token." In the which ring was the king's image engraven with a ruby, as like the king as might be desired. "This ring he knoweth well," continued Henry, "for he gave me the same. Tell him that I am not offended with him in my heart for any thing, and bid him be of good comfort." Then spake the king to Mrs. Anne Boleyn, saying, "Good sweetheart, as you love me, send the cardinal a token at my request, and in so doing you shall deserve our thanks." She, being disposed not to offend the king, would not disobey his loving request, but incontinently took her tablet of gold that hung at her side, and delivered it to Dr. Butts, with very gentle and loving words.[2] "When the compassionate physician returned to his broken-hearted patient at Esher, and delivered the tokens from the king and Anne Boleyn, with the most soothing words he could devise on the king and Mrs. Anne's behalf, Wolsey raised himself in his bed, and received the tokens very joyfully, giving him many thanks for the good comfort he had brought him." The king sent three more of his physicians to consult with Butts on Wolsey's case, and in four days they set him on his feet again. He was, however, too near the court to please the rival power that crossed his star. The duke of Norfolk, Anne's uncle, sent word to him by Cromwell, "that if he departed not instantly for the north, he would tear him with his teeth." When Cromwell reported this message to his patron, Wolsey significantly intimated to him the real quarter from whence the blow proceeded, and predicted further evil to himself from the increasing ascendancy of Anne Boleyn. Her vengeance was not satisfied till she had succeeded in obtaining his arrest for high treason, after he had retired to Cawood, near York, when, as if to bring to his mind the cause that had incurred this deadly hatred, her former lover, Percy, then earl of Northumberland, was the person employed to execute the royal warrant.[3] The happiness of this young nobleman had been irreparably blighted by his separation from the woman of his heart, and his compulsory marriage with another. He trembled with violent agitation when he arrested Wolsey, whom he treated in a very ignominious manner, causing his legs to be bound to the stirrups of his mule, like a common malefactor. On the 29th of November, just five-and-twenty days after his arrest, the unhappy prisoner obtained his release, without the aid of the executioner.

The duke of Norfolk, Anne's maternal uncle,[4] was now the president

[1] Cavendish's Wolsey. [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid.

[4] The following very curious account of this great peer is given in the Reports of Ludovico Falier, ambassador from Venice to England, under the date 10th

of the cabinet, and with the duke of Suffolk and her father, viscount Rochford,[1] sir Thomas More, Fitzwilliam, and Stephen Gardiner, formed a junta, by whom the affairs of the realm were conducted; but, according to the reports of the French ambassador, Anne Boleyn was the ruling power, whose influence directed all.

She kept her Christmas again at Greenwich, in rival splendour to the queen, and received many costly gifts and gratuities from the enamoured sovereign.

The entries connected with Anne Boleyn in Henry's privy-purse accounts are curious, and in some measure tend to elucidate the peculiar terms on which they stood. There is on the 22d of November, 1529, the following item:—"Paid to Cecill, for a yard and a quarter of purple velvet for maistress Anne, xij*s.* viii*d.* The same day paid to Walter Walshe, for certain stuff prepared for maistress Anne of divers persons," to the amount of 216*l.* 9*s.* 8*d.*[2]

On the last day of December, 110*l.* is paid to her by the king's command.[3]

On the 16th of May, 1530, her tailor and skinner (furrier) are paid from the royal privy-purse for goods and workmanship for my lady Anne.

On the 29th, 1*l.* 3*s.* 4*d.* is paid for bows, arrows, shafts, broadheads, braser, and shooting-glove, for my lady Anne.[4]

On the 5th of June, a reward of 6*s.* 8*d.* was paid to a servant of the lord mayor of London for bringing cherries to lady Anne.[5]

On the 8th of the following September, 10*l.* is paid to the wife of the Dove (that is, of the man who keeps a shop with that sign) for linen cloth for her.

On the 25th, the singular entry occurs of 10*s.* paid by the king for a cow that Urian, Anne's Breton greyhound, had killed. This animal (not

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November, 1531, to the senate of Venice. The MS. is preserved in the Corror Museum in that city.

"There used to be twelve duchies, but from their disobedience and turbulence the duchies have been annexed to the crown, excepting three, namely, Richmond, who is the grand admiral and his majesty's natural son, and he has an annual income of 10,000 ducats.

"The second is the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Howard, son-in-law to the duke of Buckingham, the constable of England. He is the treasurer general, or lord high treasurer, and his majesty's chief vassal, with a rental of 20,000 ducats. The king employs him more than any other person in all affairs, and since the cardinal's death his authority and power have increased; all affairs devolve on him. The duke is of most noble English descent, and that very influential person the duke of Buckingham was his father-in-law. He is sage, prudent, liberal, pleasing, and subtle; he confers with every body, and is most exceedingly well versed in royal administration; he discourses admirably concerning the affairs of the world, and, in fine, aspires to yet greater elevation. He evinces ill-will towards foreigners, and especially towards our Venetian nation; he is fifty-eight years old, of low stature, with a spare frame and dark hair; he has two sons."

[1] He was created earl of Wiltshire, in England, with remainder to his heirs male, and earl of Ormond in Ireland, with remainder to his heirs general, on the 8th of December, 1529.

[2] Sir H. Nicolas Privy-Purse Expenses, Henry VIII.

[3] Ibid. p. 10. [4] Ibid. p. 47. [5] Ibid. p. 18

the most amiable pet in the world for a maid of honour) was probably brought by Anne from France. The name of Urian, which is one of the appellations of the foul fiend, appears indicative of his evil conditions. His exploit savours of the wolf-hound propensities.

On the 13th of December, 13*l.* is paid to the wife of the Dove, her linen-draper, for linen and other necessaries.

Towards the end of the month, the sum of 5*l.* is delivered to Anne in groats for play money.

On the 30th, 100*l.* is delivered to her by the king's command, towards her new-year's gift.[1]

The sum of 4*l.* 8*s.* 8*d.* is paid to Adington, the skinner, for furring my lady Anne's gowns.[2]

It might be about this period that the following incident occurred to Anne Boleyn: A book, assuming to be of a prophetic character, was, by some mysterious agency, placed in her chamber one day. It seems to have been of a similar class with the oracular hieroglyphic almanacs of succeeding centuries, having within its pages certain figures marked with the letter H upon one, A on another, and K on a third; which were expounded as the king and his wives, and to her person certain destruction was predicted, if she married the king. Anne, finding the book, took it up, and seeing the contents, she called her principal attendant, a young lady, named Anne Saville.[3]

"Come hither, Nan," she said; "see here is a book of prophecies; this is the king, this is the queen, wringing her hands and mourning, and this is myself, with my head cut off."

Anne Saville answered, "If I thought it true, I would not myself have him were he an emperor."

"Tut, Nan!" replied Anne Boleyn, "I think the book a bauble, and am resolved to have him, that my issue may be royal, whatever may become of me."

This story is the more deserving of credence, because related in Wyatt's memorials of Anne Boleyn. It proves either that her mind was free from superstition, or that she regarded the production as a device of some of the queen's friends, who might have taken that method of deterring her from her ambitious designs on the crown matrimonial of England.

It shows also her determination to be a queen, *coute qui coute.*

In the spring of 1530, her father, the earl of Wiltshire, was appointed, with several eminent divines, to attend the congress, between the pope and the emperor, at Bologna, on the part of Henry VIII. The earl, when introduced into the presence of Clement, gave great offence, by refusing to comply with the usual ceremony of kissing his holiness's toe, and, if we may believe Fox,[4] "his lordship's dog made matters worse by biting it."

The emperor, when the earl attempted to offer his arguments in favour

[1] Sir H. Nicolas, Privy-Purse Expenses, Henry VIII. p. 101. [2] Ibid.

[3] The lady who afterwards bore her train when created marchioness of Pembroke.

[4] *Martyrology, p. 520.* Mrs. Thompson's Court of Henry VIII.

of the divorce, "bade him be silent, and allow his less interested colleagues to speak," adding, "You are a party in the cause."[1] Boleyn, with undaunted spirit, replied, "That he came not there as a father, but as the representative of his sovereign; that if the emperor acquiesced in his royal master's wish he should rejoice, but if not, his displeasure was of no consequence."[2] Nevertheless, the earl and his colleagues offered Charles 300,000 crowns as the price of his consent to the divorce.[3]

Among the items for which Anne Boleyn was chargeable to Henry's privy-purse in the year 1531, are: "wearing apparel furnished by George Taylor and John Scot to the amount of 18*l.* 6*s.* 4*d.*; also 40*l.* 15*s.* 8*d.* to the said Taylor, and Adington, the skinner, for furs and work done for her; and 18*l.* odd to Lilgrave, the embroiderer, on account of his bill for stuff made for my lady Anne." The sum of 35*l.* is paid to John Scot, on account of his bill for the fair favourite, and other sums to be expended in her service. Then a farm is purchased for her at Greenwich, and paid for by the king. In April upwards of 40*l.* is disbursed to Rasmus, the armourer (supposed herald-painter), for garnishing her desk with gold, and other decorations.[4]

Notwithstanding all these presents and gratuities, added to the fine income she possessed, Anne was frequently in debt. The privy-purse expenses bear record that she pawned one of her jewels, for 20*l.*, to her sister Mary, who was really in straitened circumstances. This jewel was redeemed by the king's order on the 21st of November, 1530. Henry constantly had to pay the tailor's, furrier's, and mercer's bills of his fair unthrifty favourite, to whom his indulgence appears to have been unbounded.

Anne, however, had her anxieties at this crisis, for the opinion of all Christendom was so much against the divorce that Henry was disposed to waver. Luther himself declared, "that he would rather allow the king to take two wives than dissolve his present marriage;[5] and the pope had already caused a secret suggestion of the same kind to be made to Cassalis, but it went no farther,[6] such an arrangement not being very likely to please either of the ladies. At last Cromwell's bold expedient of separating England from the papal see smoothed Anne Boleyn's path to the queenly chair; her royal mistress was expelled from Windsor, and she became the king's constant companion; she rode with him on all his progresses, and, with glaring disregard to propriety, occupied apartments contiguous to his own. The dazzling prospect of a crown had rendered Anne forgetful of that delicacy of feeling which should have taught her to regard a stain as a wound.

In May 1542, the privy-purse expenses of king Henry bear record of the following extravagant item, on account of my lady Anne of Rochford, as she is there called, namely: "Twenty-two Flemish ells of gold arras, at forty-six shillings and eightpence a yard, seventy-four pounds

[1] Le Grand. [2] Le Grand; Tytler. [3] Lingard.
[4] Privy-Purse Expenses of Henry VIII., by Nicolas.
[5] Lutheri Epist., Halse, 1717, p. 290.
[6] See Gregory Cassalis' letter, in Herbert.

twelve and fourpence." A few days afterwards we find, "Item, the 22d day, paid the serjeant of the cellar, for that he won of my lady Anne at the bowls, and paid, by the king's command, twelve pounds, seven, and sixpence." It was not always that my lady Anne lost at games of chance, to which she was much addicted. Repeated records occur in the privy-purse expenses of her winnings of her royal lover. In May 1531, money is delivered to her to play, and yet the king pays various sums of 4*l.*, 15*l.*, and odd shillings, for his losses to her.

Some cause, perhaps the anxiety connected with her doubtful position in Henry's court, had faded the beauty of Anne Boleyn at this period; for the Venetian ambassador, Carlo Capello, gives any thing but a flattering description of her personal charms in a letter to the senate, as related by Sanuto, December 7th, 1532. He says, "My lady Anne is not the most beautiful in the world; her form is irregular and flat, her flesh has a swarthy tinge, she has a long neck, a large mouth, but very fine black eyes." He adds, "that it was generally reported that she had borne a son to the king, that had died soon after its birth." Such reports, however unfounded they might be, were the natural consequences of her doubtful situation in the court.

On the 29th of May, Anne removed from Greenwich to Durham House, and the royal watermen were rewarded by the king with 16*s.* for conveying her thither by water. In June, a costly cloak and evening dress (familiarly termed a night-gown) were provided for her at the king's especial charge. For the amusement of such of our fair readers as may wish to see a specimen of a milliner's bill of the sixteenth century for the reigning beauty of the court, we transcribe the account from that valuable work, the Privy-Purse Expenses of Henry VIII., for which we are indebted to the indefatigable research of sir Harris Nicolas:—

	£.	s.	d.
Item, paid to John Malte for twelve yards of black satin for a cloak for my lady Anne, at 8*s.* the yard	4	16	0
For making the same cloak		5	0
A yard of black velvet for edging the same		13	4
Three yards and three-quarters of black velvet to line the collar and *vents* (armholes)	1	16	0
Two yards of black satin, to line the sleeves of the said cloak, at 8*s.* the yard		16	0
Eleven yards of Bruges satin to line the rest of the cloak, at 2*s.* 4*d.* the yard	1	5	8
Two yards of buckram to line the upper sleeves of the said cloak	0	2	0
The whole cost of the cloak is	9	4	8

The night-gown, which was also made of black satin, lined with black taffeta, stiffened with buckram, and trimmed with black velvet, cost 10*l.* 15*s.* 8*d.*; at the same time sixteen yards of green damask, at 8*s.* a yard, were purchased for her.[1]

In August the same year, lady Russell, the wife of one of the most climbing of Henry's *parvenu* ministers, endeavoured to propitiate the

[1] Privy-Purse Expenses of Henry VIII, p. 222–3.

fair favourite by the present of a stag and a greyhound. Anne transferred this offering to the king, who rewarded lady Russell's servant with 40*s.*[1]

Anne was now fast approaching to the lofty mark at which she had been aiming for the last five years. On the 1st of September the same year, as a preparatory step for her elevation to a still higher rank, Henry created Anne Boleyn marchioness of Pembroke, a royal title which had last been borne by his uncle, Jasper Tudor. The king rendered the honour conferred on his betrothed the more marked, because it identified her with his own family.

The preamble to Anne Boleyn's patent of creation as marchioness is couched in language deserving note.[2] The king declares his motives for taking this step are, because a monarch ought to surround his throne with many peers of the worthiest of both sexes, especially those who are of royal blood; for this reason, "We, by the consent of the nobility of our kingdom present, do make, create, and ennoble our cousin Anne Rochford, one of the daughters of our well-beloved cousin Thomas earl of Wiltshire, and of Ormond, keeper of our privy-seal, to be marchioness of Pembroke, and also by putting on of a mantle, and the setting of a coronet of gold on her head, do really invest unto her the name, title, &c., and to her heirs male." He adds a grant to Anne and her heirs of 35*l.* per annum, out of the crown rents of the county of Pembroke, to be paid by the sheriff. Her father, Gardiner, and the duke of Norfolk, are among the witnesses of this charter, which was made the 1st of September, 1532.[3]

Many instances had occurred of great peerages falling to ladies, but this is the first of a female peer being created. Anne was then staying, with almost queenly pomp, at Windsor Castle, and there the ceremony took place which made her a peeress of the realm. "The king, attended by the dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, the French ambassador, and many peers, besides the privy council, went on Sunday Sept. 1st, to the state apartment in Windsor Castle, called by some the chamber of salutation, and by others, the presence chamber; and seated himself in the chair of state. To this room Anne Boleyn was conducted by a great train of courtiers and the nobility, both lords and ladies. First entered Garter king-at-arms, bearing the king's patent of nobility. After Garter came the lady Mary, daughter to the duke of Norfolk, and cousin-german to Anne Boleyn, carrying on her left arm a robe of state, made of crimson velvet, furred with ermine, and in her right hand a coronet of gold.

[1] Privy-Purse Expenses of Henry VIII. p. 245.

[2] Mills' Catalogue of Honour, p. 41.

[3] The original of this patent is preserved in the Chapter House, Westminster. It gives Anne Boleyn precedence, and her heirs after her, over all the other marchionesses in England. There were, at that time, two marchionesses closely allied to the royal family, namely, the marchioness of Dorset, the king's own niece, and wife to his cousin, the grandson of Elizabeth Woodville, and the marchioness of Exeter, whose husband was the son of his aunt the princess Katharine Plantagenet. The usual clause touching the legitimacy of the offspring by whom the title was to be inherited is omitted in Anne Boleyn's patent. An omission which of course was regarded by her enemies as intentional, and liable to *constructions not most flattering to* her virtue.

She was followed by Anne Boleyn herself, with her hair loose hanging about her shoulders, attired in her inner garment, called a surcoat, of crimson velvet, lined with ermine also, and with short sleeves; she walked between Elizabeth countess of Rutland, and Dorothy countess of Sussex, and she was followed by many noble gentlewomen. While she approached the king's royal seat she thrice made her obeisance, and when she arrived before him she kneeled. The charter having been presented to the king, he delivered it to his secretary Gardiner, who read it aloud, and, when he came to the words *mantillæ inductionem*, the king took the robe of state from the lady Mary, and put it on Anne Boleyn's shoulders; and at the words *circuli aurei* the lady Mary handed him the coronet, which he placed on the brow of the new-made marchioness. When the charter was read he presented it to her, together with another that secured to her a pension of 1000*l.* per annum during her life, for maintaining that dignity. She then gave the king humble thanks, and with the coronet on her head, and invested with the robe, she retired, the trumpets sounding most melodiously as she departed from the presence chamber. A largess was cried on her gift to Garter king-at-arms of 8*l.* and to his officers of 11*l.* while Henry gave a largess of 5*l.* on the occasion."[1]

The sum of 30*l.* 16*s.* 10*d.* was paid from the royal privy-purse for the materials of which Anne Boleyn's robes were made for her investiture as marchioness of Pembroke.[2] Henry presented her with some miniatures, by Holbein, magnificently set in jewels, as ornaments for her person. The unpublished MSS. in the Chapter-House, Westminster, bear record of a costly donation of gold, silver, and parcel-gilt plate, presented by the king to Anne Boleyn on this occasion, to the value of 1188*l.* 11*s.* 10*d.* The articles in this curious inventory consist of cups, flagons, bowls, trenchers, goblets with covers, having the royal arms on shields, spoons, salts, chandeliers, and a chafing-dish. She had an establishment which outvied that of the sister and nieces of the king. She had a train-bearer, three ladies of the bedchamber, and four maids of honour, all of them daughters of barons or knights; three gentlemen in waiting; six officers, all knights or barons; and more than thirty domestics.

In most of the royal architecture which was under progress during the divorce, and while Anne Boleyn was beloved by the king, their initial cyphers were introduced entwined with a true lover's knot. This is still to be seen at Cambridge, where the choir of King's College is separated from the ante-chapel by a screen added in the year 1534, in which are these cyphers and knot, besides the arms of England empaled with those of Boleyn.[3]

[1] Mills' Catalogue of Honour, p. 42. [2] Privy-Purse Expenses; sir H. Nicolas.

[3] The achievement of queen Anne Boleyn stands neatly carved on the large wood screen as you go up to the choir in King's College Chapel, Cambridge, being quarterly France and England, empaling quarterly of six pieces; 1, gules, three lions passant, gardant, or on a label of three points azure, and fleurs de lys of the second Lancaster; 2, azure seme of flowers de luce or a label of three points gules Angoulême, 3, gules, a lion passant, gardant, or guyon. These three augmentations were given her by Henry VIII. when he created her marchioness of Pembroke. Rochford, Brotherton, and Warren, follow those of Butler of

Just before the visit Henry made to France in company with Anne Boleyn as marchioness of Pembroke, cardinal du Bellai, ambassador from Francis I., thus describes their proceedings: "I am alone every day with the king when we are hunting; he chats familiarly with me, and sometimes *madame* Anne joins our party. Each of them are equipt with bow and arrows, which is, as you know, their mode of following the chase. Sometimes he places us both in a station to see him shoot the deer, and whenever he arrives near any house belonging to his courtiers, he alights to tell them of the feats he has performed. *Madame* Anne has presented me a complete set of hunting-gear, consisting of a cap, a bow and arrows, and a greyhound. I do not tell you this as a boast of the lady's favours, but to show how much king Henry prizes me as the representative of our monarch, for whatever that lady does is directed by him." This despatch is dated from Hanwell; so is the following, which is written to intimate that king Henry much desired that Anne Boleyn should be invited to his approaching congress with Francis I. "If our sovereign," says Bellai, "wishes to gratify the king of England he can do nothing better than invite *madame* Anne with him to Calais, and entertain her there with great respect." The next sentence is not complimentary to the reputation of Anne Boleyn, for the ambassador adds, "Nevertheless it will be desirable that the king of France brings no company of ladies (indeed there is always better cheer without them), but, in case they *must* come, he had better bring only the queen of Navarre to Boulogne. I shall not mention with whom or from whence this idea originates, being pledged to secrecy, but be assured I do not write without authority. As to the queen of France,[1] not for the world would he [Henry VIII.] meet her, for he says, he would as soon see the devil as a lady in a Spanish dress."

It was at the period, between Anne Boleyn's creation as marchioness of Pembroke and her recognition as queen, that Wyatt addressed to her the following exquisite lines, in which he bids farewell to her as a lover:—

"Forget not yet the tried intent
Of such a truth as I have meant,
My great travail so gladly spent.
Forget not yet.

Forget not yet when first began
The weary life, ye know—since when
The suit, the service none tell can.
Forget not yet.

Forget not yet the great *assays* [trials],
The cruel wrong, the scornful ways,
The painful patience and delays.
Forget not yet.

Forget not, oh! forget not this,
How long ago hath been and is
The love that never meant amiss.
Forget not yet.

Forget not now thine own approved,
The which so constant hath thee loved,
Whose steadfast faith hath never moved.
Forget not yet."

Ormond. (Camden's Remains, p. 217.) "It is a singular fact," observes sir H. Nicolas, "that when Henry VIII. granted armorial ensigns to Anne Boleyn, then marchioness of Pembroke, he took especial care to show her *royal* and illustrious descent through *the Howards*; by introducing the arms of Thomas of Brotherton, son of Edward I., and of the Warrens, earls of Surrey, from the Howard shield.

[1] Eleanor of Austria, sister to Charles V., and consequently niece to Katharine of Arragon; she was the second wife of Francis I.

The state of horticulture in England at this period may be traced by some very interesting items in the privy-purse expenses of Henry VIII. in the summer of 1532, in which are recorded rewards paid to sundry poor women, on various days, for bringing the king presents of apples, pears, barberries, peaches, artichokes, filberds, and other fruits. His gardeners from Beaulieu, Greenwich, and Hampton, bring him grapes, oranges, cucumbers, melons, cherries, strawberries, pomegranates, citrons, plums, lettuces, and, in short, almost every kind of luxury that could be supplied for the royal table in modern times. On the 4th of October was paid, by Henry's orders, 56*l.* for certain silks provided for apparel for Anne, who is styled my lady *marques* of Pembroke, and the same day 38*l.* 10*s.* 10*d.* for furring the same.[1] Probably she had her share also in the jewels, mercery, and millinery, for which the royal privy-purse accounts are charged, to the amount of more than 12,000*l.*, at the same time. The following day, the only daughter of the sovereign receives the noble gift of 10*l.*[2]

On the 13th of October, Anne, attended by the marchioness of Derby and a chosen retinue of ladies, arrived at Dover in the royal train, and early on the following morning they all embarked for Calais, where they arrived at ten in the forenoon. On the 14th, the grand master of France sent a present of grapes and pears to the fair Boleyn. The same day Henry gave her further marks of his favour, by granting her a settlement of lands in Wales, Essex, Herts, and Somersetshire. On the 21st, they progressed with great pomp to Boulogne to meet the French king. Henry and Francis approached each other bareheaded, and embraced. Francis was not accompanied either by his queen, his sister, or indeed by any ladies: a mortifying circumstance to Anne Boleyn, since nothing could afford a more decided proof of the questionable light in which she was regarded at this time by her old friends at the court of France. Hall gives an elaborate account of the munificence of Henry's entertainment at Boulogne, where Francis, in the capacity of host, furnished the cheer and paid all the costs.[3]

Though Anne sojourned four days with Henry at Boulogne, the absence of the ladies of the French king's family prevented her from appearing at the festivities that were provided for her royal lover. On the 25th, she returned with the two kings to Calais, where, for the honour of his realm, our English Harry had caused preparations to be made for the reception of the French sovereign and his court,[4] which can only be paralleled in the gorgeous details of Oriental romance, where however, silver, and gold, and pearls, are supplied by the writer cost free; while Henry must have drained his exchequer to furnish the banqueting chamber at Calais, which is thus described by Hall:—

"It was hung with tissue, raised with silver, and framed with cloth of silver, raised with gold. The seams of the same were covered with broad wreaths of goldsmiths' work, full of stones and pearls. In this chamber was a cupboard of seven stages high, all plate of gold, and no

[1] Privy-Purse Expenses of Henry VIII. [2] Ibid.
[3] MS Harl. No. 303, p. 4. [4] Herbert; Lingard; Tytler; Turner, Hall.

gilt plate. Besides that, there hung ten branches of silver-gilt, and ten branches all white silver, every branch hanging by a long chain of the same sort, bearing two lights of wax. The French king was served three courses, dressed after the French fashion; and the king of England had like courses, after the English fashion. The first course of every kind was forty dishes, the second sixty, the third eighty, which were costly and pleasant.

"After supper on the Sunday evening, 28th of October, came in the marchioness of Pembroke, with seven ladies, in masking apparel of strange fashion, made of cloth of gold, slashed with crimson tinsel satin puffed with cloth of silver, and knit with laces of gold.[1] These ladies were led into the state chamber just described by four damsels dressed in crimson satin, with tabards of pine cypress. Then the lady marchioness took the French king, the countess of Derby the king of Navarre, and every lady took a lord. In dancing, king Henry removed the ladies' visors, so that their beauties were shown."[2] The French king then discovered that he had danced with an old acquaintance, the lovely English maid of honour of his first queen, for whose departure he had chidden the English ambassador ten years before. He conversed with her some little time apart, and the next morning sent her as a present a jewel valued at 15,000 crowns.[3] On the 30th of this festive month, "the two sovereigns mounted their horses, and Henry having conducted his royal guest to the verge of his dominions, they dismounted on French ground, and there they joined hands with loving behaviour and hearty words, embraced each other, and so parted."[4]

The weather was so tempestuous, that Anne and her royal lover were detained a fortnight at Calais, after the departure of Francis I. On the 14th of November they safely crossed the Channel and landed at Dover.

The favourite diversion of Anne Boleyn and the king seems to have been cards and dice. Henry's losses at games of chance were enormous; but Anne, with the single exception of the sum she lost to the serjeant of the cellar at bowls, appears to be a fortunate gamester. On the 20th of November, we observe the following entry in Henry's privy-purse expenses, delivered to the king's grace at Stone: 9*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*, which his grace lost at *Pope Julius's game* to my lady *marquess* (Anne Boleyn), Mr. Bryan, and maister Weston. On the 25th, Henry loses twenty crowns to the same party at the same game; and the following day, 18*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* On the 28th, Anne again wins 11*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* in a single-handed game of cards with her royal lover. The next day Henry is the loser of 4*l.* at Pope Julius's game; and also on the 31st, sixteen crowns at the same to Anne and young Weston.[5] Such entries are little to the credit of any of the persons concerned.

Pope Julius's game,[6] which was at this time so greatly in vogue at

[1] Hall, p. 794. [2] Ibid. [3] Le Grand; Lingard. [4] Hall.

[5] Young Weston, one of the gamblers at these orgies, was among the unfortunate victims of Henry's jealousy of Anne Boleyn.

[6] In the Privy-Purse Expenses of Henry VIII. it is called *Pope July's game*,

the court of Henry VIII., was probably the origin of the vulgar round-game, called in modern times Pope-Joan. The various points in that game, such as matrimony, intrigue, pope, and the stops, appear to have borne significant allusion to the relative situations in the royal drama of the divorce, and the interference of the pope and his agents in preventing the king's marriage with his beautiful favourite, Anne Boleyn.

ANNE BOLEYN,

SECOND QUEEN OF HENRY VIII.

CHAPTER II.

Anne Boleyn's marriage with Henry VIII.—Its privacy—Contradictory statements—Its public celebration—Her coronation—Pageants and festivities—Opposition by the Catholics—Birth of princess Elizabeth—Settlement of the crown on Anne's issue—Henry upbraids Anne with Sir T. More's death—Henry and Anne excommunicated—Anne supports the reformation and translation of the Scriptures—Her altered manners—Protects Latimer—Exults in queen Katharine's death—Loses Henry's affection—Discovers his passion for Jane Seymour—Bears a dead son—Anger of the king—His utter alienation—Arrest of Brereton—Anne's dialogue with Smeaton—Jousts at Greenwich—King's angry departure—Arrest of Anne's brother and others—She is carried to the Tower—Her despair—Accused by Smeaton—Her letter to the king—Anne's indictment—Her brother and others condemned—Trial of Anne—Sentence—Her speech—Her marriage dissolved—Execution of her brother and others—Her poems—Behaviour on the scaffold—Fidelity of her maids—Gift to Wyatt's sister—Dying speech—Farewell to her ladies—Beheaded—Hasty burial—Norfolk tradition—King Henry's remorse.

The time and place of Anne Boleyn's marriage with Henry VIII. are disputed points in history. Some authors have affirmed that she was privately united to the king at Dover the same day they returned from France, being the festival of St. Erkenwald.[1] According to others, the nuptials were secretly performed in the presence of the earl and countess of Wiltshire, and the duke and duchess of Norfolk, in the chapel of Sopewell Nunnery. This report, perhaps, was caused by a temporary retreat of Anne to that convent after her return from France, and the secret resort of the king to meet her there at a yew-tree, about a mile from this cloistered shade, of which the learned lady Juliana Berners was formerly the prioress. The unpopularity of this union was the

evident mockery of Julius II., the copy of whose *breve* of dispensation had been lately produced by Katharine of Arragon, as an important document in favour of the legality of her marriage with Henry VIII.

[1] It is an odd coincidence that the papal bull, denouncing the sentence of excommunication against king Henry and Anne Boleyn if they presumed to marry, is dated the day after their interdicted nuptials are said to have taken place at Dover.—*Hall*, Holingshed.

cause of the profound secrecy with which the nuptials between Henry and his fair subject were solemnised; for the same cause it was necessary to keep the fact from publicity as long as it was possible to do so.

It is among the historical traditions of Anne's native county, Norfolk, that she was privately married to the king at Blickling Hall. Blomefield says,[1] that Henry came expressly for this purpose. This report is alluded to by a Norfolk poet, Stephenson, in his lines on the visit of Charles II. and his queen, Katharine of Braganza, to Blickling Hall:—

> "Blickling two monarchs and two queens has seen,
> One king fetched hence, another brought a queen."

The testimony of Wyatt, however, who was not only a contemporary, but a witness too deeply interested, not to be correct on such a point, confirms the assertions of Stowe and Godwin, that this event, so fatal to the bride, who was to purchase the brief possession of a crown with the loss of her head, took place on St. Paul's Day, January 25th, 1533. "On the morning of that day, at a very early hour," says a contemporary, "Dr. Rowland Lee, one of the royal chaplains, received the unwonted order to celebrate mass in an unfrequented attic in the west turret of Whitehall. There he found the king attended by Norris and Heneage, two of the grooms of the chamber, and the marchioness of Pembroke accompanied by her train-bearer, Anne Savage, afterwards lady Berkely.[2] On being required to perform the nuptial rite between his sovereign and the marchioness, in the presence of the three witnesses assembled, the chaplain hesitated, but Henry is said to have assured him that the pope had pronounced in favour of the divorce, and that he had the dispensation for a second marriage in his possession.[3]

As soon as the marriage ceremony had been performed, the parties separated in silence before it was light, and viscount Rochford, the brother of the bride, was despatched to announce the event in confidence to Francis I. Such is the account preserved in a contemporary MS.[4] of the romantic circumstances, as to time and place, under which the fair ill-fated Anne Boleyn received the nuptial ring from the hand that was so soon to sign her death-warrant, and also that of her fellow-victim, Henry Norris, one of the three witnesses of her marriage.

That this step had been taken by the king, not only without the knowledge but against the advice of his council and most confidential advisers may be inferred from the fact that even Cranmer knew not of it, as he himself writes to his friend Hawkins, "till a fortnight after the

[1] Blomefield's History of Norfolk.

[2] Le Grand; Tytler; Lingard; Benger; Mrs. Thompson.

[3] This portion of the narrative we are inclined to doubt; since Henry, weary of the delays attending the prosecution of the divorce, which in its procrastinated tedium can only be compared to a modern chancery suit, had resolved upon the bold measure of treating his marriage with queen Katharine as a nullity. As for the scruples of Rowland and Lee, they were more likely to have been overcome by the promise of the mitre of the bishopric of Lichfield than by the fiction of a papal dispensation for the interdicted marriage.

[4] This narrative was presented to queen Mary. It is quoted by four modern historians, Dr. Lingard, Mr. Tytler, Miss Benger, and Mrs. Thompson.

marriage had been performed," which, he says, "took place about St. Paul's Day."[1] He was himself consecrated archbishop of Canterbury two months afterwards.

Anne remained in great retirement, as the nature of the case required, for her royal consort was still, in the opinion of a majority of his subjects, the husband of another lady. It was, however, found impossible to conceal the marriage, without affecting the legitimacy of the expected heir to the crown. For this cause, therefore, on Easter eve, which this year was April 12th, the king openly solemnised again his marriage with Anne Boleyn, and she went in state as his queen.

"On the 8th of May, Cranmer presided at the public tribunal at Dunstable, which it was thought expedient to hold on the former marriage. The proceedings terminated May 23d, when Cranmer pronounced not a divorce, but a sentence, that the king's marriage with Katharine had been, and was, a nullity and invalid, having been contracted against the Divine law. Five days after, he gave at Lambeth a judicial confirmation to Henry's union with Anne Boleyn."[2]

Anne's queenly establishment was immediately arranged, in which two of her own relatives, with whom she had hitherto been on bad terms, were given appointments; namely, her brother's wife, lady Rochford, and lady Boleyn, the wife of her uncle, sir Edward Boleyn.

Early in May 1534, king Henry made proclamation that all who had claims to do customary service at the coronation of a queen of England were to urge them before the duke of Suffolk, temporary high steward of England, then holding his court in the Star Chamber. The noblest and greatest in the land immediately made good their rights to serve the fair Boleyn as queen consort of England. The lord mayor, at the same time, received letters from the king, notifying that the coronation of queen Anne was to take place at Westminster, the Whitsunday ensuing, and willing him to fetch her grace previously by water from Greenwich to the Tower. At a common council held on this matter, the lord mayor, who belonged to the worshipful craft of the haberdashers, and bore the very appropriate name of Peacock, issued his mandate to his brethren the haberdashers, to fit up and ornament a foist or wafter (which was a sort of gun-boat), likewise a barge for the bachelors, well garnished with streamers and banners.[3]

The broad bosom of the Thames was the theatre of this commencing scene of Anne Boleyn's triumph. In obedience to the royal order, the lord mayor and his civic train embarked at New Stairs at one o'clock, May 19th. In the city state barge was stationed a band playing on instruments called shalms and shag-bushes; but, notwithstanding these uncivilised names, we are informed "they made goodly harmony."[4] The

[1] Archæologia, vol. xviii. p. 81.

[2] In this brief clear statement from Sharon Turner are condensed the voluminous proceedings of this affair, from all the heavy documentary records which have been collected by earlier historians, and which we have also examined.

[3] Hall, p. 800.

[4] Henry VIII., by his warrant, dated April 28th, 1534, to lady Cobham, desires *her to be* at Greenwich on the Friday before Pentecost to attend upon the queen;

great men of the city were dressed in scarlet; all had about their necks heavy gold chains, and those who were knights wore the collar of S.S. Fifty barges of the city companies followed the lord mayor. Every one in London who could procure boat or wherry embarked on the Thames that May morning, and either accompanied the chief of the city to Greenwich, or, resting on their oars, awaited, in advantageous positions, to get a view of that triumphant beauty who had displaced the right royal Katharine, and was now to be publicly shown as their queen. The lord mayor's barge was immediately preceded by the foist, bristling at the sides with the small artillery called by our forefathers falcons and demi-falcons, culverins and chambers. On the deck, the place of honour was occupied by a dragon, which capered and twirled a tremendous long tail, and spit wild-fire perpetually into the Thames. Round about the dragon was arranged a company of attendant monsters and *salvage* men very terrible, who vomited wild-fire, and performed the most extraordinary antics. Ever and anon the city artillerymen persuaded some of the ordnance of the foist to go off, to the mingled terror and delight of the worthy commonalty who floated round about as near as they durst. On the right of the lord mayor was the bachelors' barge, and on the left, another foist, the deck of which was occupied by a pageant representing Anne Boleyn's own device, and meant especially to flatter her. It was a mount, round about which sat virgins singing her praises in sweet chorus. From the mount issued a stem of gold with branches of red and white roses; in the midst of them sat a white falcon crowned, and beneath, the queen's somewhat presumptuous motto, "Me and Mine."[1] She had assumed the white falcon as her symbol from the crest of her maternal ancestors, the Butlers, and the whole device proclaimed her vaunt, that by her was to be continued the line of the blended roses of Plantagenet.

The barges were fitted up with innumerable little coloured flags, at the end of which hung a small bell, which, wavering in the wind, sent forth a low chime. Thus the gay flotilla rowed merrily past Greenwich, and then all turned about, so that the barges of the lowest rank prepared to lead the way back to London, and the lord mayor and his attendant pageantry cast anchor just before Greenwich Palace, and while they waited the fair queen's pleasure made the goodliest melody. Precisely at three o'clock Anne issued from her palace attired in cloth of gold, and attended by a fair bevy of maidens.

When the queen entered her barge, those of the citizens moved forwards. She was immediately preceded by the lord mayor, while the

to proceed thence to the Tower, and on Sunday to the coronation. Her palfrey was furnished by the master of the horse.—Chron. Cat. 181, from MS. Harleian, 283, fol. 96.

[1] Camden's Remains. "A white-crowned falcon holding a sceptre in one foot, and perched on a golden stem, out of which grew white and red roses, with the motto, *Mihi et Meæ*, 'Me and Mine,' was the vainglorious device of Anne Boleyn." This device of the falcon may be seen in the grained roof of the antique gateway at Hampton Court leading to the river, with the initials H. A. It was probably finished after the fall of Wolsey.

bachelors' barge claimed their privilege of rowing on the right of the royal barge, sounding points of triumph with trumpets and wind-instruments, in which the queen took particular delight. The barge of her father, the earl of Wiltshire, that of the duke of Suffolk, and many of the nobility, followed that of the queen. Thus was she attended up the Thames till she came opposite the Tower, when a marvellous peal of guns was shot off.

Henry was then in the ominous fortress awaiting the arrival of her who was still the desire of his heart and the delight of his eyes. At her landing the lord chamberlain and the heralds were ready to receive her, and brought her to the king, who, with loving countenance, welcomed her at the postern by the water-side. As soon as he met her, he kissed her, and she turned about and thanked the lord mayor very gracefully before he returned to his barge.

The whole of that evening after she had entered the Tower, "the barges hovered before it, making the goodliest melody," while the dragon and his attendant salvage monsters continued capering and casting forth flame with increased vivacity as the twilight of a mid-May eve descended on the admiring multitude. The noble river in front of the Tower of London was covered with boats and skiffs of every sort, size, colour, and gaudy ornament. The city poured forth its humbler population in crowds on the neighbouring wharfs. The adjacent bridge, then crested with fortified turrets and embattled gateways, swarmed with human life. It was a scene peculiar to its era, which can never occur again, for modern times have neither the power nor material to emulate it. In the midst of that picturesque splendour, who could have anticipated what was in store for Anne Boleyn on the second anniversary of that gay and glorious day, and what was to be transacted within the gloomy circle of that royal fortress of which she then took such proud possession, when May 19th had twice returned again?

The queen sojourned with her husband at the Tower some days, during which time seventeen young noblemen and gentlemen were made knights of the Bath, as attendants on her coronation. The royal progress through the city, which was usual to all the queens her predecessors on the eve of their coronations, was appointed for Anne Boleyn on the last day of May, and never was this ceremony performed with more pomp. The city was gravelled from the Tower to Temple Bar, and railed on one side of the streets, so "that the people should not be hurt by the horses." Cornhill and Gracechurch Street were hung with crimson and scarlet, and most part of the Chepe with cloth of gold and velvet. "The lord mayor, sir Stephen Peacock, went in a gown of crimson velvet and a goodly collar of S.S. to receive the queen at the Tower gate. The first of her procession was the retinue of the French ambassador, in blue velvet and sleeves of yellow and blue, then the judges, and next to them the new-made knights of the Bath, in violet gowns and hoods purfled with miniver like doctors. After them the abbots, then the nobility and bishops. The archbishop of York rode with the ambassador of Venice, and Cranmer, the archbishop of Canterbury, with the French ambassador;" these ambassadors being the men

whose gossiping journals have furnished us with much personal information regarding the domestic history of the court at this era. "After them rode two esquires wearing the ducal coronet of Normandy and Aquitaine, the ducal robes being rolled baldric-wise and worn across the breast. Then the lord mayor, with his mace and Garter in his dress of ceremony. After them lord William Howard as earl marshal being deputy for the duke of Norfolk, then ambassador in France. On his right hand rode the duke of Suffolk, who that day filled the office of lord high constable[1] of England, bearing the verge of silver which denoted that office." Whether his thoughts were on the glaring pageantry around him, or on his royal and loving spouse then dying at Westropp Hall in Suffolk, no chronicler informs us; but we doubt if those who examine the tenor of his actions must not class Charles Brandon among the most heartless of court favourites. Then came the bright object of all this parade, Anne Boleyn, seated in an open litter—

"Opposing freely
The beauty of her person to the people."

"The litter was covered with cloth of gold shot with white, and the two palfreys which supported the litter were clad, heads and all, in a garb of white damask, and were led by the queen's footmen. Anne was dressed in a surcoat of silver tissue, and a mantle of the same, lined with ermine; her dark tresses were worn flowing down her shoulders, but on her head she wore a coif, with a cirelet of precious rubies. Over her was borne a canopy of cloth of gold, carried by four knights on foot. The queen's litter was preceded by her chancellor, and followed by her chamberlain, lord Borough;[2] William Cosyns, her master of horse, led her own palfrey, bearing only a rich side-saddle trapped down to the ground with cloth of gold. After came seven ladies, riding on palfreys, in crimson velvet, trimmed with cloth of gold, and two chariots, covered with red cloth of gold; in the first of which were the old duchess of Norfolk and the marchioness of Dorset, and in the other chariot were four ladies of the bedchamber; fourteen other court ladies followed, with thirty of their waiting maids on horseback, in silk and velvet; and then followed the guard, in coats ornamented with beaten gold." In Fenchurch Street they all came to a pause to view a pageant of children apparelled like merchants, who welcomed the queen with two proper propositions in French and English. At Gracechurch Street corner was a "marvellous cunning pageant," made by the merchants of the Still-yard of mount Parnassus, with Apollo and all his attendants, who made speeches. They were placed about a fountain of Helicon, which sprung up, in four jets, several yards high, and fell in a cup at top, and overflowed. This fountain of Helicon "did run with right good Rhenish wine all that day for the refreshment of the multitude."

[1] The two great offices, of hereditary high steward and hereditary high constable of England, were then in abeyance, since the first merged in the crown with Henry IV., and the last was forfeited by the duke of Buckingham. Henry's favourite, Suffolk, performed both alternately at this era.

[2] The step-son of Henry's sixth queen, Katharine Parr.

The next pageant was that of the white falcon described in the water procession, with this difference, that the falcon sat uncrowned among the red and white roses, and an angel flew down, with great melody, and placed a close crown[1] of gold on the falcon's head, as the queen came opposite. St. Anne sat near, with her descendants; and one of the children of Mary Cleophas made to the queen a goodly oration on the fruitfulness of St. Anne. At the conduit of Cornhill sat the three Graces on a throne, and before it was a spring of grace continually running with good wine. Before the fountain sat a poet, who declared to the queen the properties of each of the three, every one of whom gave her a gift of grace. The conduit of Cheapside ran, at one end, white wine, and at the other, claret, all that afternoon. "At Cheapside cross stood all the aldermen, from among whom advanced master Walter, the city recorder, who presented the queen with a purse, containing a thousand marks of gold, which she very thankfully accepted, with many goodly words. At the little conduit of Cheapside was a rich pageant, full of melody and song, where Pallas, Venus, and Juno, gave the queen their apple of gold, divided into three compartments, being wisdom, riches, and felicity. Over the gate of St. Paul's was a pageant of three ladies; and in a circle over their heads was written, in Latin words, 'Proceed, queen Anne, and reign prosperously.' The lady sitting in the middle had a tablet, on which was written, 'Come, friend, and receive the crown;' the lady on the right had a tablet of silver, on which was written, 'Lord, direct my steps;' and the third lady had, on a tablet of gold, written with azure letters, 'Confide in the Lord:' and these ladies cast down wafers, on which these words were stamped. On a scaffold, at the east end of St. Paul's, stood two hundred children, well apparelled, who rehearsed to the queen many goodly verses of poets translated into English, which she highly commended. And when she came to Ludgate, the gate was newly burnished with gold and bice; and on the leads of St. Martin's church stood a choir of men and children, singing new ballads in her praise. Fleet Street conduit was finely painted, all the escutcheons and angels were refreshed, and the chime melodiously sounding; on it was four turrets, and in each turret a cardinal virtue, which promised the queen never to leave her, but ever to be aiding and comforting her: and in the midst of the tower, closely concealed, was a concert of solemn instruments, which made a heavenly noise, and was much regarded and praised by the queen; and, besides all this, the said conduit ran with red and white wine all that afternoon. Thus the queen was brought to Westminster Hall, which was richly hung with golden arras, and newly glazed. The queen rode in her litter to the very midst of the hall, where she was taken out, and led up to the high dais, and placed under the canopy of state. On the left side was a cupboard of ten stages filled with cups and goblets of gold marvellous to behold." In a short time was brought to the queen a solemn service in great standing spice plates, and a *void* of spice (which was no other than comfits or sugar-plums), besides ipocras, and other wines

[1] Meaning the coronation crown, the white falcon representing the queen.

which the queen sent down to her ladies. When they had partaken, she gave thanks to the lord mayor, and to the ladies and nobles who had attended on her. She then withdrew herself, with a few ladies, to the whitehall, and changed her dress, and remained with the king at Westminster that night.

The bright morrow was that coronation day, the grand ultimatum on which the heart and wishes of Anne Boleyn had been for so many years steadfastly fixed. It was, at the same time, Whitsunday, and the 1st of June, of all days the most lovely in England, when the fresh smile of spring still blends with early summer. That morning of high festival saw the queen early at her toilet, for she entered Westminster Hall, with her ladies, a little after eight, and stood under her canopy of state, in her surcoat and mantle of purple velvet, lined with ermine, and the circlet of rubies she wore the preceding day. Then came the monks of Westminster, in rich copes, and the bishops and abbots, in their splendid copes and mitres. The ray-cloth (striped-cloth) was spread all the way from the dais in Westminster Hall, through the sanctuary and palace, up to the high altar in Westminster Abbey. The usual procession then set forth, among which may be remarked the marquis of Dorset, bearing the queen's sceptre, the earl of Arundel, with the rod of ivory and the dove, who went side by side. The earl of Oxford, lord high-chamberlain for the day, walked after him bearing the crown; after him came the duke of Suffolk, as temporary lord high-steward of England, bearing a long silver wand, and the lord William Howard, with the marshal's staff. Then came the queen, the bishops of London and Winchester, walking on each side of her, holding up the lappets of her robe, and the freemen of the Cinque Ports, called barons, dressed in crimson, with blue points to their sleeves, bore her canopy. The queen's train was borne by the old duchess of Norfolk, and she was followed by the female nobility of England, in surcoats of scarlet velvet, with narrow sleeves, the stomachers barred with ermine, the degree of the nobility being told by the number of the ermine bars. The knights' wives were in scarlet, but they had no trains, neither had the queen's gentlewomen. Then the queen was set in a rich chair, between the choir and the high altar. And after she had rested herself awhile, she descended to the high altar, and there prostrated herself while Cranmer said certain collects. Then she rose up, and he anointed her on the head and breast, and she was led up again, and after many orisons he set the crown of St. Edward on her head, and delivered to her the sceptres, and all the choir sang *Te Deum*. Which done, the archbishop took from her head the crown of St. Edward, being heavy, and set on the crown made for her, and so went to mass, and, when the offertory came, she descended again to the altar, and there offered, being still crowned, and then ascended to her chair of state, where she sat till *Agnus Dei* was sung, and then she went down and kneeled before the altar, and received of Cranmer the eucharist, and returned to her place again. After mass was over she went to St. Edward's shrine, and there offered, and withdrew into a little place made *for the nonce* on one side of the choir.[1] The nobility had in the mean

[1] Hall, whose narrative is generally followed in this account, pp. 800–804.

time assumed their coronets. And when the queen had reposed herself she returned with the procession in the former order," excepting that the proud and triumphant father of the queen supported her sceptre hand, and on her left hand she was assisted by lord Talbot, as deputy for his father, the earl of Shrewsbury. Thus she was led into Westminster Hall, and then to her withdrawing chamber, where she waited till the banquet was prepared.

Meantime every lord who owed services at a coronation prepared them according to his duty. The duke of Suffolk, as high steward, was richly apparelled, his doublet and jacket being set with orient pearl, and his courser trapped to the ground with crimson velvet, having letters of beaten gold thereon; and by his side rode about the hall the lord William Howard, earl marshal for his brother, whose robe was crimson velvet, and the housings of his steed purple velvet, with white lions on it, cut out in white satin and embroidered. The earl of Essex was the queen's carver; the earl of Sussex, her sewer; the earl of Arundel, her chief butler; on whom twelve citizens of London did wait at the cupboard. The earl of Derby was her cup-bearer; the viscount Lisle, her pantler; the lord Burgoyne, chief larderer, and the mayor of Oxford kept the buttery bar; while her late lover, sir Thomas Wyatt, of poetical celebrity, acted for his father, sir Henry Wyatt, as chief ewerer, and claimed the office of pouring scented water on the queen's hands. When all these functionaries were at their stations, the queen entered the hall with her canopy borne over her; she washed and sat down to table, under the canopy of state; on the right side of her chair stood the countess of Oxford, and on the left stood the countess of Worcester, all the dinner-time, and they often held a "fine cloth before the queen's face, whenever she listed to spit or do otherwise at her pleasure," a most extraordinary office, certainly, but first appointed at an earlier and less refined era than even the reign of Henry VIII. And under the table went two gentlewomen, and sat at the queen's feet during the dinner. When the queen and all these attendants had taken their places, the duke of Suffolk and lord William Howard rode into the hall on horseback, escorting the sewer and the knights of the Bath, each bearing a dish of the first course for the queen's table, twenty-seven dishes, besides "subtleties of ships made of coloured wax, marvellous and gorgeous to behold." While this service was done, the trumpets standing in the window, at the nethermost end of the hall, played melodiously. "And all the tables in the hall were served so quickly it was a marvel."

The king took no part in all this grand ceremonial, but remained in the cloister of St. Stephen's,[1] where was made a little closet, in which he stood privately with several ambassadors, beholding all the service it was his pleasure should be offered to his new queen.

While the dinner was proceeding, "the duke of Suffolk and lord William Howard rode up and down the hall cheering the lords and ladies,

is evident Cranmer performed the catholic celebration of the mass at this ceremony.

[1] These most beautiful cloisters are nearly in their original state at this time.

and the lord mayor, and his brethren; and when these had dined, they commanded them to stand still in their places or on their forms, till the queen had washed. Then she arose and stood in the midst of the hall, to whom the earl of Sussex brought a goodly spice plate and served her with comfits. After him the lord mayor brought a standing cup of gold, set in a cup of assay, and after she had drunk she gave him the cups, according to the claims of the city, thanking him and his brethren for their pains. Then she went under her canopy borne over her to the door of her chamber, where she turned about and gave the canopy, with the golden bells and all, to the barons of the cinque ports, according to their claim, with great thanks for their service. Then the lord mayor bearing the gold cup in his hand, with his brethren, passed through Westminster Hall to the barge, and so did all the other noblemen and gentlemen return to their barges, for it was then six o'clock." On the following day, Whit-monday, there were jousts in the Tilt-yard before the king and queen.[1]

Henry, notwithstanding his separation from the see of Rome, was desirous of obtaining the pope's sanction to his second marriage,[2] but the fulminations from Clement were manifold, on the occasion of the interdicted nuptials. That pontiff annulled Cranmer's sentence on Henry's first marriage, and on the 11th of July published his bull, excommunicating Henry and Anne, unless they separated before the ensuing September, when the new queen expected her confinement.

Henry next sent ambassadors to the foreign courts, announcing his marriage with his fair subject, and his reasons for what he had done. These were also set forth to his discontented lieges in the north of England, by the archbishop of York, in a sermon, with this appropriate text, "I have married a wife, and therefore I cannot come."[3]

All the ecclesiastics in Henry's dominions were not so complaisant, for he was publicly branded from the pulpit with the name of a polygamist, and exhorted to return to his lawful wife. Anne came in for a tenfold share of reviling as the cause of his guilt. At Greenwich, friar Peto preached boldly before the newly wedded pair, on the crime of which the church of Rome considered them guilty, and in no measured terms denounced the most awful judgments on them both; comparing the sovereign to Ahab, and telling him that, "like the accursed Israelitish king, his blood would be licked by dogs."[4] For a wonder the bold preacher survived the threatened vengeance of Henry.

Henry's cousin, cardinal Pole, addressed letters of the most impassioned eloquence to his royal kinsman, reproaching him with his proceedings. Anne is styled by him "Jezebel," "sorceress," and many other offensive names, while, with the most cutting irony, in reply to those who had eulogised her virtue in rejecting all terms but those of queenship from her royal lover, he adds, "She must needs be chaste, as she chose to be the king's wife rather than his mistress; but," pursues he, "she must have known how soon he was sated with those who had served him in the latter quality, and, if she wanted other examples, her

[1] Hall; Holingshed. [2] Burnet. [3] Ibid. [4] Holingshed; Hall.

sister was enough." The catholic historians have too hastily construed these reproaches into evidences of Mary Boleyn's frailty. Mary was, indeed, tempted by the king, but, having been convinced of the impropriety of receiving the addresses of a married man, preserved herself from guilt by becoming the virtuous wife of a private gentleman. No one who dispassionately reads the king's letter in reply to an application from Anne Boleyn in behalf of Mary, when left a widow in destitute circumstances, can believe that Mary had been his mistress. Soon after Anne's elevation to a royal station, the widowed Mary gave great offence to her ambitious family, and also to the king and queen, by making a second love-match with sir W. Stafford. The following very interesting letter from Mary to that man of universal business, Cromwell, entreating his good offices, bespeaks the feelings of a high-minded and virtuous matron, not those of the forsaken mistress of the man who had raised her sister to a throne:—

"Master Secretary,

"After my poor recommendations, which is smally to be regarded from a poor banished creature, this shall be to desire you to be good to my poor husband and me, for it is not unknown to you the high displeasure that both he and I have of the king's highness and the queen's grace, by reason of our marriage without their knowledge." (*After much penitence expressed, she proceeds*), "And, good master secretary, sue for us to the king's highness, and beseech his highness that it will please him of his goodness to speak to the queen's grace for us, for I perceive her grace is so highly displeased with us both, that, without the king be so good lord to us as to sue for us, we are never like to recover her grace's favour, which is too heavy to bear. For God's sake help us, for we have now been married a quarter of a year, I thank God, and too late now to recall that again. But if I were at my liberty and might choose, I assure you, master secretary, I had rather beg my bread with him *than be the greatest queen christened.*

"And I beseech you, good master secretary, pray my lord and father and *my lady (she means lady Boleyn, but she does not call her mother)* to be good to us, and let me have their blessings, and my husband their good-will. Also, I pray my lord Norfolk and my brother (lord Rochford) to be good to us. I dare not write to them, they are so cruel against us."—(Written between 1533 and 1536.)

Notwithstanding the occasional mortifications which annoyed Anne on her first recognition as queen of England, she enjoyed all that grandeur and power could bestow. Henry, withal, in order to exalt her to the utmost in her queenly dignity, caused her initial A to be crowned and associated with his own regal H on the gold and silver coins that were struck after their marriage. Henry VIII. was the first and last monarch of England who offered this compliment to his consorts—a brief and dearly purchased honour it was to some of those unhappy ladies. Francis I. sent very friendly messages and compliments of congratulation by queen Anne's uncle Norfolk, not only to the king, but to herself, at which both were highly gratified. Henry, who fully persuaded himself that the infant of which Anne expected soon to be the mother would prove a son, invited king Francis to become its sponsor. Francis obligingly signified his consent to the duke of Norfolk, and it was agreed that the anticipated boy should be named either Henry or Edward;[1] but,

[1] Burnet.

to the great disappointment of king Henry, on the 7th of September, 1533, queen Anne, after very dangerous travail, gave birth, between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, to a daughter, afterwards the renowned queen Elizabeth.[1] This event, so auspicious to England, took place in the old palace at Greenwich, of which not a vestige now remains.

There is a room called the Prince's Chamber, in which our kings, in he last century, always robed when they attended the House of Lords, n which was curious old tapestry, representing the birth of queen Elizabeth.[2] Anne Boleyn is in bed, an attendant on one side, and a nurse, with the child, on the other; beyond is Henry VIII. and his courtiers, waiting for the intelligence, which one seems despatched to bring to the impatient sire.

So confident had Henry been of the realisation of his passionate desire of a son, that in the circular which was sent to the nobility in queen Anne's name, announcing the birth of her child, the word *prince* was written in the first instance, and an *s* was added after the queen's delivery. This curious fact has led Lodge and other celebrated writers into the error that Anne Boleyn brought Henry VIII. a living son; the addition of the feminising *s* having probably been omitted in some of the copies of the circular, of which we give the transcript.

"To Lord Cobham, by the Queen.

"Right trusty and well beloved, we greet you well. And whereas it hath pleased the goodness of Almighty God, of his infinite mercy and grace, to send, to us, at this time, good speed in the deliverance and bringing forth of a princes, to the great joy, *rejoice*, and infinite comfort of my lord, us, and all his good subjects of this his realm, for the which his inestimable benevolence, so showed unto us, we have no little cause to give high thanks, laud, and praising our said Maker, like as we do most lowly, humbly, and with all the inward desire of our heart. And inasmuch as we undoubtedly trust, that this our good speed is to your great pleasure, comfort, and consolation, we, therefore, by these our letters advertise you thereof, desiring and heartily praying you to give, with us, unto Almighty God, high thanks, glory, laud, and praising; and to pray for the good health, prosperity, and continual preservation, of the said *princes* accordingly. Given under our signet, at my lord's manor of Greenwich, the 7th[3] day of September, in the 20th year of my said lord's reign."

The succession was entailed by act of parliament on this infant in default of heirs male; when persons were required at the same time to acknowledge the king's supremacy, and to swear fealty to the king's heirs by queen Anne, which excluded the princess Mary from the succession. Fisher, bishop of Rochester, and sir Thomas More, refused to take this two-fold oath on scruples of conscience; both had previously enjoyed a great degree of Henry's favour; both had much to lose and nothing to gain by their rejection of a test which they regarded as a snare. They were the fast friends of the persecuted and repudiated queen

[1] State Papers. [2] Pennant's London.

[3] State Papers, vol. i. (407.) This letter precisely fixes the day of Elizabeth's birth on the 7th of September, 1533; this has hitherto been a point of controversy with historians, who quote it as happening either on the 5th of September, or the 13th. The same form of circular served to announce the birth of Edward VI. *Princess* was always spelled at that era with only one *s*.

Katharine, and had incurred the animosity of her fair triumphant rival by counselling the king against forsaking the wife of his youth.

The resentment of Anne Boleyn is supposed to have influenced the king to bring these faithful servants to the scaffold under very frivolous pretexts. The integrity of sir Thomas More, as lord-chancellor, had been some time before impugned by Anne's father, the earl of Wiltshire, but, like pure gold from the crucible, it shone more brightly from the trial.[1]

When More's beloved daughter, Margaret Roper, visited him in the Tower, he asked her, "How queen Anne did?" "In faith, father," she replied, "never better. There is nothing else in the court but dancing and sporting." "Never better!" said he; "alas! Meg, alas! it pitieth me to think into what misery, poor soul, she will shortly come. These dances of hers will prove such dances, that she will spurn our heads off like foot-balls, but it will not be long ere her head will dance the like dance." "And how prophetically he spoke these words," adds the kindred biographer of More, "the end of her tragedy proved."[2]

When the account of the execution of this great and good man was brought to Henry while he was playing at tables with Anne, he cast his eyes upon her, we are told, and said, "Thou art the cause of this man's death;" then rising up, he left his unfinished game, and shut himself up in his chamber, in great perturbation of spirit.[3]

"Had we been master of such a servant," exclaimed the emperor Charles to the English ambassador, with a burst of generous feeling, "we would rather have lost the fairest city in our dominions than such a counsellor."

Mason, Henry's agent in Spain, oppressed with horror at the tidings of the executions of sir Thomas More, the venerable bishop Fisher, and the poor lunatic nun Elizabeth Barton, used this remarkable expression, "What end this tragedy will come to God wot, if that may be called a tragedy that begins with a wedding;"[4] thus, pointing at the king's marriage with Anne Boleyn as the cause of these unwonted scenes of blood.

On the 30th of August, 1535, the new pope, Paul III., thundered forth his anathema against Henry and Anne, provided they did not separate, declaring their issue illegitimate, and forbidding Henry's subjects to pay him their allegiance. Henry fortified himself by seeking the alliance of the Protestant princes of Germany. The decided opposition of the see of Rome and the ecclesiastics of that church against Anne Boleyn's marriage with the king, and her recognition as queen of England, led her to espouse the cause of the infant Reformation as a matter of party; but as she adhered to all the ceremonies of the Roman Catholic ritual, and professed the doctrine of transubstantiation, a Protestant she cannot be called with truth. The martyrdoms of Bilney, of Frith, and several other pious reformers, were perpetrated while she was in the height of her power, and though it would be unjust to attribute to her the mur-

[1] Roper's Life of More; Hoddesden; More's Life of More.
[2] More's Life of More; and Roper's More.
[3] More's Life of More.
[4] Ellis's Letters.

derous cruelty exercised by Henry and his spiritual advisers, yet there is no record of any intercession used by her to preserve these blameless martyrs from the flames. Yet it is scarcely likely, that to have saved them would have been a work of greater difficulty than compassing the destruction of her political opponents.

The only great boon that the Reformation owes to Anne Boleyn is, that the translation of the Scriptures was sanctioned through her influence. There is an interesting letter in Ellis's Royal Collection, signed "Anne the queen," for the protection of a merchant, who was involved in some peril, for importing from Holland some of those precious copies of the Bible, which, as yet, were contraband pearls of great price in England. Her own private copy of Tindal's translation is still in existence.

In the autumn of this year, 1535, the queen was once more flattered with the hope of bringing a male heir to the throne, to the great joy of the king.

Anne was now at the summit of human greatness. She had won the great political game for which she had, in the bitterness of disappointed love, vindictively entered the lists with the veteran statesman who had separated her from the man of her heart. She had had the vengeance she had vowed for the loss of Percy, and laid the pride and power of Wolsey in the dust. She had wrested the crown matrimonial from the brow of the royal Katharine. The laws of primogeniture had been reversed, that the succession to the throne might be vested in her issue, and the two men who were the most deservedly venerated by the king and the people of England, More and Fisher, had been sacrificed to her displeasure. But in all these triumphs there was little to satisfy the mind of a woman whose natural impulses were those of virtue, but who had violated the most sacred ties for the gratification of the evil passions of pride, vanity and revenge. Anne Boleyn was a reader of the Scriptures, and must have felt the awful force of that text, which says, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Conscious of her own responsibility, and finding far more thorns than roses in the tangled weary labyrinth of greatness, Anne directed her thoughts to the only true source of happiness, religion, which had hitherto been practised by her rather as a matter of state policy than as the emanation from a vital principle in the soul. She became grave and composed in manner, and, ceasing to occupy herself in the gay pursuits of pleasure, or the boisterous excitement of the chase, spent her hours of domestic retirement with her ladies, as her royal mistress Katharine had formerly done before her, in needlework and discreet communication. Wyatt tells us, that the matchless tapestry at Hampton Court was for the most part wrought by the skilful hand of this queen and her ladies; "But far more precious," he says, "in the sight of God were those works which she caused her maidens and those about her daily to execute in shirts and other garments for the use of the poor; and not contented with that, her eye of charity, her hand of bounty passed through the whole land; each place felt that heavenly flame burning in her—all times will remember it."

The change that had taken place in the manners of Anne Boleyn and her court has been attributed to the influence of the celebrated reformer, Hugh Latimer.[1] The queen had rescued this eloquent and zealous minister from the durance to which Stokesley, bishop of London, had committed him. But for the powerful protection of Anne, Latimer would, in all probability, have been called to testify the sincerity of his principles at the stake five-and-twenty years before he was clothed with the fiery robes of martyrdom. At her earnest solicitation the king interposed, and Latimer was restored to liberty. The queen next expressed a wish to see and hear the rescued preacher; and Latimer, instead of addressing his royal patroness in the language of servile adulation, reminded her of the vanity of earthly greatness and the delusions of human hopes and expectations. Anne listened with humility, and entreated him to point out whatever appeared amiss in her conduct and deportment. Latimer, in reply, seriously represented to her how much it behoved her, not only to impress the duties of morality and piety on her attendants, but to enforce her precepts by example. Anne, far from being offended at his sincerity, appointed him for one of her chaplains, and afterwards obtained his promotion to the see of Worcester. To her credit, it is also recorded, that she directed a certain sum, from her privy purse, to be distributed to every village in England for the relief of its distressed inhabitants. With greater wisdom she planned the institution of a variety of manufactures, with a view of giving more permanent assistance to those who were destitute of a livelihood, and without employment. For the last nine months of her life she distributed 14,000*l.* in alms; she also caused many promising youths to be educated, and sent to college, at her expense, with the intention of rendering their talents and learning serviceable in the church.[2] In all these things Anne performed the duties of a good woman and an enlightened queen; and had she attained to her royal elevation in an honest and conscientious manner, in all probability the blessing of God would have been with her, and prospered her undertakings. But, however powerful Anne's religious impressions might be, it is impossible that a real change of heart had taken place, while she continued to incite the king to harass and persecute his forsaken queen, Katharine, by depriving her of the solace of her daughter's company, and exacting from the disinherited princess submissions from which conscience and nature alike revolted. There were moments when Anne felt the insecurity of her position in a political point of view; and well must she have known how little reliance was to be placed on the stability of the regard of the man whose caprice had placed the queenly diadem on her brow. At the best, she was only the queen of a party, for the generous and independent portion of the nobles and people of England still regarded Katharine as the lawful possessor of the title and place which Henry had bestowed on her.

When the long-expected tidings of Katharine's death arrived, Anne, in the blindness of her exultation, exclaimed, "Now I am, indeed, a queen!"

[1] Benger's Anne Boleyn.

[2] Miss Benger's Life of Anne Boleyn.

It is said that she was washing her hands in a costly basin when sir Richard Southwell brought the intelligence to her, on which she instantly gave him both the basin and its rich cover as a reward for his tidings. The same evening she met her parents with a countenance full of pleasure, and bade them rejoice with her, for the crown was now firmly fixed on her head.[1] On the day of her royal rival's funeral she not only disobeyed the king's order, which required black to be worn on that day, but violated good taste and good feeling alike by appearing in yellow, and making her ladies do the same.[2] The change in Henry's feelings towards Anne may, in all probability, be attributed to the disgust caused by the indelicacy of her triumph. She had been ill and out of spirits previously to this event, which was attributed to the sufferings incidental to her condition, for she was again likely to become a mother; but after the death of queen Katharine she recovered her vivacity, and assumed so haughty a carriage that she offended every one.

The season was now at hand when Anne was, in her turn, to experience some of the bitter pangs she had inflicted on her royal mistress. Her agonies were not the less poignant, because conscience must have told her that it was retributive justice which returned the poisoned chalice to her own lips, when she, in like manner, found herself rivalled and supplanted by one of her female attendants, the beautiful Jane Seymour. Jane must have been a person of consummate art; for she was on terms of great familiarity with the king before Anne entertained the slightest suspicion of their proceedings. Entering the room unexpectedly one day, the queen surprised Jane, seated on Henry's knee, receiving his caresses with every appearance of complacency.[3] Struck, as with a mortal blow, at this sight, Anne gave way to a transport of mingled grief and indignation. Henry, dreading his consort's agitation might prove fatal to his hopes of an heir, endeavoured to soothe and reassure her, saying, "Be at peace, sweetheart, and all shall go well for thee." But the cruel shock Anne had sustained brought on the pangs of premature travail; and after some hours of protracted agony, during which her life was in imminent peril, she brought forth a dead son, January 29th.

When the king was informed of this misfortune, instead of expressing

[1] Leti.

[2] Hall and some other writers pass over this disgraceful trait in Anne Boleyn, by saying "she wore yellow for the mourning," as if it were usual to adopt that colour for this purpose; whereas, in king Henry's wardrobe order, black cloth is directed to be delivered to the ladies appointed to assist at queen Katharine's obsequies. A modern historian goes farther than Hall in justification of Anne, by saying, "she wore yellow, which was the colour worn for royal mournings at the court of France." A reference to the splendid illuminated MS. life of Anne of Bretagne, in the king's collection, British Museum, will prove that this is a mistake, for all the ladies, mourners and attendants of that queen, are represented muffled in sable stoles, after her death. It is a case in point, for Anne of Bretagne was the mother of Anne's royal patroness, queen Claude. The queens of France have been said to wear *white* as widows' mourning, because it was etiquette for them to keep their beds some days after they were widows.

[3] Wyatt; Lingard.

the slightest sympathy for the sufferings of his luckless consort, he burst into her apartment, and furiously upbraided her "with the loss of his boy."[1]

Anne, with more spirit than prudence, passionately retorted, "that he had no one to blame but himself for this disappointment, which had been caused by her distress of mind about that wench, Jane Seymour."[2]

Henry sullenly turned away, muttering, as he quitted her apartment, that "she should have no more boys by him."[3]

These scenes, which occurred in January, 1536, may surely be regarded as the first act of the royal matrimonial tragedy, which four months later was consummated on Tower Hill.

Anne slowly regained her health, but not her spirits. She knew the king's temper too well not to be aware that her influence was at an end for ever, and that she must prepare to resign, not only her place in his affections, but also in his state, to the new star by whom she had been eclipsed. When she found that she had no power to obtain the dismissal of her rival from the royal household, she became very melancholy, and withdrew herself from all the gaieties of the court, passing all her time in the most secluded spots of Greenwich Park.

It is also related, that she would sit for hours in the quadrangle court of Greenwich Palace in silence and abstraction, or seeking a joyless pastime in playing with her little dogs, and setting them to fight with each other. The king had entirely withdrawn himself from her company ever since her rash retort to his unfeeling reproach, and now they never met in private. She had not the consolation of her infant daughter's innocent smiles and endearments to beguile her lonely sorrow, for the princess Elizabeth was nursed in a separate establishment, and the sweet tie of maternity had been sacrificed to the heartless parade of stately ceremonials. She had alienated the regard and acquired the enmity of her uncle of Norfolk. His royal sister-in-law and early patroness, Mary, queen of France, was no more; and Suffolk, Henry's principal favourite, was one of her greatest foes.

There is reason to believe that the queen had incurred the suspicion and displeasure of her royal husband early in the preceding year, by some mysterious intrigue with the cabinet of her old friend, Francis I., of which we find evidence in a curious despatch from Gontier, the French ambassador, dated February 5th, 1535, addressed to the admiral of France,[4] with whom the queen was in correspondence. Gontier tells the admiral that he was introduced into queen Anne's apartment, where he found the king, and the lords and ladies of the court. She talked with him apart on the contents of the admiral's letter, with which she appeared greatly perplexed and dismayed. "She complained," says Gontier, "of my too long stay, which had engendered in the king, her husband, many doubts and strange thoughts, for which, she said, there was great need that you should devise some remedy on the part of the

[1] Wyatt's Memoirs of Anne Boleyn; Sanders; Lingard. [2] Ibid.

[3] Wyatt. It is said that Anne had previously given great offence to the king by concealing her situation from him till it became apparent.—Leti.

[4] Montmorenci, who was prime minister of France.

king, her brother [Francis I.], or that she was altogether lost and ruined; for she found she was herself in more trouble and annoy than she was before her nuptials; charging me, to pray and require (on her part) attention to her affair, of which she could not stay to speak to me so fully as she wished, for fear, both of the place where she then was and the eyes that were watching her countenance, not only of her said lord and husband, but of his nobles that were there." She told me "that she could neither write to me or see me, nor could she stay with me longer. At which speech she left me to follow her lord, the king, into the next hall, where the dances were forming without the said lady being there." Gontier adds, "My lord, this I cannot but know, that she is ill at ease, and I presume to say, on my poor judgment, that the doubts and suspicions of the king, which I mentioned before, have caused her this trouble."[1]

A strange scene is here unveiled in Anne Boleyn's queenly life, in which we see her acting her part in terror and perplexity, and confiding to the plenipotentiary of a foreign sovereign her apprehensions lest her royal husband should detect her double dealings. Yet this aside was ventured in the presence of Henry, and before the very courtiers whose observing eyes she dreaded. Such situations are sometimes represented on the stage indeed, but even there appear too highly touched with romance.

The inconsistency of Anne Boleyn's manners was, doubtless, the principal cause of her calamities. The lively, coquettish maid of honour could not forget her old habits, after her elevation to a throne; and the familiarity of her deportment to those with whom she had formerly been on terms of equality in the court of queen Katharine encouraged her officers of state to address her with undue freedom. Such was her unbounded thirst for admiration, that even the low-born musician Mark Smeaton dared to insinuate his passion to her. These things were, of course, reported to her disadvantage by the household foes by whom she was surrounded. The king's impatience to rid himself of the matrimonial fetters which precluded him from sharing his throne with the object of his new passion would not brook delays, and, in the absence of any proof of the queen's disloyalty to himself, he resolved to proceed against her on the evidence of the invidious gossips' tales, that had been whispered to him by persons who knew that he was seeking an occasion to destroy her. Three gentlemen of the royal household, Brereton, Weston, and Norris, with Mark Smeaton, the musician, were pointed out as her paramours; and as if this had not been enough, the natural and innocent affection that subsisted between Anne and her only brother George, viscount Rochford, was construed into a presumption of a crime of the most revolting nature. This dreadful accusation proceeded from the hatred and jealousy of Lady Rochford, who, being in all probability an ill-assorted companion for her accomplished husband, regarded his friendship and confidential intercourse with the queen, his sister, with those

[1] Le Laboureur (405.) The trouble seems to relate to some displeasure Henry had taken regarding her communication with the French envoy.

malignant feelings of displeasure which prompted her murderous denunciation of them both.

The secret plot against the queen must have been organised by the first week in April, 1536; for on the 4th of that month the parliament was dissolved,[1] as if for the purpose of depriving her of any chance of interference from that body in her behalf. The writs for the new parliament, which was to assemble on the 8th of June, after her death, were issued even before she was arrested,[2] April 27th. Three days before that date, a secret committee was appointed of the privy council to inquire into the charges against her. Among the commissioners were her uncle, the duke of Norfolk, the duke of Suffolk, the lord chancellor, her father, several earls, and some of the judges.[3] It has been supposed that her father did not attend. William Brereton was summoned before this committee on Thursday, the 28th, and, after his examination, was committed to the Tower.

Two days afterwards, the queen (who was totally unconscious of this portentous circumstance) found Mark Smeaton,[4] the musician, standing in the round window of her presence-chamber in a melancholy attitude. She asked him, "why he was so sad?" "It is no matter," he replied.

Then the queen had the folly to say, "You may not look to have me speak to you as if you were a nobleman, because you be an inferior person." "No, no, madam," he replied, "a look sufficeth me."

There can be little doubt that Mark's sadness was caused by the fearful rumours that must have reached him of the arrest of Brereton, the proceedings of the queen's enemies in council, and the general aspect of affairs at court; and that he was loitering in the window for the purpose of giving his royal mistress a hint of the peril that threatened her. The absurd vanity, which led her to attribute his troubled looks to a hopeless passion for herself, gave, perhaps, a different turn to the conversation, and diverted him from his purpose.

The next day the wretched man was arrested, sent to the Tower, and loaded with irons.[5]

If the queen remained in ignorance of what was going on in the palace, as most authors affirm, her powers of observation must have been very limited, and she could have had no faithful friend or counsellor immediately about her.

The only reason we have to surmise that Anne was aware of the gathering storm is, that a few days before her arrest she held a long private conference with her chaplain, Matthew Parker, and gave him a solemn charge concerning the infant princess Elizabeth, it may be supposed regarding her religious education.[6] This fact is authenticated in a letter from Parker to one of Elizabeth's councillors, declining the archbishopric of Canterbury, in which he says, "Yet he would fain serve his sovereign lady in more respects than his allegiance, since he

[1] Parliamentary History. [2] Burnet. [3] Mackintosh; Lingard.

[4] For his great musical skill he had been promoted to the office of groom of the chamber by the queen's influence.

[5] Letter of Kingston, MS. Cott. Otho, x. [6] Lingard.

cannot forget what words her grace's mother said to him not six days before her apprehension."[1]

On Monday, May the 1st, an evil May-day for her, Anne Boleyn appeared for the last time in the pride and pomp of royalty, with her treacherous consort, at the jousts at Greenwich. Her brother, viscount Rochford, was the principal challenger, and Henry Norris was one of the defenders. In the midst of the pageant, which was unusually splendid, the king rose up abruptly and quitted the royal balcony, with a wrathful countenance, attended by but six of his confidential followers. Every one was amazed, but the queen appeared especially dismayed, and presently retired.[2]

The sports broke up, and lord Rochford and Henry Norris were arrested at the barrier on the charge of high treason; sir Francis Weston was taken into custody at the same time. The popular version of the cause of this public outbreak of Henry's displeasure is, that the queen, either by accident or design, dropped her handkerchief from the balcony at the feet of Norris, who, being heated with the course, took it up, and presumptuously wiped his face with it; he then handed it to the queen on the point of his lance; at which Henry changed colour, started from his seat, and retired in a transport of jealous fury,[3] and gave the orders for the arrest of the queen and all the parties who had fallen under suspicion of sharing her favours.

It is very possible that the circumstances actually occurred as related above, and that Henry, who was anxiously awaiting an opportunity for putting his long-meditated project against the queen into execution, eagerly availed himself of the first pretext with which her imprudent disregard of the restraints of royal etiquette furnished him, to strike the blow. Without speaking to the queen, the king rode back to Whitehall, attended by only six persons, among whom was his devoted prisoner Norris,[4] who had hitherto stood so high in his favour, that he was the only person whom he ever permitted to follow him into his bedchamber; Norris had been, as we have mentioned, one of the three witnesses of Henry's secret marriage with Anne. On the way, Henry rode with Norris apart, and earnestly solicited him to obtain mercy by acknowledging his guilt; Norris stoutly maintained his innocence, and that of the queen, nor would he consent to be rendered an instrument in her ruin.[5] When they reached Westminster he was despatched to the Tower.[6]

The public arrest of her brother and his luckless friends struck a chill to the heart of the queen, but of the nature of their offence, and that she was herself to be involved in the horrible charges against them, she remained in perfect unconsciousness till the following day. She sat down to dinner at the usual hour, but the meal passed over with uneasiness, for she took the alarm when she found that the king's waiter came not with his majesty's wonted compliment of "much good may it do

[1] Burnet's Reformation, vol. ii. Records, p. 325.
[2] Hall; Holingshed
[3] Sanders, repeated by most of our historians.
[4] Lingard.
[5] Archæologia, iii. 155.
[6] Lingard.

you."[1] Instead of this greeting, she observed a portentous silence among her ladies, and that her servants stood about, with their eyes glazed with tears and downcast looks, which inspired her with dismay and strange apprehensions. Scarcely was the *surnap*[2] removed, when the duke of Norfolk, with Audley, Cromwell, and others of the lords of the council, entered. At first, Anne thought they came from the king to comfort her for her brother's arrest, but when she noticed the austerity of their countenances, and the ominous presence of sir William Kingston, the lieutenant of the Tower, behind them, she started up in terror, and demanded "why they came." They replied, with stern brevity, "that they came by the king's command to conduct her to the Tower, there to abide during his highness's pleasure."

"If it be his majesty's pleasure," replied the queen, regaining her firmness, "I am ready to obey;" and so, pursues our authority, "Without change of habit, or any thing necessary for her removal, she committed herself to them, and was by them conducted to her barge."[3] It is, however, certain, from the evidence of Kingston's letters, that she underwent a harsh examination before the council at Greenwich before her embarkation, unless the cruel treatment, which she complained of receiving from her uncle Norfolk on that occasion, took place in the barge, where, it is said, she was scarcely seated, ere he entered into the subject of her arrest, by telling her that her paramours had confessed their guilt." She protested her innocence vehemently, and passionately implored to be permitted to see the king that she might plead her own cause to him. To all her asseverations of innocence the duke of Norfolk replied with contemptuous ejaculations.

It was on the 2d of May that Anne was brought as a woeful prisoner to her former royal residence—the Tower. Before she passed beneath its fatal arch she sunk upon her knees, as she had previously done in the barge, and exclaimed, "Oh Lord, help me, as I am guiltless of that whereof I am accused!" Then perceiving the lieutenant of the Tower, she said, "Mr. Kingston, do I go into a dungeon?" "No, madam," said he, "to your own lodging, where you lay at your coronation."

The recollections associated with that event overpowered her, and, bursting into a passion of tears, she exclaimed, "It is too good for me. Jesus, have mercy on me!" She knelt again, weeping apace, "and, in the same sorrow, fell into a great laughter,"[4]—laughter more sad than tears. After the hysterical paroxysm had had its sway, she looked wildly about her, and cried, "Wherefore am I here, Mr. Kingston?"

The clock was just on the stroke of five when Anne entered the Tower. The lords, with the lieutenant, brought her to her chamber, where she again protested her innocence: then, turning to the lords, she said, "I entreat you to beseech the king in my behalf, that he will be good lord unto me;" as soon as she had uttered these words they departed.

[1] Heywood.

[2] The use of the surnap has been revived at modern dinners, where a smaller table-cloth being placed over the large one, is withdrawn with the dishes, leaving the under one for the dessert. [3] Heywood.

[4] Kingston's letters to Cromwell, MS. Cotton. Otho, c. 10, fol. 225.

"She desired me," says Kingston,[1] "to move the king's highness, that she might have the *sacrament in her closet, that she might pray for mercy*," asseverating, at the same time, in the strongest terms, her innocence of having wronged the king. "I am the king's true wedded wife," she added, and then said, "Mr. Kingston, do you know whereof I am here?" "Nay," replied he; then she asked, "When saw you the king?" "I saw him not since I saw him in the tilt-yard," said he. "Then, Mr. Kingston, I pray you to tell me where my lord Rochford is?" Kingston answered, "I saw him before dinner in the court." "Oh! where is my sweet brother?" she exclaimed. The lieutenant evasively replied, "That he saw him last at York Place" (Whitehall Palace), which it seems was the case. "I hear say," continued she, "that I shall be accused with three men, and I can say no more than—nay. Oh, Norris, hast thou accused me? Thou art in the Tower, and thou and I shall die together; and Mark, thou art here too! Oh, my mother, thou wilt die for sorrow!"[2] Then, breaking off from that subject, she began to lament the dangerous state into which lady Worcester had been thrown by the shock of hearing of her arrest. Interrupting herself again, she exclaimed, "Mr. Kingston, shall I die without justice?" "The poorest subject the king hath has that," replied the cautious official. A laugh of bitter incredulity was her only comment.[3]

The unfortunate queen was subjected to the insulting presence and cruel espionage of her great enemy, lady Boleyn, and Mrs. Cosyns, one of her ladies, who was equally disagreeable to her.[4] These two never left her either by day or night, for they slept on the pallet at the foot of her bed, and reported even the delirious ravings of her hysterical paroxysms to those by whom her fate was to be decided.[5] They perpetually tormented her with insolent observations, and annoyed her with questions, artfully devised, for the purpose of entangling her in her talk, or drawing from her own lips admissions that might be turned into murderous evidence of her guilt. She complained "that they would tell her nothing of my lord, her father," for whose fate she was evidently apprehensive. She expressed a wish to be served in her prison by the ladies of her privy chamber whom she favoured most, and concluded by defying her aunt. Lady Boleyn retorted in these words, "The desire and partiality you have had for such tale-bearers has brought you to this."[6]

Mrs. Cosyns impertinently asked the queen, "Why Norris had told her almoner on the preceding Saturday, that he could swear the queen was a good woman?" "Marry," replied Anne, "I bade him do so, for

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[1] Kingston's letters to Cromwell, MS. Cotton. Otho, c. 10, fol. 225. This is one of the passages little understood in modern times, which mark that Anne remained a catholic. She did not demand to *communicate*, as supposed, but to have the host in her closet or oratory for the purpose of adoration.

[2] The unhappy queen alluded to her humbly born, but affectionate step-mother, the countess of Wiltshire, to whom she appears to have been much attached. Her own mother had been dead four-and-twenty years.

[3] Kingston's letters to Cromwell, MS. Cotton. Otho, x.

[4] Ibid. Lady Boleyn was the wife of Anne's uncle, sir Edward Boleyn.

[5] Ibid. [6] Heywood.

I asked him, 'Why he did not go on with his marriage?' and he made answer that he would tarry awhile.' 'Then,' said I, 'you look for dead men's shoes; if aught but good should come to the king (who was then afflicted with a dangerous ulcer), you would look to have me;' he denied it, and I told him, 'I could undo him if I would,' and thereupon we fell out." This conversation (if it be really true, that Anne had the folly to repeat it to persons of whose deadly hatred she was so fully aware, and whom she knew were placed about her as spies) will impress every one with the idea, that she must have been on very perilous terms with Norris, if she allowed him to hold such colloquies with her. No one, however, seems to have considered the possibility of the whole of this deposition being a false statement on the part of the spies who were employed to criminate her. It seems scarcely credible that a woman of Anne Boleyn's age and long experience in public life would thus commit herself by unnecessary avowals, tending to furnish evidence against herself, of having imagined the death of the king, her husband.

Anne betrayed a humane, but certainly imprudent care for the comforts of the unhappy gentlemen who were in durance for her sake, by inquiring of lady Kingston, "Whether any body made their beds?" "No, I warrant you," was lady Kingston's familiar reply. The queen said, "that ballads would be made about her:" and as far as may be judged from the defaced passages in the MS., added, "that none could do that better than Wyatt." "Yes," said lady Kingston, "master Wyatt, —you have said true."

The next day, Kingston reported the queen's earnest desire to have the eucharist in her closet, and also to see her almoner. Devett is the name of him whom she desired, but Cranmer was appointed by Henry. Her mind was variously passioned that day. "One hour," says her gaoler, "she is determined to die, and the next hour much contrary to that." "Yesterday," continues he, "I sent for my wife, and also for mistress Cosyns, to know how she had done that day, and they said she had been very merry, and made a great dinner, and yet soon after called for her supper, having marvel 'where I was all day.' At my coming she said, 'Where have you been all day?' I made answer, and said, 'I had been with the prisoners.' 'So,' said she, 'I thought I heard Mr. Treasurer.' I assured her he was not here. Then she began to talk, and said, 'I was cruelly handled at Greenwich with the king's council, with my lord of Norfolk; who said, 'Tut, tut, tut,' shaking his head three or four times. 'As for my lord treasurer,' she said, 'he was in Windsor Forest all the time.'" This was her father.

Thus in Kingston's letters to Cromwell, her minutest sayings are detailed; but it is to be observed that he often speaks from the reports of her pitiless female tormentors. He states, "That the queen expressed some apprehension of what Weston might say in his examination, for that he had told her on Whit-monday last, 'that Norris came more into her chamber for her sake than for Madge,' one of her maids of honour." By way of postscript, Kingston adds, "Since the making of this letter, the queen spake of Weston, that she had told him he did love her kins-

woman, Mrs. Skelton,[1] and that he loved not his wife; and he answered her again, 'That he loved one in her house better than them both.' She asked him, 'Who?' to which he replied, 'Yourself,' on which she defied him."[2]

When they told her that Smeaton had been laid in irons, she said, "that was because he was a person of mean birth, and the others were all gentlemen." She assured Kingston, "That Smeaton had never been but once in her chamber, and that was when the king was at Winchester, and she sent for him to play on the virginals; for there," said she, "my lodging was above the king's." She related, also, what had passed between her and Smeaton on the Saturday before his arrest.[3] Her passionate love for music, in which she herself greatly excelled, had undoubtedly led her to treat this person with a greater degree of familiarity than was becoming in a queen.[4]

There were times when Anne would not believe that Henry intended to harm her, and, after complaining that she was cruelly handled, she added, "But I think the king does it to prove me;" and then she laughed, and affected to be very merry. Merriment more sad than tears, reminding us of

"Moody madness, laughing wild
Amidst severest woe."

Reason must indeed have tottered when she predicted that there would be no rain in England till she was released from her unmerited thraldom. To this wild speech Kingston familiarly rejoined, "I pray then it be shortly, because of the dry weather, you know what I mean." "If she had her bishops they would plead for her," she said.[5]

Cranmer, from whom she probably expected most, wrote in the following guarded strain to Henry on the subject:—

"If it be true what is openly reported of the queen's grace, if men had a right estimation of things, they should not esteem any part of your grace's honour to be touched thereby, but her honour only to be clearly disparaged. And I am in such a perplexity, that my mind is clean amazed, for I never had a better opinion in woman than I had of her, which maketh me think that she should not be culpable. Now I think that your grace best knoweth, that next unto your grace I was most bound unto her of all creatures living. Wherefore I must humbly

[1] Mrs. Skelton, the lady to whom Weston was making love, was the first cousin of the queen, the daughter of her father's sister, *Anna Boleyn of Blickling Hall*, who first married sir John Skelton, and afterwards sir Thomas Calthorpe, both Norfolk gentlemen.

[2] Kingston's Letters to Cromwell; MS. Otho, c. 10.

[3] Kingston's Letters to Cromwell.

[4] George Cavendish, in his metrical visions, gives the following version of Smeaton's parentage:—

"My father, a carpenter, and laboured with his hand,
With the sweat of his face he purchased his living;
For small was his rent, and much less was his land:
My mother in cottage used daily spinning;
Lo! in what misery was my beginning."

(Singer's Cavendish.)

[5] Kingston's Letters to Cromwell; Cotton MS., Otho, c. 10, f. 2.5.

beseech your grace to suffer me in that which both God's law, nature, and her kindness, bindeth me, unto that I may (with your grace's favour) wish and pray for her. And from what condition your grace, of your only mere goodness, took her, and set the crown upon her head, I repute him not your grace's faithful servant and subject, nor true to the realm, that would not desire the offence to be without mercy punished, to the example of all others. And as I loved her not a little, for the love I judged her to bear towards God and his holy Gospel, so, if she be proved culpable, there is not one that loveth God and his Gospel that will ever favour her, but must hate her above all other, and the more they love the Gospel, the more they will hate her, for then there never was creature in our time that so much slandered the Gospel. And God hath sent her this punishment, for that she feignedly hath professed the Gospel in her mouth, and not in her heart and deed, and though she hath offended, so that she hath deserved never to be reconciled to your grace's favour, yet God Almighty hath manifoldly declared his goodness towards your grace, and never offended you."[1]

The letter concludes with an exhortation to the king not to think less of the Gospel on this account. The letter is dated from Lambeth, May 3d. Cranmer adds a postscript, stating, "That the lord-chancellor and others of his majesty's house had sent for him to the Star-Chamber, and there declared such things as the king wished him to be shown, which had made him lament that such faults could be proved on the queen as he had heard from their relation."

Anne entreated Kingston to convey a letter from her to Cromwell, but he declined so perilous a service. She was at times like a newly caged eagle in her impatience and despair. "The king wist what he did," she said bitterly, "when he put such women as my lady Boleyn and Mrs. Cosyns about her."[2] She had two other ladies in attendance on her in her doleful prison-house, of more compassionate dispositions we may presume, for they were not allowed to have any communication with her, except in the presence of Kingston[3] and his wife, who slept at her chamber door. Her other ladies slept in an apartment further off. One of these, we think, must have been Mary, the sister of her early and devoted friend, sir Thomas Wyatt. Among the few faithful hearts whose attachment to Anne Boleyn survived the awful change in her fortunes, were those of Wyatt and his sister.

Wyatt is supposed to have had a narrow escape from sharing the fate of the queen, her brother, and their fellow-victims. It is certain that he was at this period under a cloud; and in one of his sonnets, he significantly alludes "to the danger which *once* threatened him in the month of May,"—the month which proved so fatal to queen Anne. Very powerful was the sympathy between them; for, even when a guarded captive in the Tower, Anne spake with admiration of Wyatt's poetical talents.[3] It was probably by the aid of his sister that Anne, on the fourth day of her imprisonment, found means to forward the following letter, through Cromwell's agency, to the king:—

"Your grace's displeasure and my imprisonment are things so strange unto me, that what to write, or what to excuse, I am altogether ignorant. Whereas you send to me (willing me to confess a truth and so obtain your favour), by

[1] Burnet's Hist. Reformation.
[2] Singer, p. 219; Ellis.
[3] Letter of sir W. Kingston; Cotton. MS., Otho, c. 10.

such a one, whom you know to be mine ancient professed enemy; I no sooner received this message by *him*,[1] than I rightly conceived your meaning; and if, as you say, confessing a truth indeed may procure my safety, I shall, with all willingness and duty, perform your command. But let not your grace ever imagine your poor wife will ever be brought to acknowledge a fault, where not so much as a thought ever proceeded. And to speak a truth, never a prince had wife more loyal in all duty, and in all true affection, than you have ever found in Anne Bolen,—with which name and place I could willingly have contented myself if God and your grace's pleasure had so pleased. Neither did I at any time so far forget myself in my exaltation, or received queenship, but that I always looked for such alteration as I now find; for the ground of my preferment being on no surer foundation than your grace's fancy, the least alteration was fit and sufficient (I knew) to draw that fancy to some other subject.

"You have chosen me from a low estate to be your queen and companion, far beyond my desert or desire; if then you found me worthy of such honour, good your grace, let not any light fancy or bad counsel of my enemies withdraw your princely favour from me, neither let that stain—that unworthy stain—of a disloyal heart towards your good grace, ever cast so foul a blot on me and on the infant princess your daughter [Elizabeth].

"Try me, good king, but let me have a lawful trial, and let not my sworn enemies sit as my accusers and as my judges; yea, let me receive an open trial, for my truth shall fear no open shames; then shall you see either mine innocency cleared, your suspicions and conscience satisfied, the ignominy and slander of the world stopped, or my guilt openly declared. So that whatever God and you may determine of, your grace may be freed from an open censure, and mine offence being so lawfully proved, your grace may be at liberty, both before God and man, not only to execute worthy punishment on me, as an unfaithful wife, but to follow your affection already settled on that party,[2] for whose sake I am now as I am; whose name I could some good while since have pointed unto;—your grace being not ignorant of my suspicion therein.

"But if you have already determined of me, and that not only my death, but an infamous slander, must bring you to the joying of your desired happiness, then I desire of God that he will pardon your great sin herein, and, likewise, my enemies, the instruments thereof, and that he will not call you to a strait account for your unprincely and cruel usage of me at his general judgment-seat, where both you and myself must shortly appear; and in whose just judgment, I doubt not (whatsoever the world may think of me) mine innocency shall be openly known and sufficiently cleared.

"My last and only request shall be, that myself may only bear the burden of your grace's displeasure, and that it may not touch the innocent souls of those poor gentlemen, whom, as I understand, are likewise in strait imprisonment for my sake.

"If ever I have found favour in your sight—if ever the name of Anne Bulen have been pleasing in your ears—then let me obtain this request; and so I will leave to trouble your grace any further: with mine earnest prayer to the Trinity to have your grace in his good keeping, and to direct you in all your actions.

"From my doleful prison in the Tower, the 6th of May.

"ANN BULEN."

The authenticity of this beautiful letter has been impugned for various reasons, but chiefly because the handwriting differs from the well

[1] This enemy has been supposed to be lady Rochford, but the relative *him* cannot apply to her. It is possible it was the duke of Suffolk, who always came ostentatiously forward to help to crush any victim Henry was sacrificing. He was one of her judges and pronounced her guilty, and he witnessed her death, being on the scaffold with no friendly intention.

[2] Jane Seymour

known autograph of Anne Boleyn. But the fact that it was found among Cromwell's papers four years after her death proves it to be a contemporary document.

The cautious but pathetic indorsement, "To the King, from the ladye in the Tower," identifies it, no less than the peculiar nature of the contents, as the composition of the captive queen. The original, we may reasonably suppose, had been forwarded to the king by Mr. Secretary Cromwell. The only real objection which occurs to us is, that the letter is signed "Ann Bullen" instead of "*Anna the quene.*"

It is, however, possible, in the excited state of feeling under which this passionate appeal to the fickle tyrant was written, that his unfortunate consort fondly thought, by using that once beloved signature, to touch a tender chord in his heart. But the time of sentiment, if it ever existed with Henry, was long gone by; and such a letter from a wife whom he had never respected, and had now ceased to love, was more calculated to awaken wrath than to revive affection. Every word is a sting envenomed by the sense of intolerable wrong. It is written in the tone of a woman who has been falsely accused; and imagining herself strong in the consciousness of her integrity, unveils the guilty motives of her accuser, with a reckless disregard to consequences, perfectly consistent with the character of Anne Boleyn.

Her appeal in behalf of the unfortunate gentlemen who were involved in her calamity is generous, and looks like the courage of innocence. A guilty woman would scarcely have dared to allude to the suspected partners of her crime. It is strange that the allusion to the infant Elizabeth in this letter is made without any expression of maternal tenderness.

On the 10th of May, an indictment for high treason was found, by the grand jury of Westminster, "against the lady Anne, queen of England; George Boleyn, viscount Rochford; Henry Norris, groom of the stole; sir Francis Weston and William Brereton, gentlemen of the privy chamber; and Mark Smeaton, a performer on musical instruments, a person specified as of low degree, promoted for his skill to be groom of the chambers."[1] The four commoners were tried, in Westminster Hall, May 10, by a commission of oyer and terminer, for the alleged offences against the honour and the life of their sovereign. A true bill had been found against them by the grand juries of two counties, Kent as well as Middlesex, because some of the offences specified in the indictment were said to have taken place at Greenwich, others at Hampton Court, and elsewhere.[2]

Smeaton endeavoured to save his life by pleading guilty to the indictment. He had previously confessed, before the council, the crime with which he and the queen were charged. The three gentlemen, Norris, Weston, and Brereton, resolutely maintained their innocence, and that of their royal mistress, though urged by every persuasive, even the promise of mercy, if they would confess. They persisted in their plea, and were all condemned to death.[3] On what evidence they were found

[1] Birch MSS.; Burnet; Lingard; Turner.

[2] Burnet; Birch; Lingard; Turner.

[3] Ibid.

guilty no one can now say, for the records of the trial are not in existence; but in that reign of terror, English liberty and English law were empty words. Almost every person whom Henry VIII. brought to trial for high treason was condemned, as a matter of course; and at last he omitted the ceremony of trials at all, and slew his noble and royal victims by acts of attainder *ad libitum*.

Every effort was used to obtain evidence against Anne from the condemned prisoners, but in vain. "No one," says sir Edward Baynton, "will accuse her, but *alonely* Mark, of any actual thing." How Mark's confession was obtained becomes an important question as to the guilt or innocence of the queen. Constantine, whose testimony is any thing but favourable to Anne Boleyn, says, "that Mark confessed, but it was reported that he had been grievously racked first." According to Grafton, he was beguiled into signing the deposition which criminated himself, the queen, and others, by the subtlety of the admiral, sir William Fitzwilliam, who, perceiving his hesitation and terror, said, "Subscribe, Mark, and you will see what will come of it." The implied hope of preserving a dishonoured existence prevailed. The wretched creature signed the fatal paper, which proved the death-doom of himself as well as his royal mistress. He was hanged that he might tell no tales. Norris was offered his life if he would confess, but declared "that he would rather die a thousand deaths than accuse the queen of that of which he believed her, in his conscience, innocent." When this noble reply was reported to the king, he cried out, "Hang him up then, hang him up!"[1]

On the 16th of May, queen Anne and her brother, lord Rochford, were brought to trial in a temporary building which had been hastily erected for that purpose within the great hall in the Tower. There were then fifty-three peers of England, but from this body a selected moiety of twenty-six were named by the king as "lords triers," under the direction of the duke of Norfolk, who was created lord high steward for the occasion, and sat under the cloth of state. His son, the earl of Surrey, sat under him as deputy earl marshal.[2] The duke's hostility to his unfortunate niece had already betrayed him into the cruelty of brow-beating and insulting her in her examination before the council at Greenwich. It has been erroneously stated by several writers that Anne's father, the earl of Wiltshire, was one of the "lords triers," but this was not the case. The duke of Suffolk, one of her determined enemies, was one of her judges, so also was Henry's natural son, the duke of Richmond, who had married her beautiful cousin the lady Mary Howard, the daughter of the duke of Norfolk. This youth as well as Suffolk, as a matter of course, voted according to the king's pleasure. The earl of Northumberland, Anne's first lover, was named on the commission for her trial. He appeared in his place, but was taken suddenly ill, the effect, no doubt, of violent agitation, and quitted the court before the arraignment of the lord Rochford, which preceded that of the queen.[3] He died a few months afterwards.

Lady Rochford outraged all decency, by appearing as a witness against

[1] Bishop Godwin's Annals.
[2] Nott's Life of Surrey; Mackintosh; Burnet.
[3] Remarkable Trials, vol. i.

her husband. The only evidence adduced in proof of the crime with which he was charged, was, that one day, when making some request to his sister, the queen, he leaned over her bed, and was said by the by-standers to have kissed her.[1]

He defended himself with great spirit and eloquence, so that his judges were at first divided,[2] and had the whole body of the peers been present, he might have had a chance of acquittal; but as we have shown, the lords triers were a number selected by the crown for this service The trial was conducted within strong walls, the jurors were picked men, and by their verdict the noble prisoner was found guilty. After he was removed, Anne queen of England was called into court by a gentleman usher.

She appeared immediately in answer to the summons, attended by her ladies and lady Kingston, and was led to the bar by the lieutenant and the constable of the Tower. The royal prisoner had neither council nor adviser of any kind, but she had rallied all the energies of her mind to meet the awful crisis; neither female terror nor hysterical agitation were perceptible in that hour. The lord of Milherve tells us, "that she presented herself at the bar, with the true dignity of a queen, and curtsied to her judges, looking round upon them all without any sign of fear." Neither does it appear that there was any thing like parade or attempt at theatrical effect in her manner, for her deportment was modest and cheerful. When the indictment was read, which charged her with such offences as never Christian queen had been arraigned for before, she held up her hand courageously, and pleaded "not guilty." She then seated herself in the chair which had been provided for her use while the evidence against her was stated.

Of what nature the evidence was, no one can now form an opinion, for the records of the trial have been carefully destroyed.[3] Burnet affirms that he took great pains in searching for documents calculated to throw some light on the proceedings, and the chief result of his labours was an entry made by sir John Spelman, in his private note-book, supposed to have been written on the bench, when he sat as one of the judges before whom Norris, Weston, Brereton, and Smeaton, were tried for the alleged offences in which they had been, as it was said, participators with the queen. These are the words quoted by Burnet:—"As for the evidence of the matter it was discovered by the lady Wingfield, who had been a servant to the queen, and, becoming suddenly infirm before her death, did swear this matter to one of her"[4] . . . . . Here the page containing the important fact communicated by the dying lady is torn off, and with it all the other notes the learned judge had made on these mysterious trials were destroyed; so that, as Burnet has observed, the main evidence brought against the queen and her supposed paramours was the oath of a dead woman, and that, we may add, on hearsay evidence. Crispin's account of the origin of the charge is, "That a gentleman reproving his sister for the freedom of her behaviour, she excused

[1] Burnet
[2] Wyatt; Mackintosh.
[3] *See Note* at the end of this Chapter.
[4] Burnet's Hist. Ref. vol. i. p. 197.

herself by alleging the example of the queen, who was accustomed," she said, "to admit sir Henry Norris, sir Francis Weston, master Brereton, Mark Smeaton the musician, and her brother lord Rochford, into her chamber, at improper hours," adding "that Smeaton could tell a great deal more."[1]

The crimes of which the queen was arraigned were, that she had wronged the king her husband, at various times, with the four persons above named, and also with her brother lord-Rochford. That she had said to each and every one of those persons that the king never had her heart. That she privately told each, separately, "that she loved him better than any person in the world," which things tended to the slander of her issue by the king. To this was added "a charge of conspiring against the king's life." In an abstract from the indictment printed in the notes of Sharon Turner's Henry VIII., the days on which the alleged offences were committed are specified. The first is with Norris, and is dated October 6th, 1533, within a month after the birth of the princess Elizabeth, which statement brings its own refutation, for the queen had not then quitted her lying-in chamber.[2]

"For the evidence," says Wyatt, "as I never could hear of any, small I believe it was. The accusers must have doubted whether their *proofs* would not prove their *reproofs*, when they durst not bring them to the light in an open place." Every right-thinking man must indeed doubt the truth of accusations, which cannot be substantiated according to the usual forms of justice. The queen defended her own cause with ready wit and great eloquence. Wyatt says, "It was reported without the doors, that she had cleared herself in a most wise and noble speech." Another of the floating rumours that were in circulation among the people, before the event of her trial was publicly known, was, that having a quick wit and being a ready speaker, the queen did so answer all objections, that her acquittal was expected;[3] "And," says bishop Godwin, "had the peers given their verdict according to the expectation of the assembly, she had been acquitted, but through the duke of Suffolk, one wholly given to the king's humour, they did pronounce her guilty."[4] The decision of the peers is not required, like the verdict of a jury, to be unanimous, but is carried by a majority. If all had voted, no doubt she would have been saved. After the verdict was declared, the queen was required to lay aside her crown and other insignia of royalty, which she did without offering an objection, save that she protested her innocence of having offended against the king.[5]

This ceremony was preparatory to her sentence, which was pronounced by her uncle, the duke of Norfolk, as lord high steward of England and president of the court commissioned for her trial. She was

[1] Crispin, lord of Milherve's Metrical History; Meteren's History of the Low Countries.

[2] Mr. Turner, through whose unwearied research this sole existing document connected with the trial of Anne Boleyn was discovered, and who has studied it very deeply, considers that the specifications it contains are very like the made up statements in a fabricated accusation.

[3] Harleian MS.; Holingshed.

[4] Godwin's Henry VIII.

[5] Burnet; Sharon Turner.

condemned to be burnt or beheaded at the king's pleasure. Anne Boleyn heard this dreadful doom without changing colour or betraying the slightest symptom of terror, but when her stern kinsman and judge had ended, she clasped her hands, and, raising her eyes to heaven, made her appeal to a higher tribunal, in these words: "Oh Father! Oh Creator! Thou who art the way, the life, and the truth, knowest whether I have deserved this death." Then, turning to her earthly judges, she said, "My lords, I will not say your sentence is unjust, nor presume that my reasons can prevail against your convictions. I am willing to believe that you have sufficient reasons for what you have done, but then they must be other than those which have been produced in court, for I am clear of all the offences which you then laid to my charge. I have ever been a faithful wife to the king, though I do not say I have always shown him that humility which his goodness to me and the honour to which he raised me merited. I confess I have had jealous fancies and suspicions of him which I had not discretion and wisdom enough to conceal at all times. But God knows, and is my witness, that I never sinned against him in any other way. Think not I say this in the hope to prolong my life. God hath taught me how to die, and he will strengthen my faith. Think not that I am so bewildered in my mind as not to lay the honour of my chastity to heart now in mine extremity, when I have maintained it all my life long, as much as ever queen did. I know these my last words will avail me nothing, but for the justification of my chastity and honour. As for my brother and those others who are unjustly condemned, I would willingly suffer many deaths to deliver them; but, since I see it so pleases the king, I shall willingly accompany them in death, with this assurance, that I shall lead an endless life with them in peace." Then, with a composed air, she rose up, made a parting salutation to her judges, and left the court as she had entered it. Such is the graphic account that has been preserved of Anne Boleyn's looks, words, and demeanour on this trying occasion, by a foreign contemporary,[1] who was one of the few spectators who were permitted to witness it.

The lord mayor, who was present at the arraignment of Anne Boleyn, said afterwards, that "*he* could not observe any thing in the proceedings against her, but that they were resolved to make an occasion to get rid of her." As the chief judge in the civic court of judicature, and previously as an alderman of the city of London, this magistrate had been accustomed to weigh evidences and pronounce judgments on criminal causes, therefore his opinion is of importance in this case.

Camden tells us that the spectators deemed Anne innocent, and merely circumvented. This accords with the lord mayor's opinion. Smeaton

[1] Crispin, lord of Milherve. Meteren's Hist. of the Low Countries, vol. i. p. 20. He has left us a metrical version of this thrilling scene, which has been regarded by Meteren, the historian of the Low Countries, as a valuable and authentic historical document. He has used it as such, and his example has been followed by Burnet, Mackintosh, Tytler, and, to a certain degree, by Dr. Lingard, though he cautions his readers as to the possibility of the poet having adorned his touching record with heightened tints.

was not confronted with her, and, as far as can be gathered of the grounds of her condemnation, it must have been on his confession only. It is said she objected "that one witness was not enough to convict a person of high treason," but was told "that in *her* case it *was* sufficient."

In these days the queen would have had the liberty of cross-questioning the witnesses against her, either personally or by fearless and skilful advocates. Moreover, it would have been in her power to have summoned even her late attendant, mistress Jane Seymour, as one of her witnesses. The result of that lady's examination might have elicited some curious facts. After her trial, Anne was conveyed back to her chamber, the lady Boleyn, her aunt, and lady Kingston, only attending her.

On the 16th of May, Kingston wrote on the following methodical style to Cromwell, on the subject of the dreadful preparations for the execution of the death-doomed queen and her brother:—

"Sir,

"This day I was with the king's grace, and declared the petitions of my lord of Rochford, wherein I was answered. Sir, the said lord much desireth to speak with you, which toucheth his conscience much, *as he saith*, wherein I pray you that I may know your pleasure, for because of my promise made unto my said lord to do the same; and also I shall desire you further to know the king's pleasure touching the queen, as well for her comfort, as for the preparations of scaffolds and other necessaries concerning. The king's grace showed me that my lord of Canterbury should be her confessor, and he was here this day with the queen. And note in that matter, sir, the time is short, for the king supposeth the gentlemen to die to-morrow, and my lord Rochford, with the rest of the gentlemen, are yet without confession, which I look for, but I have told my lord Rochford, that he be in a readiness to-morrow to suffer execution, and so he accepts it very well, and will do his best to be ready."

The same day on which this letter was written the king signed the death-warrant of his once passionately loved consort, and sent Cranmer to receive her last confession. Anne appeared to derive comfort and hope from the primate's visit—hope, even of life; for she told those about her, "that she understood she was to be banished, and she supposed she should be sent to Antwerp."

Cranmer was aware of Henry's wish of dissolving the marriage with Anne Boleyn, in order to dispossess the little princess Elizabeth of the place she had been given in the succession, and he had probably persuaded the unfortunate queen not to oppose his majesty's pleasure in that matter. The flattering idea of a reprieve from death must have been suggested to Anne, in order to induce her compliance with a measure so repugnant to her natural disposition and her present frame of mind. When she was brought as a guarded prisoner from Greenwich to the Tower, she had told the unfriendly spectators of her disgrace, "that they could not prevent her from dying their queen," accompanying these proud words with a haughty gesticulation of her neck.[1] Yet we find her, only the day after her conference with the archbishop, submitting to resign this dearly prized and fatally purchased dignity without a struggle.

[1] Cassalis; Feyjoo.

She received, May 17th, a summons to appear, "on the salvation of her soul, in the archbishop's court at Lambeth, to answer certain questions as to the validity of her marriage with the king." Henry received a copy of the same summons; but as he had no intention of being confronted with his unhappy consort, he appeared by his old proctor in divorce affairs, Dr. Sampson. The queen, having no choice in the matter, was compelled to attend in person, though a prisoner under sentence of death. She was conveyed privately from the Tower to Lambeth.

The place where this strange scene, in the closing act of Anne Boleyn's tragedy, was performed, was, we are told, a certain low chapel or crypt in Cranmer's house at Lambeth, where, as primate of England, he sat in judgment on the validity of her marriage with the king. The unfortunate queen went through the forms of appointing doctors Wotton and Barbour as her proctors, who, in her name, admitted the pre-contract with Percy, and every other objection that was urged by the king against the legality of the marriage. Wilkin and some others have supposed that Anne submitted to this degradation as the only means of avoiding the terrible sentence of burning.[1]

Cranmer pronounced "that the marriage between Henry and Anne was null and void, and always had been so." Cromwell was present in his capacity of vicar-general, and Heylin says, the sentence was pronounced by him.

Thus did Henry take advantage of his former jealous tyranny in preventing the fulfilment of Percy's engagement with Anne, by using it as a pretext against the validity of her marriage with himself, and this, too, for the sake of illegitimating his own child. With equal injustice and cruelty, he denied his conjugal victim the miserable benefit, which her degradation from the name of his wife and the rank of his queen appeared to offer her, namely, an escape from the sentence which had been passed upon her for the alleged crime of adultery; to which, if she were not legally his wife, she could not in law be liable. But Henry's vindictive purpose against her was evident from the beginning, and nothing would satisfy him but her blood. If he had insisted on the invalidity of their union as early as May 13th, when Percy was required to answer, whether a contract of marriage did not exist between him and the queen? Anne could not have been proceeded against on the charges in her indictment, and the lives of the five unfortunate men, who were previously arraigned and sentenced on the same grounds, would have been preserved as well as her own. In that case, she could only have been proceeded against as marchioness of Pembroke, and on a charge of conspiring against the life of the king; but as it does not appear that the slightest evidence, tending to establish that very improbable crime, was set forth, the blood of six victims would have been spared, if the sentence on the marriage had passed only three days before it did. Percy, however, denied on oath to the duke of Norfolk, the lord chancellor and others, that any contract was between him and the

[1] Wilkin's Concilia; Nichols' Lambeth.

queen,[1] though he had verbally confessed to cardinal Wolsey, "that he was so bound in honour to Anne Boleyn, that he could not in conscience marry another woman."[2] It is probable that Anne's haughty spirit, as well as her maternal feelings, had also prompted her to repel the idea of a divorce with scorn till the axe was suspended over her. Perhaps she now submitted, in the fond hope of preserving not only her own life, but that of her beloved brother, and the three gallant and unfortunate gentlemen who had so courageously maintained her innocence through all the terrors and temptations by which they had been beset.

If so, how bitter must have been the anguish which rent her heart, when the knell of these devoted victims, swelling gloomily along the banks of the Thames, reached her ear as she returned to her prison, after the unavailing sacrifice of her own and her daughter's rights had been accomplished at Lambeth! That very morning her brother and the other gentlemen were led to execution,[3] a scaffold having been erected for that purpose on Tower Hill. Rochford exhorted his companions "to die courageously," and entreated those who came to see him suffer, "to live according to the gospel, not in preaching, but in practice," saying, "he would rather have one good liver, according to the gospel, than ten babblers."[4] He warned his old companions of the vanity of relying on court favour and the smiles of fortune, which had rendered him forgetful of better things. As a sinner, he bewailed his unworthiness, and acknowledged the justice of his punishment in the sight of God, but the king "he said he had never offended, yet he prayed for him that he might have a long and happy life." He forgave all his enemies, and prayed "that he also might be forgiven by all whom he had injured."[5] Then kneeling down, he calmly submitted his neck to the axe. By some writers it has been regarded as a proof of the queen's guilt, that her brother neither attempted to exonerate himself or her from the horrible offence with which they had been branded. But an innocent man might, with equal delicacy and dignity, have been silent on such a subject before such an audience. The accusation, if false, was properly treated with the contempt its grossness merited.

There is, however, a reason for lord Rochford's silence which has never been adduced by historians. He had made most earnest supplication for his life, and even condescended to entreat the intercession of his unworthy wife with the king to prolong his existence; and as Henry was no less deceitful than cruel, it is possible that he might have tempted Rochford with false hopes to admit the justice of his sentence. General professions of unworthiness and lamentations for sin on the scaffold were customary with persons about to suffer the sentence of the law; even the spotless and saint-like lady Jane Grey expresses herself in a similar strain. Therefore, as sir Henry Ellis observes, "no conclusions,

[1] See his letter in Burnet.
[2] Cavendish.
[3] According to Cavendish, Rochford petitioned earnestly for mercy after his condemnation.
[4] Memorial of John Constantyne, in Appendix to Mackintosh's Henry VIII.
[5] Meteren; Excerpta Historica.

as to the guilt of the parties accused, can reasonably be drawn from such acknowledgments."

Norris, Weston, and Brereton, taking their cue from Rochford's[1] form of confession, made general acknowledgments of sinfulness, and requested the bystanders to judge the best of them.

Sir Francis Weston was a very beautiful young man, and so wealthy that his wife and mother offered to purchase his life of the king at the ransom of 100,000 crowns. Henry rejected both the piteous supplication and the bribe.

Mark Smeaton, being of ignoble birth, was hanged. He said, "Masters, I pray you all to pray for me, for I have deserved the death." This expression is considered ambiguous, for either he meant that he had committed the crime for which he was to die, or that he merited his punishment for having borne false witness against his royal mistress. It was however reported, even at the time, that Mark Smeaton's confession was extorted by the rack,[2] and that he was not confronted with the queen, lest he should retract it. Anne evidently expected that he would make the *amende* on the scaffold; for when she was informed of the particulars of the execution and his last words, she indignantly exclaimed, "Has he not then cleared me from the public shame he hath done me? Alas! I fear his soul will suffer from the false witness he hath borne. My brother and the rest are now, I doubt not, before the face of the greater King, and I shall follow to-morrow."[3]

The renewed agony of hope, which had been cruelly and vainly excited in the bosom of the queen by the mockery of declaring that her marriage with the sovereign was null and void, appears soon to have passed away. She had drunk of the last drop of bitterness that mingled malice and injustice could infuse into her cup of misery; and when she received the awful intimation, that she must prepare herself for death, she met the fiat like one who was weary of a troublesome pilgrimage, and anxious to be released from its sufferings. Such are the sentiments

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[1] George Boleyn, viscount Rochford, was governor of Dover and the Cinque Ports, and was employed on several embassies to France. "Like earl Rivers," observes Walpole, "he rose by the exaltation of his sister, like him was innocently sacrificed on her account, and like him showed that the lustre of his situation did not make him neglect to add accomplishments of his own." He was an elegant poet.

It is said by Anthony à Wood that George Boleyn, on the evening before his execution, composed and sang that celebrated lyric, "Farewell, my Lute," which is well known to the connoisseurs in our early English poetry. He certainly did not compose it then, because it had been previously printed with other poems of his, among those written by his friend, sir Thomas Wyatt. Probably George Boleyn whiled away his heavy prison hours with his instrument; and the refrain of this lyric was peculiarly applicable to his situation.

"Farewell, my lute, this is the last
Labour that thou and I shall waste,
For ended is that we began;
Now is the song both sung and past,
My lute be still, for I have done."

[2] Constantyne's Memorial in Mackintosh's History of England. [3] Meteren.

pathetically expressed in the following stanzas, which she is said to have composed after her condemnation, when her poetical talents were employed in singing her own dirge.

"Oh, death, rock me asleep,
Bring on my quiet rest,
Let pass my very guiltless ghost
Out of my careful breast.
Ring out the doleful knell,
Let its sound my death tell;
For I must die,
There is no remedy,
For now I die!

"My pains who can express,
Alas! they are so strong!
My dolour will not suffer strength
My life for to prolong
Alone in prison strange!
I wail my destiny;
Woe worth this cruel hap, that I
Should taste this misery.

"Farewell my pleasures past,
Welcome my present pain,
I feel my torments so increase
That life cannot remain.
Sound now the passing bell,
Rung is my doleful knell,
For its sound my death doth tell.
Death doth draw nigh,
Sound the knell dolefully,
For now I die!"[1]

There is an utter abandonment to grief and desolation in these lines which, in their rhythm and cadence, show musical cultivation in the composer. Of a more prosaic nature, yet containing literal truth, as to the events to which they allude, are the verses she wrote after her return from her trial.

"Defiled is my name, full sore
Through cruel spite and false report,
That I may say for evermore,
Farewell to joy, adieu comfort.
"For wrongfully he judge of me;
Unto my fame a mortal wound,
Say what ye list, it may not be,
Ye seek for that shall not be found."

Anne was earnest in preparing herself for death, with many and fervent devotional exercises; and whatever may have been said in disparagement by catholic historians, it is certain that she did not die a protestant. She passed many hours in private conference with her confessor, and received the sacraments according to the doctrine of transubstantiation.[2] The penance she imposed upon herself for her injurious treatment of her royal step-daughter, the remembrance of which lay heavily upon her mind, when standing upon the awful verge of eternity, is most interestingly recorded by Speed, who quotes it from the relation of a nobleman:—

"The day before she suffered death, being attended by six ladies in the Tower, she took the lady Kingston into her presence chamber, and there, locking the door upon them, willed her to sit down in the chair of state. Lady Kingston answered, 'that it was her duty to stand and not to sit at all in her presence, much less upon the seat of state of her the queen.' 'Ah! madam,' replied Anne, 'that title is gone; I am a condemned person, and by law have no estate left me in this life, but for clearing of my conscience; I pray you sit down.' 'Well,' said lady

[1] See Evans' Collection of English Poetry, where this and another short poem are attributed to her. This dirge was popular in the reign of Elizabeth, as the commencing line is quoted as a familiar stave by Shakspeare.

[2] Kingston's Letters, Cott. Otho, c. 110; likewise edited by sir Henry Ellis, in his 1st series of Historical Letters.

Kingston, 'I have often played the fool in my youth, and to fulfil your command, I will do it once more in mine age;' and thereupon sat down under the cloth of estate on the throne. Then the queen most humbly fell on her knees before her, and holding up her hands with tearful eyes, charged her, as in the presence of God and his angels, and as she would answer to her before them when all should appear to judgment, that she would so fall down before the lady Mary's grace, her daughter-in-law, and, in like manner, ask her forgiveness for the wrongs she had done her; for, till that was accomplished,' she said, 'her conscience could not be quiet.'"

This fact is also recorded in Kingston's letters to Cromwell, but not so circumstantially as in the account quoted by Speed, from which we learn that Anne Boleyn continued to occupy her own royal apartments in the Tower, (with the presence chamber and canopied chair of state), commonly called the queen's lodgings, and that she had the free range of them, even after the warrant for her execution was signed, although tradition points out more than one dismal tower of the royal fortress as the place of her imprisonment.[1]

The queen was ordered for execution on the 19th of May; and it was decreed by Henry that she should be beheaded on the green within the Tower. It was a case without precedent in the annals of England; for never before had female blood been shed on the scaffold; even in the Norman reigns of terror, woman's life had been held sacred, and the most merciless of the Plantagenet sovereigns had been too manly, under any provocation or pretence, to butcher ladies. But the age of chivalry was over, and not one spark of its ennobling spirit lingered in the breast of the sensual tyrant who gave the first example of sending queens and princesses to the block, like sheep to the shambles. Perhaps there were moments when the lovely and once passionately beloved Anne Boleyn doubted the possibility of his consigning her to the sword of the executioner; that Henry was aware that his doing so would be an outrage on public decency is certain by his ordering all strangers to be expelled from the Tower. There is an expression in Kingston's letter which implies that a rescue was apprehended; at any rate, the experiment was yet to be tried, how Englishmen would brook the spectacle of seeing their beautiful queen mangled by a foreign headsman, that the sovereign might be at liberty to bestow her place on her handmaid. As it was the king's pleasure that his conjugal victim should be decollated with a sword, after

[1] In one of the apartments in that venerable part of the Tower occupied by Edmund Swifte, Esq., the keeper of her majesty's jewels, I was shown by that gentleman the rude intaglio of a rose and the letter H., with A. Boulen deeply graven on the wall with a nail, or some other pointed instrument. Mr. Swifte urgued, from this circumstance, that the captive queen had been confined in the Martin Tower, which was then used as a prison lodging; but, as it is certain that she occupied the royal apartments, it is not unlikely that her name, with this device, was traced by Norris, or one of the other unfortunate gentlemen who paid so dearly for having felt the power of her charms. When the apartments in the Martin Tower were under repairs some years ago, Mr. Swifte, by a fortunate chance, preserved this interesting relic from being obliterated by the masons

the French manner of execution, the headsman of Calais was brought over to England for the purpose, a man who was considered remarkably expert at his horrible calling. The unfortunate queen was duly apprised of this circumstance, with the other preparations for the last act of the tragedy that was to terminate her brilliant but fatal career. She had had mournful experience of the vanity and vexation of all the distinctions that had flattered her; beauty, wealth, genius, pleasure, power, royalty, had all been hers, and whither had they led her?

On Friday, the 19th of May, the last sad morning of her life, Anne rose two hours after midnight, and resumed her devotions with her almoner. Her previous desire of having the consecrated elements remain *in her closet*, (which in such case is always for the purposes of adoration), and the fact that she termed the sacrament "the good Lord," proves plainly that she did not die a protestant. When she was about to receive the sacrament, she sent for sir William Kingston, that he might be a witness of her last solemn protestation of her innocence of the crimes for which she was sentenced to die, before she became partaker of the holy rite.[1] It is difficult to imagine any person wantonly provoking the wrath of God by incurring the crime of perjury at such a moment. She had evidently no hope of prolonging her life, and appeared not only resigned to die, but impatient of the unexpected delay of an hour or two before the closing scene was to take place. This delay was caused by the misgivings of Henry, for Kingston had advised Cromwell not to fix the hour for the execution, so that it could be exactly known when it was to take place, lest it should drawn an influx of spectators from the city.[2]

It does not appear that Anne condescended to implore the mercy of the king. In her letter of the 6th of May, she had appealed to his justice, and reminded him that "he must hereafter expect to be called to a strict account for his treatment of her, if he took away her life on false and slanderous pretences;" but there is no record that she caused a single supplication to be addressed to him in her behalf. She knew his pitiless nature too well even to make the attempt to touch his feelings after the horrible imputations with which he had branded her, and this lofty spirit looks like the pride of innocence, and the bitterness of a deeply wounded mind.

While Kingston was writing his last report to Cromwell of her preparations for the awful change that awaited her, she sent for him, and said "Mr. Kingston, I hear I shall not die afore noon, and I am very sorry therefore, for I thought to be dead by this time, and past my pain."

[1] Kingston's Letters to Cromwell. Ellis's letters.

[2] These are his words:—

"Sir,—These should be to advertise you that I have received your letter, wherein you would have strangers conveyed out of the Tower, and so they be, by the means of Richard Gresham, and William Lake, and Wythspall. But the number of strangers past not thirty, and not many of these armed; and the ambassador of the emperor had a servant there, honestly put out. Sir, if the hour be not certain, so as it be known in London, I think there will be but few, and I think a reasonable number were best, for I suppose she will declare herself to be a good woman, for all men, but the king, at the hour of her death."

"I told her," says Kingston, "that the pain should be little, it was so subtle;" and then she said, "I have heard say the executioner is very good, and I have a little neck," and put her hands about it, laughing heartily. "I have seen men and also women executed, and they have been in great sorrow," continues the lieutenant of the Tower, "but, to my knowledge, this lady hath much joy and pleasure in death. Sir, her almoner is continually with her, and hath been since two o'clock after midnight." There must have been one powerful tie to bind the hapless queen to a world from which she appeared eager to be released. She was a mother, and was leaving her infant daughter to the domination of the treacherous beauty who was to take her place in Henry's state, as she had already done in his fickle fancy; and Anne Boleyn had no reason to expect that Jane Seymour would prove a kinder step-dame to Elizabeth than she had done to the princess Mary: an agonising thought in the hour of death. It is not known whether Anne requested to see her little one, who was quite old enough to know her and to return her caresses; for Elizabeth was at the attractive age of two years and eight months; but if the unfortunate queen preferred such a petition, it was fruitless, and she was led to the scaffold without being permitted to bestow a parting embrace on her child. Perhaps, she felt that such an interview would unfit her for acting her part in the last trying scene that awaited her with the lofty composure which its publicity required.

That great historian, lord Bacon, assures us that queen Anne protested her innocence with undaunted greatness of mind at the time of her death. He tells us, "that by a messenger, faithful and generous as she supposed, who was one of the king's privy chamber, she, just before she went to execution, sent this message to the king: 'Commend me to his majesty, and tell him he hath been ever constant in his career of advancing me; from a private gentlewoman he made me a marchioness, from a marchioness a queen, and now he hath left no higher degree of honour, he gives my innocency the crown of martyrdom.' But the messenger durst not carry this to the king, then absorbed in a new passion, yet tradition has truly transmitted it to posterity."[1]

This sarcastic message is noted as a memorandum on the letter which Anne wrote to Henry from the Tower, probably by Cromwell or his secretary, and it has frequently been quoted by historians; but lord Bacon is the only person who places it in its apparently true chronology, the day of her death, when hope was gone, and the overcharged heart of the victim dared to give vent to its last bitterness in those memorable words.

The time appointed by Henry for the execution of his unhappy consort was twelve o'clock at noon. This was kept a profound mystery from the people till the time was at hand. A few minutes before that

[1] Lord Bacon's account of these celebrated words of Anne Boleyn is well worthy the attention of the reader; considering how intimately connected his grandfather, sir Antony Cooke, was with the court of England, being tutor to Edward VI.; his aunt was lady Cecil, and his mother lady Bacon, both in the service of queen Mary. he, therefore, knew when they were uttered, as all these persons must have heard these facts from witnesses.

hour, the fatal portals through which the royal victim was to pass for the last time were thrown open, and she appeared dressed in a robe of black damask, with a deep white cape falling over it on her neck. She wore the pointed black velvet hood, which is familiar to us in her portraits; or, as some have said, a small hat with ornamented coifs under it; perhaps the picturesque bangled hat which forms part of the costume of her statue at Blickling Hall. The feverish state of excited feeling in which she had passed the morning vigil, had probably recalled the brightness to her eye, and a flush to her cheek, which supplied the loss of her faded bloom; for she is said to have come forth in fearful beauty: indeed, one writer says, "Never had the queen looked so beautiful before."[1] She was led by the lieutenant of the Tower, and attended by the four maids of honour who had waited upon her in prison.[2] She was conducted by sir William Kingston to the scaffold, which was erected on the green before the church of St. Peter ad Vincula. Having been assisted by sir William to ascend the steps of the platform, she there saw assembled the lord mayor, and some of the civic dignitaries, and her great enemy the duke of Suffolk, with Henry's natural son, the duke of Richmond, who had, in defiance of all decency and humanity, come thither to disturb her last moments with their unfriendly espionage, and to feast their eyes upon her blood.

There also was the ungrateful blacksmith-secretary of state, Cromwell: who, though he had been chiefly indebted to her patronage for his present greatness, had shown no disposition to succour her in her adversity. The fact was, his son and heir was married to the sister of Jane Seymour, Henry's bride-elect, and the climbing *parvenu* was one of the parties most interested in the fall of queen Anne,[3] and affixing the stigma of illegitimacy on her daughter, for the advancement of his family connexion to the throne. Anne must have been perfectly aware of his motives, but she accorded him and the other reptilia of the privy council the mercy of her silence when she met them on the scaffold. She came there, as she with true dignity observed, "to die, and not to accuse her enemies." When she had looked round her, she turned to Kingston, and entreated him "not to hasten the signal for her death till she had spoken that which was on her mind to say;" to which he consented, and she then spoke: "Good Christian people, I am come hither to die, according to law, for by the law I am judged to die, and therefore I will speak nothing against it.[4] I am come hither to accuse no man, nor to

[1] Letter of a Portuguese contemporary, published by sir H. Nicolas in Excerpta Historica.

[2] Excerpta Historica; Lingard; Meteren.

[3] In Kingston's last letter to Cromwell, relating to Anne Boleyn, it may be observed, that no sort of title is vouchsafed to the fallen queen, not so much as that of the lady Anne, which in common courtesy would have been rendered to her as the daughter of the earl of Wiltshire, but she is designated by the unceremonious pronoun *she* throughout. Yet there is something in Kingston's letters which betrays more interest and kindly feeling towards the royal prisoner than he ventures openly to show to the person he is addressing, and which gives us the idea that she might have fallen into the hands of a harder gaoler.

[4] Hall; Wyatt.

speak any thing of that whereof I am accused, as I know full well that aught that I could say in my defence doth not appertain unto you,[1] and that I could draw no hope of life from the same. But I come here only to die, and thus to yield myself humbly unto the will of my lord the king. I pray God to save the king, and send him long to reign over you, for a gentler or more merciful prince was there never. To me he was ever a good and gentle sovereign lord.[2] If any person will meddle with my cause, I require them to judge the best. Thus I take my leave of the world and of you, and I heartily desire you all to pray for me."

She then with her own hands removed the hat and collar, which might impede the action of the sword, and taking the coifs from her head delivered them to one of her ladies. Then covering her hair with a little linen cap (for it seems as if her ladies were too much overpowered with grief and terror to assist her, and that she was the only person who retained her composure), she said, "Alas! poor head, in a very brief space thou wilt roll in the dust on the scaffold; and as in life thou didst not merit to wear the crown of a queen, so in death thou deservest not better doom than this."[3]

All present were then in tears, save the base court sycophants, who came to flatter the evil passions of the sovereign. Anne took leave of her weeping ladies in these pathetic words:—

"And ye, my damsels, who, whilst I lived, ever showed yourselves so diligent in my service, and who are now to be present at my last hour and mortal agony, as in good fortune ye were faithful to me, so even at this my miserable death ye do not forsake me. And as I cannot reward you for your true service to me, I pray you take comfort for my loss; howbeit, forget me not, and be always faithful to the king's grace, and to her whom, with happier fortune, ye may have as your queen and mistress. And esteem your honour far beyond your life; and, in your prayers to the Lord Jesu, forget not to pray for my soul."[4]

Among these last true followers of the unfortunate queen, was the companion of her childhood, Mrs. Mary Wyatt, sir Thomas Wyatt's sister, who, faithful through every reverse, attended her on the scaffold.[5] To this tried friend Anne Boleyn gave, as a parting gift, her last possession, a little book of devotions, bound in gold, and enamelled black,

[1] Excerpta Historica.

[2] That Anne as a Christian could forgive and pray for her husband we can readily believe, but that she praised him for qualities so entirely contradicted by his conduct, is scarcely credible. Struggling as the unfortunate queen was with hysterical emotion, and the conflicts of suppressed feelings, her utterance must have been choked and imperfect, and the probabilities are that her speech was reported by her friend, Mr. Secretary Cromwell, or some other person equally interested in the cause of truth and justice, in such terms as would not only be most agreeable to the king, but best suited to calm the public mind. For if the simple and honest class, who seldom look below the outward semblance of things, could be persuaded that the queen herself was satisfied with her sentence, they would see no reason why they should be otherwise.

[3] From the letter of a Portuguese gentleman, who was an eye-witness of the execution. Excerpta Historica.

[4] Excerpta Historica.

[5] Life of Wyatt, in Strawberry Hill MSS.

which she had held in her hand from the time she left her apartment in the Tower till she commenced her preparations for the block. Mary always wore this precious relic in her bosom.[1] Some mysterious last words, supposed to be a message to sir Thomas Wyatt, the queen was observed to whisper very earnestly to Mrs. Mary Wyatt, before she knelt down.

It has been said that Anne refused to allow her eyes to be covered, and that, whenever the executioner approached her, his purpose was disarmed by his encountering their brilliant glances, till, taking off his shoes, he beckoned to one of the assistants to advance on one side as he softly approached on the other, and when the queen, deceived by this subterfuge, turned her eyes in the direction whence she heard the steps, he struck her head off with one blow of the Calais sword. The account given by the Portuguese spectator of this mournful scene is as follows:—

"And being minded to say no more, she knelt down upon both knees, and one of her ladies covered her eyes with a bandage, and then they withdrew themselves some little space, and knelt down over against the scaffold, bewailing bitterly and shedding many tears. And thus, and without more to say or do, was her head struck off; she making no confession of her fault, but saying, 'O Lord God, have pity on my soul.'"[2]

This being the record of an eye-witness we think it is deserving of credit, and it agrees with the dignified composure of Anne's behaviour on the scaffold. Gratian says she died with great resolution, and so sedately as to cover her feet with her garments, in like manner as the Roman poet records of the royal Polyxena, when about to be sacrificed at the tomb of Achilles. According to another authority, her last words were, "*In manus tuas.*"[3] "The bloody blow came down from his trembling hand who gave it," says Wyatt, "when those about her could not but seem to themselves to have received it upon their own necks, she not so much as shrinking at it."

Spelman has noted that Anne Boleyn's eyes and lips were observed to move when her head was held up by the executioner.[4] It is also said,

[1] Wyatt's Life, in Strawberry Hill MSS. In Singer's learned notes to the memorials left by sir Thomas Wyatt of Anne Boleyn, there is a minute description of a little book, which was carefully preserved in the Wyatt family as having once belonged to Anne Boleyn, and which is, we doubt not, the identical volume presented by that unfortunate queen to the poet's sister. It was of diminutive size, containing 104 leaves of vellum, one inch and seven-eighths long, by one and five-eighths broad; it contained a metrical version of parts of thirteen Psalms, bound in pure gold, richly chased, with a ring to append it to the neck-chain or girdle. It was seen, in 1721, by Mr. Vertue, in the possession of Mr. George Wyatt, of Charterhouse Square. Such little volumes were presented by Anne to each of her ladies in the last year of her fatal royalty. Margaret Wyatt, who married sir Henry Lee, has been mentioned in a former impression of this volume, as the faithful friend of Anne Boleyn, and it is possible that both the Wyatt ladies were in attendance; but the memorials of the Wyatt family, in the Strawberry Hill MSS. more particularly mention Mary (who died single) as the possessor of the volume given on the scaffold.

[2] Excerpta Historica; sir H. Nicolas. [3] Leti.

[4] Burnet's Hist. Reformation; Remarkable Trials.

that before those beautiful eyes sunk in the dimness of death, they seemed for an instant mournfully to regard her bleeding body as it fell on the scaffold.

It does not appear that the last moments of Anne were disturbed by the presence of lady Boleyn and Mrs. Cosyns. The gentler females who, like ministering angels, had followed their royal mistress to her doleful prison and dishonouring scaffold, half-fainting and drowned in tears as they were, surrounded her mangled remains, now a spectacle appalling to woman's eyes; yet they would not abandon them to the ruffian hands of the executioner and his assistants, but, with unavailing tenderness, washed away the blood from the lovely face and glossy hair, that scarcely three years before had been proudly decorated with the crown of St. Edward, and now, but for these unbought offices of faithful love, would have been lying neglected in the dust. Our Portuguese authority informs us, "that one weeping lady took the severed head, the others the bleeding body of the unfortunate queen, and, having reverentially covered them with a sheet, placed them in a chest which there stood ready, and carried them to the church, which is within the Tower, where," continues he, "they say she lieth buried with the others, meaning, by her fellow-victims, who had two days before preceded her to the scaffold. There is, however, some reason to doubt whether the mangled remains of this hapless queen repose in the place generally pointed out in St. Peter's church, of the Tower, as the spot where she was interred. It is true, that her warm and almost palpitating form was there conveyed in no better coffin than an old elm-chest that had been used for keeping arrows,[1] and there, in less than half-an-hour after the executioner had performed his part, thrust into a grave that had been prepared for her by the side of her murdered brother. And there she was interred, without other obsequies than the whispered prayers and choking sobs of those true-hearted ladies who had attended her on the scaffold, and were the sole mourners who followed her to the grave. It is to be lamented that history has only preserved one name out of this gentle sisterhood, that of Mary Wyatt, when all were worthy to have been inscribed in golden characters in every page sacred to female tenderness and charity. In Anne Boleyn's native county, Norfolk, a curious tradition has been handed down from father to son, for upwards of three centuries, which affirms that her remains were secretly removed from the Tower church under cover of darkness, and privately conveyed to Salle church, the ancient burial-place of the Boleyns,[2] and there interred at midnight, with the holy rites that were denied to her by her

[1] Sir John Spelman's Notes in Burnet.

[2] The stately tower of Salle church is supposed to be the loftiest in Norfolk, and it is certainly one of the most magnificent in the east of England. The profound solitude of the neighbourhood where this majestic fane rises in lonely grandeur, remote from the haunts of village life, must have been favourable for the stolen obsequies of the distinguished queen, if the tradition were founded on fact. Her father was the lord of the soil, and all his Norfolk ancestry were buried in that church. It is situated between Norwich and Reepham on a gentle eminence.

royal husband at her first unhallowed funeral. A plain black marble slab, without any inscription, is still shown in Salle church as a monumental memorial of this queen, and is generally supposed, by all classes of persons in that neighbourhood, to cover her remains.

The mysterious sentence with which Wyatt closes his eloquent memorial of the death of this unfortunate queen, affords a singular confirmation of the local tradition of her removal and re-interment: "God," says he, "provided for her corpse *sacred burial*, even in a place as it were consecrate to innocence."[1]

This expression would lead us to infer, that Wyatt was in the secret, if not one of the parties who assisted in the exhumation of Anne Boleyn's remains, if the romantic tradition we have repeated be, indeed, based on facts. After all there is nothing to violate probability in the tale, romantic though it be. King Henry, on the day of his queen's execution, tarried no longer in the vicinity of his metropolis than till the report of the signal gun, booming faintly through the forest glade, reached his ear, and announced the joyful tidings that he had been made a widower. He then rode off at fiery speed to his bridal orgies at Wolf Hall. With him went the confidential myrmidons of his council, caring little, in their haste to offer their homage to the queen of the morrow, whether the mangled remains of the queen of yesterday were securely guarded in the dishonoured grave into which they had been thrust, with indecent haste, that noon.

There was neither singing nor saying for her, no chapel *ardente* nor midnight requiem, as for other queens; and, in the absence of these solemnities, it was easy for her father, for Wyatt, or even for his sister, to bribe the porter and sextons to the church, to connive at the removal of the royal victim. That old elm-chest would excite no suspicion, when carried through the dark narrow streets and the Aldgate portal of the city, to the eastern road. It probably passed as a coffer of stores for the country, no one imagining that such a receptacle inclosed the earthly relics of their crowned and anointed queen.

It is remarkable that in the ancient church of Horndon-on-the-hill, in Essex, a nameless black marble monument is also pointed out by village antiquaries as the veritable monument of this queen.[2] The existence of

[1] Singer's edition of Cavendish's Wolsey, vol. ii. p. 215.

[2] I am indebted to my amiable and highly-gifted friend, lady Petre, for this information, and also for the following description of the monument, which is within a narrow window-seat:—The black marble or touchstone that covers it rises about a foot between the seat and the window, and is of a rough description. It has rather the appearance of a shrine that has been broken open. It may have contained her head or her heart, for it is too short to contain a body, and indeed seems to be of more ancient date than the sixteenth century. The oldest people in the neighbourhood all declare, that they have heard the tradition in their youth, from a previous generation of aged persons, who all affirmed it to be Anne Boleyn's monument. Horndon-on-the-hill is about a mile from Thorndon Hall, the splendid mansion of lord Petre, and sixteen miles from New Hall, once the seat of sir Thomas Boleyn, and afterwards a favourite country palace of Henry VIII., who tried to change its name to Beaulieu, but the force of custom was too strong even for the royal will in that neighbourhood and Beaulieu is forgotten in the original name.

a similar tradition of the kind in two different counties, but in both instances in the neighbourhood of sir Thomas Boleyn's estates, can only be accounted for on the supposition, that rumours of the murdered queen's removal from the Tower chapel were at one time in circulation among the tenants and dependants of her paternal house, and were by them orally transmitted to their descendants as matter of fact. Historical traditions are, however, seldom devoid of some kind of foundation; and whatever be their discrepancies they frequently afford a shadowy evidence of real but unrecorded events, which, if steadily investigated, would lend a clue, whereby things of great interest might be traced out. A great epic poet[1] of our own times has finely said:—

"Tradition! oh, tradition! thou of the seraph tongue,
The ark that links two ages, the ancient and the young."

The execution of the viscount Rochford rendered his two sisters the coheiresses of their father, the earl of Wiltshire. The attainder of Anne Boleyn, together with Cranmer's sentence on the nullity of her marriage with the king, had, by the law of the land, deprived her and her issue of any claim on the inheritance of her father. Yet, on the death of the earl of Wiltshire, king Henry, in defiance of his own acts, did, with equal rapacity and injustice, seize Hever Castle and other portions of the Boleyn patrimony, in right of his divorced and murdered wife Anne, the elder daughter, reserving for her daughter Elizabeth all that Mary Boleyn and her heirs could otherwise have claimed.

Greenwich Palace was Anne Boleyn's favourite abode of all the royal residences. The park is planted and laid out in the same style as her native Blickling, and with the same kind of trees. It is natural to suppose that the noble intersected arcades of chestnuts, which form the principal charm of the royal park, were planted under the direction of this queen, in memory of those richer and more luxuriant groves beneath whose blossomed branches she sported in careless childhood with her sister Mary, her poet-brother Rochford, and her poet-lover Wyatt. Happy would it have been for Anne Boleyn if parental ambition had never aimed at her fulfilling an higher destiny than becoming the wife of the accomplished and true-hearted Wyatt: that devoted friend, whose love, surviving the grave, lives still in the valuable biographical memorials which he preserved of her life.[2]

Sir Thomas Wyatt died four years after the execution of Anne Boleyn; Percy only survived her a few months.

The motives for Anne's destruction were so glaringly unveiled by the indecorous and inhuman haste with which the king's marriage with Jane Seymour was celebrated, that a strong presumption of her innocence has naturally been the result with unprejudiced readers. André Thévet, a

[1] Adam Mickiewitz.

[2] There is a beautiful Italian MS. on the subject of this unfortunate queen in the collection of sir Thomas Phillipps, bart., of Middlehill, written just after the death of queen Elizabeth. It professes to be the history of Anne Boleyn, but can only be regarded as the earliest historical romance on her eventful career. It seems to have been the foundation of the popular Italian opera of "Anna Bolena."

Franciscan, affirms, "that he was assured by several English gentlemen that Henry VIII., on his death-bed, expressed peculiar remorse for the wrong he had done Anne Boleyn by putting her to death on a false accusation."[1] The Franciscans, as a body, had suffered so much for their steadfast support of the cause of queen Katharine, in opposition to the rival interests of queen Anne, that a testimony in favour of the latter, from one of that order, ought to be regarded as impartial history.

Anne Boleyn must have been in her thirty-sixth year at the time of her execution, for Cavendish tells us, that her brother, lord Rochford, was twenty-seven when he was appointed of the king's privy chamber.[2] This was in 1527. The queen was probably about a year younger. This would have made her fourteen when she went to France as maid of honour to the bride of Louis XII., and thirty-two at the time of her acknowledged marriage with the king. She had been maid of honour to four queens, namely, Mary and Claude, queens of France, Margaret, queen of Navarre, and Katharine of Arragon, the first consort of Henry VIII., whom, in an evil hour for both, she supplanted in the affections of the king, and succeeded in her royal dignity as queen of England. She only survived the broken-hearted Katharine four months and a few days.

It is necessary to notice, that since the publication of the first edition of this volume it has been asserted in some of the periodicals and papers of the day, that the guilt of Anne Boleyn has been proved by the documents recently mentioned in the Report of the Record Commission, relative to the contents of the "*Baga de secretis.*" This bag, which was always known to be in existence, contains not, as some persons have erroneously stated, the evidences of Anne Boleyn's trial, but merely the indictment, precepts, and conviction of that unfortunate queen, and not a tittle of the evidence produced in substantiation of the revolting crimes with which she was charged. It is, therefore, a negative proof of her innocence that these should have been preserved and the latter destroyed. It has hitherto been suspected that the evidence was destroyed by the order of queen Elizabeth, but surely if she had destroyed the evidence she would never have permitted the indictment to remain, which branded the name of her unhappy mother as a monster of impurity. It stands to reason that Henry and his council, being aware that no evidence of Anne's guilt was produced, that would bear a dispassionate legal examination, took effectual measures to prevent its ever appearing in her justification. If Elizabeth had known of the existence of the indictment, she would have destroyed it without doubt.

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[1] Universal Cosmography, book xvi. c. 5.
[2] Metrical Visions, Singer's Cavendish, vol. ii.

JANE SEYMOUR,

THIRD QUEEN OF HENRY VIII.

Conduct of Jane Seymour—Age—Descent—Early life—Maid of Honour—Courted by Henry VIII.—Execution of Anne Boleyn, May 19th—Arrival of Henry VIII. at Wolf Hall that evening—Jane Seymour marries him next day—Reasons for haste—Wedding-dinner at Wolf Hall—Beauty of the bride—Compared with preceding queens—Royal wedding kept at Marwell—King and queen return to London—Her public appearance at Whitsuntide—Lord chancellor's speech concerning her—Crown settled on her offspring—Coverdale's Bibles—Reconciles the king and his daughter Mary—Death of her father—She crosses the frozen Thames—Her coronation discussed—Deferred—King's letter—She takes to her chamber at Hampton Court—Her portraits—Extreme danger—King's conduct—Historical ballad—Self-devotion to her child—Birth of Edward VI.—Baptism—Improper treatment of the queen—Illness—Fluctuation of health—Physicians' bulletin—Catholic rites—Queen's death—Her burial—Epitaph—Mourning worn by Henry VIII.—His grief—Letter of condolence—Description of the infant prince—Journal of Edward VI.—Mentions his mother, queen Jane—Discussions on court mournings—Edward VI. laments the untimely death of his mother, and the fate of her brothers—Project of her tomb—Discovery of her coffin by George IV.

"JANE SEYMOUR was the fairest, the discreetest, and the most meritorious of all Henry VIII.'s wives." This assertion has been generally repeated by all historians to the present hour; yet doubtless the question has frequently occurred to their readers—in what did her merit consist? It will be the object of the present biography to answer this question impartially.

Customs may vary at various eras, but the laws of moral justice are unalterable; difficult would it be to reconcile with them the first actions known of this *discreet* lady, for discretion is the attribute lord Herbert peculiarly challenges as her own. It has been shown, in the preceding biography, that Jane Seymour's shameless conduct in receiving the courtship of Henry VIII. was the commencement of the severe calamities that befell her mistress, Anne Boleyn. Scripture points out as an especial odium the circumstance of a handmaid taking the place of her mistress. Odious enough was the case, when Anne Boleyn supplanted the right royal Katharine of Arragon; but a sickening sensation of horror must pervade every right feeling mind, when the proceedings of the discreet Jane Seymour are considered. She received the addresses of her mistress's husband, knowing him to be such. She passively beheld the mortal anguish of Anne Boleyn, when that unhappy queen was in a state, which peculiarly demanded feminine sympathy; she knew that the discovery of Henry's inconstancy had nearly destroyed her, and that it had actually destroyed her infant. She saw a series of murderous

accusations got up against the queen, which finally brought her to the scaffold, yet she gave her hand to the regal ruffian before his wife's corpse was cold. Yes—four-and-twenty hours had not elapsed since the axe was reddened with the blood of her mistress, when Jane Seymour became the bride of Henry VIII. And let it be remembered, that a royal marriage could not have been celebrated without previous preparation, which must have proceeded simultaneously with the heart-rending events of Anne Boleyn's last agonised hours. The wedding-cakes must have been baking, the wedding-dinner providing, the wedding-clothes preparing, while the life-blood was yet running warm in the veins of the victim, whose place was to be rendered vacant by a violent death. The picture is repulsive enough, but it becomes tenfold more abhorrent when the woman who caused the whole tragedy is loaded with panegyric.

Jane Seymour had arrived at an age when the timidity of girlhood could no longer be pleaded as excuse for passive acquiescence in such outrages on common decency. All genealogies[1] concur in naming her as the eldest of sir John Seymour's numerous family. As such, she could not have been younger than Anne Boleyn, who was much older than is generally asserted. Jane was the eldest of the eight children of sir John Seymour, of Wolf Hall, Wiltshire, and Margaret Wentworth, daughter of sir John Wentworth, of Nettlestead, in Suffolk. The Seymours were a family of country gentry, who, like most holders of manorial rights, traced their ancestry to a Norman origin. One or two had been knighted in the wars of France, but their names had never emerged from the herald's visitation rolls into historical celebrity. They increased their boundaries by fortunate alliances with heiresses; but till the head of the family married into a collateral branch of the lordly line of Beauchamp, they scarcely took rank as second-rate gentry. After that event, two instances are quoted of Seymours serving as high-sheriff for Wilts, but no instance can be found of one of the name being returned as knight of the shire. Through Margaret Wentworth, the mother of Jane Seymour, a descent from the blood-royal of England was claimed, from an intermarriage with a Wentworth and a daughter of Hotspur and lady Elizabeth Mortimer, granddaughter to Lionel, duke of Clarence. This lady Percy is stated by all ancient heralds to have died childless. Few persons, however, dared dispute a pedigree with Henry VIII.; and it appears that on this ground Cranmer granted a dispensation for nearness of kin between Henry VIII. and Jane Seymour; rather a work of supererogation, since, even if the Wentworth genealogy held good, the parties could not be related within the forbidden degrees, viz. as fourth cousins.

Although the royal kindred appears somewhat doubtful, yet it is undeniable that the sovereign of England gained by this alliance one brother-in-law, who bore the name of Smith, and another whose grandfather was a blacksmith at Putney: Jane Seymour's sister Elizabeth

[1] Collins' Peerage, vol. i. p. 167.

having married Gregory, the son of Cromwell, and her sister Dorothy being the wife of sir Clement Smith, of Little Baddow, in Essex.[1]

Jane's childhood and early youth are involved in great obscurity; but there is reason to suppose that, like Anne Boleyn, her education was finished and her manners formed at the court of France. Her portrait in the Louvre as a French maid of honour has given rise to this idea. It is probable that she entered the service of Mary Tudor, where her brother certainly was, for in a list of the persons forming the bridal retinue of that queen, signed by the hand of Louis XII.,[2] we observe among the *enfans d'oneur le fils de Mess. Seymour.* This must have been Jane's brother Edward, afterwards so celebrated as the Protector Somerset. He was younger, however, than Jane, and it is very possible that she had an appointment also, though not of such importance as Anne Boleyn, who was granddaughter to the duke of Norfolk, and was associated with two of the sovereign's kinswomen, the ladies Grey, as maids of honour to Mary, queen of France. Jane could boast of no such high connexions as these, and, perhaps, from her comparatively inferior birth, did not excite the jealousy of the French monarch like the ladies of maturer years.[3] Perhaps Jane Seymour was promoted to the post of maid of honour in France after the dismissal of the other ladies, for the young queen says in her letter to the king, her brother, "my chamberlain, with all other men servants, were discharged, and in like wise my moder Guldeford, with other my women and maidens, *except such as never had experience* nor knowledge how to advertise or give me council in any time of need." These were, of course, the young girls, of whom Anne Boleyn we know was one, and probably Jane Seymour, her compeer in age, another. Her portrait in the Louvre[4] represents her as a beautiful full-formed woman, of nineteen or twenty, and seems an evidence that, like Anne, she had obtained a place subsequently in the household of queen Claude, where she perfected herself in the art of coquetry, though in a more demure way than her unfortunate compeer, Anne Boleyn. Who placed Jane Seymour as a maid of honour to Anne Boleyn, or whether she filled that office in the court

[1] Collins' Peerage. Elizabeth Seymour was the widow of sir Gregory Oughtred when she married the younger Cromwell. Jane Seymour, like Anne Boleyn, was old enough for her younger sister to have married twice, before she herself became queen.

[2] This document, which is not quoted by sir H. Ellis, Royal Letters, vol. i. is preserved among the Cotton. MSS.

[3] "*Moder* Guldeford," whose loss is so pathetically deplored by the poor young queen, is supposed by sir H. Ellis to have been the governess, or what is called the mother, of the maids of honour.

[4] Now in the French king's collection at Versailles. It is a whole-length, and one of Holbein's masterpieces. The face and dress resemble minutely the younger portraits of Jane Seymour in England. It is merely entitled "maid of honour to Marie d'Angleterre, queen of Louis XII.," and is placed as companion to another, a magnificent whole-length of Anne Boleyn, likewise entitled "maid of honour to the queen of Louis XII." These two well-known portraits are clad in the same costume, though varied in ornaments and colour; they are not recognised in France as pictures of *English queens*, but as *companions suivantes* of an *English princess* queen of France.

of Katharine, as well as her sister-in-law, Anne Stanhope, has not yet been ascertained.

Henry's growing passion for Jane must have attracted the observation and excited the jealousy of queen Anne some time before she received the fatal conviction that she was supplanted in his fickle regard by her treacherous handmaid. It is said, that the queen's attention was one day attracted by a jewel, which Jane Seymour wore about her neck, and she expressed a wish to look at it. Jane faltered and drew back, and the queen, noticing her hesitation, snatched it violently from her, and found that it contained the portrait of the king,[1] which, as she most truly guessed, had been presented by himself to her fair rival. Jane Seymour had far advanced in the same serpentine path which conducted Anne herself to a throne, ere she had ventured to accept the picture of her enamoured sovereign, and well assured must she have been of success in her ambitious views, before she presumed to wear such a love-token in the presence of the queen.

Anne Boleyn was not of a temper to bear her wrongs patiently; but Jane Seymour's star was in the ascendant, hers in the decline; her anger was unavailing. Jane maintained her ground triumphantly, even after the disgraceful *dénouement* which has been related in the memoir of Anne Boleyn.

While the last act of that diabolical drama was played out, which consummated the destruction of poor Anne, it appears that her rival had the discretion to retreat to her paternal mansion, Wolf Hall, in Wiltshire. There the preparations for her marriage with Henry VIII. were proceeding with sufficient activity to allow her royal wedlock to take place the day after the axe had rendered the king a widower. Henry himself remained in the vicinity of the metropolis, awaiting the accomplishment of that event. The traditions of Richmond Park and Epping Forest quote each place as the locale of the following scene.[2] On the morning of the 19th of May, Henry VIII., attired for the chase, with his huntsmen and hounds around him, was standing under a spreading oak, breathlessly awaiting the signal gun from the Tower, which was to announce that the axe had fallen on the neck of his once "entirely beloved Anne Boleyn." At last, when the bright summer sun rode high towards its meridian, the sullen sound of the death-gun boomed along the windings of the Thames. Henry started with ferocious joy. "Ha, ha!" he cried with satisfaction, "the deed is done! Uncouple the hounds and away." The chase that day bent towards the west, whether the stag led it in that direction or not. At nightfall the king was at Wolf Hall, in Wilts, telling the news to his elected bride.

The next morning the king married the beautiful Seymour. It is

[1] This anecdote is traditionary, without any precise authority. Miss Aikin relates the same with little variation.

[2] Nott's Life of Surrey. Richmond would be much nearer to Wolf Hall than Epping Forest. The chief objection to this story is, that, robust as Henry then was, it would have been scarcely possible for him to have reached Wiltshire on the 19th of May, if he commenced his journey in the afternoon from Epping Forest.

commonly asserted that he wore white for mourning the day after Anne Boleyn's execution; he certainly wore white, not as mourning, but because he on that day wedded her rival. The reason of this extraordinary haste was, as an ingenious modern writer observes,[1] "Because Saturday the 20th of May, 1536, fell the day before Rogation Sunday, and no marriage could be performed before the rogation days of preparation for the Whitsun festival were passed," and the king did not choose to tarry so long.

Wolf Hall,[2] the scene of these royal nuptials, was a short distance from Tottenham Park, in Wiltshire. Of the ancient residence some remains now exist, among which is the kitchen, where tradition declares a notable royal wedding-dinner was cooked; a detached building is, likewise, still entire, in which the said dinner was served up, the room being hung, on this occasion, with tapestry.[3] Several favourite members of the king's obsequious privy council were present at the marriage, therefore the authenticity of its date is beyond all dispute. Among others, was sir John Russell (afterwards earl of Bedford), who, having been at church with the royal pair, gave as his opinion, "That the king was the goodliest person there, and that the richer queen Jane was dressed, the fairer she appeared; on the contrary, the better Anne Boleyn was apparelled the worse she looked; but that queen Jane was the fairest of all Henry's wives, though both Anne Boleyn and queen Katharine, in their younger days, were women not easily to be paralleled."

From sir John Russell's words it appears the wedding was performed in a church, probably that of Tottingham parish, Wiltshire. The bridal party proceeded, after dinner, to Marwell, near Winchester, a country-seat belonging to the bishops of that see, which Henry had already wrested from the church and bestowed on the Seymours. The queen's chamber is still shown at Marwell.[4]

From Marwell the king and his bride went to Winchester, where they sojourned a few days, and from thence returned to London, in time to hold a great court on the 29th of May. Here the bride was publicly introduced as queen, and her marriage festivities were blended with the celebration of Whitsuntide. The king paid the citizens the compliment of bringing his fair queen to Mercer's Hall, and she stood in one of the windows to view the annual ceremony of setting the city watch on St. Peter's eve, June 29th.

The lord chancellor Audley, when parliament met a few days after, introduced the subject of the king's new marriage, in a speech so tedious in length, that the clerks who wrote the parliamentary journals gave up its transcription in despair. Yet they fortunately left extant an abstract, containing a curious condolence on the exquisite sufferings the monarch had endured in matrimony. "Ye well remember," pathetically declaimed

[1] Fisher's Genealogical History of England.

[2] It was the inheritance of sir John Seymour from his grandmother, the heiress of Esturmy. Previous to this lucky marriage, the family of St. Maur, Seymour, were settled in Monmouthshire, at Woundy; they were some of the Marchmen, who kept the Welsh in bounds.

[3] Britton's Wiltshire, p. 685.

[4] Milner's Winchester.

chancellor Audley, "the great anxieties and perturbations this invincible sovereign suffered on account of his first unlawful marriage. So all ought to bear in mind the perils and dangers he was under when he contracted his second marriage, and that the lady Anne and her complices have since been justly found guilty of high treason, and had met their due reward for it. What man of middle life would not this deter from marrying a third time? Yet this our most excellent prince again condescendeth to contract matrimony! and hath, on the humble petition of the nobility, taken to himself a wife, this time, whose age and fine form give promise of issue." He said, "that the king had two objects in view in summoning a parliament, to declare the heir apparent, and to repeal the act in favour of the succession of Anne Boleyn's issue." The crown was afterwards entailed on the children of queen Jane, whether male or female. After expatiating on all the self sacrifices Henry had endured for the good of his people, he concluded by proposing "that the lords should pray for heirs to the crown by this marriage," and sent the commons to choose a speaker.

The speaker they chose was the notorious Richard Rich, who had sworn away the life of sir Thomas More. This worthy outdid the chancellor in his fulsome praises of the king, thinking proper to load his speech with personal flattery, "comparing him, for strength and fortitude, to Samson, for justice and prudence to Solomon, and for beauty and comeliness to Absalom."

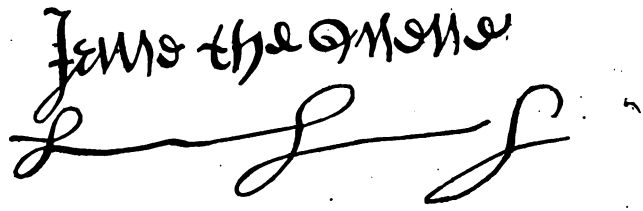
Thus did the English senate condescend to encourage Henry in his vices, calling his self-indulgence self-denial, and all his evil good; inflating his wicked wilfulness with eulogy, till he actually forgot, according to Wolsey's solemn warning, "that there was both heaven and hell." While the biographer is appalled as the domestic features of this moral monster are unveiled, surely some abhorrence is due to the unison of atrocity that met in the hearts and heads of his advisers and flatterers.

As the parliamentary journals have been destroyed which embrace the attainder of Anne Boleyn, it is impossible to trace when the petition for the king to marry again was presented, which the chancellor alludes to; if before his marriage to Jane, it must have been during the life of Anne Boleyn, and then must have infused another drop of inexpressible bitterness in the cup of misery at the lips of the living victim. It is worthy of notice, that the dispensation by Cranmer of kindred and all other impediments in the marriage of the king and Jane Seymour, is dated on the very day of the unfortunate Anne Boleyn's death, being May 19th, 1536.

The abhorrent conduct of Henry in wedding Jane so soon after the sacrifice of her hapless predecessor has left its foul traces on a page where truly Christian reformers must have viewed it with grief and disgust. In the dedication of Coverdale's Bible, printed at Zurich, 1535, the names of Henry and his queen are introduced; but as Anne Boleyn was destroyed between the printing and publication, an attempt was made to accommodate the dedication to the caprice of Henry's passions

by printing J. for Jane over the letters which composed the name of the unfortunate Anne.[1]

The only act of Jane Seymour's queenly life of which a documentary record has been preserved, is an order to the park-keeper at Havering atte Bower "to deliver to her well-beloved the gentlemen of her sovereign lord the king's chapel royal, two bucks of high season." For this very trifling exercise of the power and privileges of a queen of England she names the king's warrant and seal as her authority, as if her own were insufficient. The order is headed by her signature, and is supposed to be the only genuine autograph of Jane Seymour in existence. We give the fac-simile.[2]



The terror of the axe seems to have kept even this favoured queen in the most humiliating state of submission during the brief term of her sceptred slavery.

Queen Jane ostensibly mediated the reconciliation between the princess Mary and the king. In the correspondence which ensued between the father and daughter, about twenty days after the marriage of Jane Seymour, she is frequently mentioned by the princess as "her most natural mother the queen:" she congratulates her on her marriage with the king, praying God to send them a prince. These letters were chiefly dictated by Thomas Cromwell, a near connexion of the new queen by marriage, yet Mary certainly regarded Jane Seymour as her friend. Nevertheless, the terms were so cruel on which Mary was restored to her father's presence, that her majesty had not ventured very far in her intercession between them. From one of Mary's earlier letters it is evident that the princess had known Jane Seymour previously to her marriage, and had been treated kindly by her.[3]

The catholic historians have mentioned queen Jane with complacency, on account of her friendliness to Henry's ill-treated daughter; the protestants regard her with veneration as the mother of Edward VI. and the sister of Somerset; and thus, with little personal merit, accident has made her the subject of unlimited party praise. Her kindness to Mary bears an appearance of moral worth, if the suspicion did not occur that it arose entirely from opposition to Anne Boleyn, for, if based on the pure foundation of benevolence, it is strange that no other fruit of a virtuous character was exemplified in the life of Jane Seymour.

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[1] State Papers, vol. i. p. 561.
[2] MS. Cottonian, Vespasian, f. iii.
[3] See Hearne's Sylloge, where this fact is distinctly stated.

The princess Mary was permitted to visit her step-mother at the palaces of Richmond and Greenwich, Christmas 1537. That season was saddened to queen Jane by the loss of her father, sir John Seymour. He died in his sixtieth year, December 21, 1536,[1] leaving his family at the very pinnacle of exaltation; his eldest daughter the triumphant queen of England; his eldest son created lord Beauchamp, and lord-chamberlain for life; while riches, favour, and honour, were showered profusely on every member of his house.

Jane Seymour supported her unwonted burden of dignity as queen with silent placidity. Whether from instinctive prudence or natural taciturnity, she certainly exemplified the wise proverb, "that the least said is the soonest mended;" for she passed eighteen months of regal life without uttering a sentence significant enough to bear preservation. Thus she avoided making enemies by sallies of wit and repartee, in which her incautious predecessors so often indulged. Indeed, it was generally considered that queen Jane purposely steered her course of royalty so that her manners appeared diametrically opposite to those of queen Anne. As for her actions, they were utterly passive, and dependent on the will of the king. Some traces of her sojourn in the Tower are to be found in a list of Henry VIII.th's furniture; for among the appurtenances of a room called the Lower Study, is enumerated "a box containing a writing touching the jointure of queen Jane;" likewise "a pair of little screens made of silk, to hold against the fire." Who could have supposed that the grim fortress ever contained any thing so consonant to modern taste as a pair of hand-screens? But many of the luxuries and elegancies presumed to pertain solely to the modern era are indicated in the wardrobe-lists, inventories, and privy-purse expenses of royal personages who belonged to an earlier period than Jane Seymour and Henry VIII.

The most remarkable of this queen's proceedings was that she crossed the frozen Thames to Greenwich Palace in the severe January of 1537, on horseback, with the king, attended by their whole court. In the summer she went with him on a progress to Canterbury, and in the monastery of St. Augustine was very honourably received, the reverend father Thomas Goldwell, prior of Christ Church, being present.[2] From thence he (the king and queen) went to Dover to see the pier, "to his great cost and charge then begun."

As the king's two former wives (though afterwards repudiated and discrowned) had received the honours of splendid coronations, he was of course desirous of thus distinguishing the beloved Jane Seymour. Of this there is full evidence in the despatches of Rich and Paget[3] to the rest of the privy council remaining at Westminster. "We found the king," says the latter, "one evening in the queen's chamber, ready to wash and sit down to supper with her, and after supper his grace returned

[1] Collins' Peerage. [2] Monk's Journal, quoted by Strype, 1537.

[3] State Paper Office. It is uncertain whether the king was then at Greenwich Palace or Hampton Court. Papet's style is distinguished by frequent "quod he's and quod I's;" his father had been but a mace-bearer to the lord mayor

into his chamber, and immediately called me to him, saying that he had digested and resolved in his breast the contents of your last, and perceiving how the plague had reigned in Westminster, and in the Abbey itself, he stood in a suspense whether it were best to put off the time of the queen's coronation. 'Wherefore,' quoth he, 'it were good that all my council be assembled here to determine upon every thing touching the same coronation; and so,' quoth he, 'write to my lord privy seal, and send him word.'"

Jane's coronation, after being thus delayed by the pestilence, was still further procrastinated by her hopeful condition, which promised the long-desired heir to the throne. Henry VIII. announced this expectation to the duke of Norfolk by an autograph letter, in which may be perceived some allusion to the loss of Anne Boleyn's son, owing to the grief of heart the mother's jealousy occasioned. To obviate the chance of his present consort taking any fancies in her head, "considering she was *but* a woman," he graciously announces his intention of remaining near her, in these very original words:[1] "Albeit she is in every condition of that loving inclination and reverend conformity that she can in all things well content, rest, and satisfy herself, with any thing which WE shall think expedient and determine, yet, considering that, being *but a woman*, upon some sudden and displeasant rumours and bruits that might by foolish or light persons be blown abroad in our absence, being specially so far from her, she might take to her stomach such impressions as might engender no little danger or displeasure to the infant with which she is now pregnant (which God forbid), it hath been thought by our council very necessary that, for avoiding such perils, we should not extend our progress farther from her than sixty miles."

The place chosen for queen Jane's lying-in was Hampton Court, where it appears, from a letter to Cromwell from the earl of Southampton, that she took to her chamber September 16, 1537, with all the ceremonies appertaining to the retirement of an English queen in her situation.[2]

The splendid gothic banqueting-hall at Hampton Court was finished at this juncture, for queen Jane's initials are entwined with those of her husband among the decorations. It was an inconvenient whim of Henry VIII., whose love was so evanescent, to knit the initials of whomsoever happened to be the object of his temporary passion in enduring stone work. The Italian fashion of inlaying popular names, on festal days, in mosaics of flowers, called *inflorata*, had been the more convenient compliment; since fading flowers would have been better memorials of his passion for Anne Boleyn than the love-knots of stone at King's College and at Hampton Court. The commemoration of his love for her rival, in the architectural ornaments of the latter, likewise remains a signal monument of the transitory nature of human felicity. At the entrance to the chapel, on each side of the doorway, is a species of coloured stone picture, containing Henry's arms and initials on the right,

[1] Chapter House Bundle, $\frac{A\,6}{1}$, dated June 12, 1537.
[2] State Papers, vol. i. p. 565.

and queen Jane's arms, with the interchanged initials of I. H. H. I., with love-knots intertwined.

The original outline sketch of queen Jane, by Holbein, preserved in her majesty's collection at Windsor, was probably taken at this time—a time most unpropitious to the beauty of the sitter. Indeed, it is difficult to trace any beauty in the portrait, which represents her as a coarse, apathetic-looking woman, with a large face and small features. Her eyes are blue, with a sinister expression; the mouth very small also, the lips thin, and closely compressed; the eyebrows very faintly marked, high cheek-bones, and a thickness at the point of the nose quite opposed to an artist's idea of beauty. Hans Holbein, however, generally gave a faithful representation of his subjects; in one instance only has he been accused of flattery. Queen Jane wears the pointed hood, and plaited cap beneath, which is so familiar to us in the portraits of Henry's three first queens. Her hair appears plainly folded in cross bands. Her dress is unfinished—a square corsage is faintly defined. The sketch is evidently the same from which the whole-length portrait was painted by Holbein, which represents her as queen, standing with Henry VIII., Henry VII. and Elizabeth of York, at the four corners of an altar or tomb. Queen Jane is not quite so plain in this picture, but makes a complete contrast to the serene face of Elizabeth; her complexion is fine, but her features hard, her cheek-bones high, her upper lip long, and her elbows very square. She wears a flowing scarlet robe, on the train of which is curled up a queer little white poodle; and which looks the sourest, the mistress or dog, it would be difficult to decide. She appears a middle-aged woman; it would be a compliment to her to guess her at thirty-three, her probable age. These pictures were her queenly portraits, when she was faded by her peculiar state of health, which led ultimately to her premature death. Her earlier pictures were most likely painted previously to her marriage.

An insalubrious state etiquette, after Jane had taken to her chamber (according to the queenly custom), obliged her to confine herself therein a whole month preceding her accouchement, and during this long space of time the royal patient was deprived of the needful benefits of air and exercise. When the hour came in which the heir of England was expected to see the light, it was by no means "the good hour" so emphatically prayed for in the ceremonial of her retirement.[1] After a martyrdom of suffering, the queen's attendants put to Henry the really cruel question of "whether he would wish his wife or infant to be saved." It is affirmed, and it must be owned the speech is too characteristic of Henry to be doubted, that he replied, "The child by all means, for other wives could be easily found."[2]

The following historical ballad tells, in its homely strains, the same tale, in a version meant to be complimentary to the king, long before Saunders had embodied it in his prejudiced history, which, in its sonorous Latin, has preserved so many scandals of Henry and his favourites. The ballad alludes to the loss of Henry VIII.'s large ship, the Mary

[1] See commencing memoir, Elizabeth of York. [2] Saunders, p. 89

Rose, and several minutiæ which would have been forgotten if it had not been nearly contemporary. We think the style of Thomas Churchyard may be recognised in it, the poet who succeeded Skelton, as a popular versifier in the times of Henry VIII. and queen Mary.

"When as king Henry ruled this land
He had a queen I understand,
Lord Seymour's daughter, fair and bright;
Yet death, by his remorseless power,
Did blast the bloom of this fair flower;
O mourn, mourn, mourn, fair ladies,
Your queen the flower of England's dead.

"The queen in travail pained sore,
Full thirty woeful hours and more;
And no ways could relieved be,
As all her ladies wished to see;
Wherefore the king made greater moan
Than ever yet his grace had done.

"Then, being something eased in mind,
His eyes a troubled sleep did find;
Where, dreaming he had lost a rose,
But which he could not well suppose;
A ship he had, a Rose[1] by name,
Oh no, it was his royal Jane!

"Being thus perplexed with grief and care,
A lady to him did repair,
And said, 'O king, show us thy will,
The queen's sweet life to save or spill?'
'Then, as she cannot saved be,
O save the flower though not the tree.'
O mourn, mourn, mourn, fair ladies,
Your queen the flower of England's dead."

Another authority affirms that the queen entreated her assistants to take care of her infant in preference to herself. After all it is expressly declared by a circular notification, that the queen was happily delivered of a prince on Friday, October 12th, being the vigil of St. Edward's day; and had she been kept in a state of rational quiet, it is probable she might have recovered. But the intoxication of joy[2] into which the king and the court were plunged at the appearance of the long-desired heir of England, seemed to deprive them of all consideration of consequences, or they would have kept the bustle attendant on the ceremonial of his christening far enough from her.

[1] The loss of this ship, the Mary Rose, was certainly fresh in the public memory when this rhyme was compounded. It was lost in 1540, at Spithead, through the perverse disobedience of the mariners; it heeled, and foundered, with 700 men, who were drowned in the king's sight. The loss of this, his finest warship, greatly afflicted Henry. (See narrative of sir Peter Carew, brother to the commander of the Mary Rose, a MS. in possession of sir Thomas Phillipps, bart.) Many portions of the Mary Rose have lately been recovered, as well as those of the Royal George, which underwent a similar fate. The sea in both cases seems to keep antiquities well.

[2] Even the clear head of bishop Latimer seems to have been affected by the general delirium on this occasion, for his letter of congratulation to Cromwell and the privy council is worded in an extraordinary style:—

"Right Honourable,—We salute in Christ Jesu. And, sir, here is no less joying and rejoicing in these parts, for the birth of our prince, whom we hungered for so long, than there was, I trow, by the neighbours at the birth of John the Baptist, as this bearer, master Evance, can tell you. God give us grace to yield due thanks to our Lord God, the God of England, or rather an English God, if we consider and ponder well all his proceedings with us from time to time. He hath overcome all our illness with his exceeding goodness, so that we are now more compelled to serve him, seek his glory, and promote his word, if the devil of all devils be not in us. We have now the stop of vain trusts, the stay of vain expectations, let us all pray for his preservation. And I for my part well wish

When all the circumstances of this elaborate ceremony are reviewed, no doubt can exist that it was the ultimate cause of queen Jane's death; it took place on the Monday night after the birth of the prince.

The arrangement of the procession, which commenced in her very chamber, was not injurious enough for the sick queen, but regal etiquette imperiously demanded that she should play her part in the scene; nor was it likely that a private gentlewoman raised to the queenly state would seek to excuse herself from any thing pertaining to her dignity, however inconvenient. It was the rule for a queen of England,[1] when her infant was christened, to be removed from her bed to a state pallet, which seems anciently to have fulfilled the uses of a sofa. This was decorated at the back with the crown and arms of England, wrought in gold thread; it was furnished with two long pillows, and two square ones, a coverture of white lawn five yards square, a counterpane of scarlet cloth lined with ermine, while propped with four cushions of crimson damask with gold reclined the queen, wrapped about with a round mantle of crimson velvet furred with ermine.

The baptism of the prince took place at midnight, in the chapel of Hampton Court, where the future defender of the reformed religion was presented at the font by his sister and catholic successor, the princess Mary. There, too, unconscious of the awful event that had changed her fortunes in the dawn of her existence, after she had been proclaimed heiress of the realm, came the young motherless Elizabeth, who had been roused from her sweet slumbers of infant innocence, and arrayed in robes of state, to perform the part assigned to her in the ceremony. In this procession Elizabeth, borne in the arms of the aspiring Seymour (brother to the queen), with playful smiles, carried the crysom for the son of her for whose sake her mother's blood had been shed on the scaffold, and herself branded with the reproach of illegitimacy. And there the earl of Wiltshire, the father of the murdered Anne Boleyn, and grandfather of the disinherited Elizabeth, made himself an object of contemptuous pity to every eye, by assisting at this rite, bearing a taper of virgin wax, with a towel about his neck.

How strangely associated seem the other personages who met in this historical scene; how passing strange, in the eyes of those before whom the scroll of their after life has been unrolled, it is to contemplate the princess Mary joining Cranmer, afterwards sent to the stake in her reign, who was associated with his enemy, the duke of Norfolk, as sponsors in this baptismal rite!

The font of solid silver was guarded by sir John Russell, sir Nicholas

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that his grace always have, and even now from the beginning, governors, instructors, and officers of right judgment. But what a great *fowll* am I. So that devotion showeth, at times, but little discretion. And thus the God of England be ever with you in all your proceedings.

"P.S.—If you would excite the bearer of this to be more hearty against the abuse of imagery, and more forward to promote the verity, it might do good, not that it came of me, but of yourself. Hartlebury, Worcestershire."—(State Papers.)

[1] See Ordonnances for all Ceremonial, by Margaret Beaufort, the countess of Richmond, grandmother to Henry VIII. MSS. Harleian.

Carew, sir Francis Brian, and sir Anthony Brown, in aprons, and with towels about their necks. The marchioness of Exeter[1] carried the child under a canopy, which was borne by the duke of Suffolk, the marquis of Exeter, the earl of Arundel, and lord William Howard. The prince's nurse (whom he afterward called Mother Jack,[2] from her name of Jackson) walked near to her charge, and after her came the queen's domestics, among whom was the midwife.

While his attendants were making the royal infant ready in the traverse (which was a small space screened off from the rest of the chapel) *Te Deum* was sung. The ceremonial was arranged for the lord William Howard to give the towel, first to the lady Mary, lord Fitzwalter to bear the covered basins, lord Delawar to uncover them, and lord Stourton to give the towels to Cranmer and the duke of Norfolk. After the prince was baptised, his style was thus proclaimed by Garter:—

"God, in his Almighty and infinite grace, grant good life and long, to the right high, right excellent, and noble prince Edward, duke of Cornwall and earl of Chester, most dear and entirely-beloved son of our most dread and gracious lord Henry VIII."

The lady Mary gave her god-son a cup of gold, by lord Essex; Cranmer gave him three great bowls and two great pots, which were borne by the father of Anne Boleyn. The duke of Norfolk presented a similar offering. In the returning procession, the princess Elizabeth was led away by the princess Mary, her sister. The train of the infant princess,—for, though but four years old, she had a train,—was borne by the lady Herbert, sister of a future queen, Katharine Parr.

The heir of England was borne back in solemn state, with trumpets sounding before him, to his mother's chamber, there to receive her blessing. King Henry had remained seated by her pallet during the whole of the baptismal rite, which, with all its tedious parade, took up two or three hours, not being over till midnight. What with the presence of king Henry—rather a boisterous inmate for a sick chamber—what with the procession setting out from the chamber, and the braying of the trumpets at her door when it returned (the herald especially notes the goodly noise they made there), and, in conclusion, the exciting ceremonial of bestowing her maternal benediction on her newly baptised

[1] This unfortunate lady, the wife of the king's cousin-german, was condemned afterwards to death for no crime, and (after the execution of her husband) suffered an imprisonment in the Tower till the accession of Mary. The dowager marchioness of Dorset was at first appointed, in the names of king Henry and queen Jane, to carry the prince at his baptism. It is probable she had no mind to give any more gold basins to royal godchildren, for she had already made that costly present to the princess Elizabeth. Therefore she excused herself on account of the plague having broke out at Croydon, returning "as many thanks as her poor heart can think, that it hath pleased his grace to appoint me, so poor a woman, to so high a place as to have borne my lord prince to his christening, which I should have been as glad to have done as any poor woman living, and much it grieveth me that my fortune is so evil, by reason of the sickness here, in Croydon, to be banished your grace's presence. Written at Croydon, the 14th day of October."—(State Papers.)

[2] Her portrait by this name is extant among Holbein's original drawings.

babe, the poor queen had been kept in a complete hurry of spirits for many hours. The natural consequence of such imprudence was, that on the day after she was indisposed, and on the Wednesday so desperately ill, that all the rites of the ancient catholic church were administered to her: the official statements are still extant, and prove how completely mistaken those writers are who consider Jane Seymour as a protestant; equally mistaken are those who affirm that she died, either directly after the birth of Edward VI., or even two days afterwards; the fact is, she lived nearly a fortnight.

In a circular, which is the first instance of a royal bulletin, minute accounts are given of the queen's health; to which is added, "Her confessor hath been with her grace this morning, and hath done that which to his office appertaineth, and even now is about to administer to her grace the sacrament of unction. At Hampton Court this Wednesday morning,[1] eight o'clock."

Nevertheless, the queen amended, and was certainly alive on the 24th of October, as this letter, from sir John Russell to Cromwell, indubitably proves:—

"Sir,—The king was determined, as this day, to have removed to Esher; and, because the queen was very sick this night, and this day, he tarried; but to-morrow, God willing, he intendeth to be there. If she amend, he will go; but if she amend not, he told me, this day, 'he could not find it in his heart;' for, I assure you, she hath been in great danger yesternight and this day: thanked be God, she is somewhat amended; and if she 'scape this night, the *fyshisiouns* be in good hope that she be past all danger.

"Hampton Court, the 24th of October."

She did not live over the night; for the amendment mentioned was but the rally often occurring before death. "The departure of queen Jane was as heavy to the king as ever was heard tell of.[2] Directly she expired, the king withdrew himself, as not to be spoken to by any one. He left Hampton Court for Windsor, part of his council remaining to order her funeral."

In a despatch from the council to the ambassador of France, the death of the queen is clearly attributed to having been suffered to take cold, and eat improper food.[3] This agrees perfectly with a statement in Leland's genealogy of prince Edward, published in 1543, and written nearly at the time of her death.

"On Thursday, October 25, she was embalmed; and wax-chandlers did their work about her. The next day, Friday, 26th, was provided, in the chamber of presence, a hearse, with twenty-four tapers, garnished with pensils and *other decencies*. Also, in the same chamber, was provided, for mass to be said, richly apparelled with black, garnished with the cross, images, censers, and other ornaments. And daily masses were said by her chaplains, and others. This done, the corpse was reverently conveyed, from the place where she died, under a hearse, covered with a rich pall of cloth of gold, and a cross set thereupon: lights were burning night and day; with six torches and lights upon the altar all

[1] Supposed to be Oct. 17. State Papers, vol. i. p. 572.
[2] Herald's Journal, Cottonian MSS. [3] State Papers, vol. i. p. 573

divine service time. All ladies were in mourning habits, with white ker chiefs over their heads and shoulders, kneeling about the hearse all service time, in lamentable wise, at mass forenoon, and at dirige after."[1]

An English ballad is extant, which, dwelling on the elaborate mourning of queen Jane's ladies, informs the world, in a line of pure bathos—

"In black were her ladies, and black were their fans."

A watch of these ladies, with the princess Mary at their head as chief mourner, was kept nightly in the queen's chamber, round the royal corpse, till the last day of October, when the bishop of Carlisle, her almoner, entering in pontificalibus, assisted by the sub-dean and the bishop of Chichester, performed all ceremonies, as censing with holy water, and attended the removal of the coffin, with great state and solemnity, to Hampton Court chapel. Here the ceremonies of lying-in-state were renewed, day by day, till November 12th, when the queen's funeral procession set out from Hampton to Windsor, for interment in St. George's chapel, which was done with all the pomp and majesty possible. The corpse of Jane Seymour was put on a car of state, covered with a rich pall, and over it was placed her wax statue, exactly representing her in her robes of state, the hair flowing on the shoulders; a crown of state on the head, a sceptre of gold in the right hand, the finger covered with rings of precious stones, and the neck with ornaments of jewels. The head rested on a pillow of gold cloth and gems, the shoes and hose were of gold cloth, and the car was drawn by six horses. The princess Mary paid all the duty of a daughter to her friendly step-mother, by attending as chief mourner.[2] In every instance, the rites of the ancient church were performed. "I have caused," writes sir Richard Gresham, from the city, to Cromwell,[3] "1200 masses to be said for the soul of our most gracious queen. And whereas the lord mayor and aldermen were lately at Paul's, and there gave thanks unto God for the birth of our prince. My lord, I do think it convenient that there should also be at Paul's a solemn dirge and mass; and that the mayor and aldermen should pray and offer for her grace's soul."

Jane was interred in the midst of the choir at St. George's chapel; an epitaph was composed for her, comparing her, in death, to the phœnix from whose death another phœnix, Edward VI., took existence. Bishop Godwin affirms that these lines were engraved on the stone which covered the place of interment:—

"Phœnix Jana jacet nato phœnice; dolendum,
Sæcula phœnices nulla tulisse duos."

Here a phœnix lieth, whose death
To another phœnix gave breath:
It is to be lamented much
The world at once ne'er knew two such."

Two queens of Henry had been previously consigned to their last

[1] Herald's Journal, MSS. Cottonian, Nero, c. 10.
[2] Lodge's Biographies; it is likewise evident from her privy-purse expenses.
[3] State Papers, vol. i. p. 574.

repose. Katharine of Arragon was buried as his brother's widow, and not as his wife. As to Anne Boleyn, her poor mangled corpse was not vouchsafed, as far as her unloving spouse was aware, the religious rites bestowed on the remains of the most wretched mendicant, who expires on the highway of our Christian land. Jane Seymour was the first spouse, out of three, whom he owned at her death as his wedded wife.

Henry VIII. wrote an exulting letter to Francis I. on the birth of his heir, at the end of which he acknowledges that the death of the mother had cost him some pain, yet his joy far exceeded his grief. His respect for the memory of his lost queen can be best appreciated by the circumstance of his wearing black for her loss, even at the Christmas festival, when the whole court likewise appeared in deep mourning.[1] As this worldly-minded king detested the sight of black, or any thing that reminded him of death, so entirely that he was ready to assault violently persons who came to court in mourning for their friends, the extent of his self-sacrifice may be imagined; for he did not change his widower's habiliments till Candlemas (February 2). He had already been thrice married, yet it was the first time he had comported himself like a dutiful widower; and though he married thrice afterwards, he never wore mourning for a wife. The letters of condolence he received from his prelates and nobles, on the death of Jane, were numerous: an abstract from one shall serve as a specimen; it was addressed to him by Tunstall, bishop of Durham:—

"Please your highness to understand, that whereas of late it hath pleased God to take unto his mercy, out of this present life, the most blessed and virtuous lady, your grace's most dearest wife, the queen's grace (whose soul God pardon). News thereof, sorrowful to all men, came into these parts; surely it cannot well be expressed, how all men, of all degrees, did greatly lament and mourn the death of that noble lady and princess, taken out of this world; by bringing forth of that noble fruit, sprung of your majesty and her, to the great joy and inestimable comfort of all your subjects. Considering withal, that this noble fruit, my lord prince, in his tender age entering in this world, is, by her death, left a dear orphan, commencing, thereby, this miserable and mortal life, not only by weeping and wailing, as the misery of mankind requireth, but also reft, in the beginning of his life, of his most dear mother. Albeit to him, by tenderness of his age, it is not known what he hath lost, we have much more cause to mourn, seeing such a virtuous princess is so suddenly taken from us. And when Almighty God hath taken from your grace, to your great discomfort, a most blessed and virtuous lady, consider what he hath given to your highness, and to the *rejoice* of all us, your subjects—our most noble prince, to whom God hath ordained your majesty to be mother as well as father. God gave to your grace that noble lady, and God hath taken her away, as pleased him."

The infant prince, whose birth cost Jane her life, was nursed at Havering Bower. He inherited his mother's great beauty, her starry eyes, and perfect features.[2] The lord chancellor Audley visited him at Havering, in the summer of 1537, and has left a pretty description of the royal nursling. Audley assures Cromwell that he never saw so goodly a child of his age, "so merry, so pleasant, so good and so loving of

[1] Speed.

[2] So she appears in her early portraits, which strongly resemble her son.

countenance, and so earnest an eye, which, as it were, makes sage judgment of every one that approacheth his grace. And, as it seemeth to me, his grace well increaseth in the air that he is in. And albeit, as his grace decreaseth in flesh, yet he shooteth out in length, and waxeth firm and stiff, and can steadfastly stand, and would advance himself to move and go, if they would suffer him; but, as me-seemeth, they yet do best, considering his grace is yet but tender, that he should not strain himself, as his own courage would serve him, till he come to be above a year of age. I was right glad to understand there, that the king's majesty will have his grace removed from Havering now, against winter time; for surely it seemeth to me, that the house be a cold house for winter, but for summer it is a good and goodly air. I cannot comprehend nor describe the goodly towardly qualities that are in my lord prince's grace."[1]

It was but a few years afterwards, that the little son of Jane Seymour took pen in hand, and wrote his own biography; it was very *naïve* and childlike; at the same time he briefly mentions various matters of importance, on which history is silent. "The year of our Lord 1537," commences the young literary king, "a prince was born to king Henry VIII. by Jane Seymour, then queen, who within a *few days*[2] of the birth of her son died, and was buried at Windsor. This child was christened by the duke of Norfolk, the duke of Suffolk, and the archbishop of Canterbury.[3] Afterwards he was brought up till he came to six years old among the women. At the sixth year of his age, he was brought up in learning by master Dr. Cox, who was after his almoner, and John Cheke, master of arts, two well-learned men, who sought to bring him up in learning of tongues, of Scripture, philosophy, and all liberal sciences. Also John Belmain, Frenchman, did teach him the French language. The tenth year, not yet ended, it was appointed he should be created prince of Wales, &c. At which time, being the year of our Lord 1547, the said king died of a dropsy as it was thought. After whose death incontinent came Edward, earl of Hertford (queen Jane's brother), and sir Antony Browne, to convoy this prince to Enfield, where the earl of Hertford declared to him, and to his younger sister Elizabeth, the death of their father."

This pretty journal deteriorated as the years of the royal child advanced. Interested politicians bred mortal strife between his two maternal uncles, and in the year 1549 his journal records, in terms strangely devoid of human sympathy, the execution of his mother's younger brother, lord Thomas Seymour. The young king certainly loved lord Thomas; the question therefore naturally presents itself, whether the royal journal was not written under surveillance. The dreadful fact has lately been

[1] State Papers, pp. 586, 587.

[2] This Journal of Edward VI. ought to have entirely dispelled the error, that queen Jane died at his birth, or a few hours after. The original journal is in Cottonian, Nero, c. 10.

[3] By this it should seem Edward renounced his sister Mary as his godmother. Not only the Herald's Journal of the day mentions her as such, but the Venetian historian, Baoardo, edited by Luca Cortile, 1558.

unveiled,[1] that the childish testimony of Edward VI., wrung from him by the questioning of the enemies of his mother's family, was used to facilitate the condemnation of his younger uncle, prosecuted by the elder. Lady Seymour, the mother of queen Jane, died in 1550, a few months after the execution of her youngest son, with whom she had resided since the death of his wife, queen Katharine Parr. Whether the death of Lady Seymour had been hastened by the splendid miseries in which the royal marriage of her daughter Jane had involved her family, can only be guessed. The journal of the king, her grandson, contains no memorial of her demise, although it notes the death of her relative lord Wentworth, and the circumstance of his leaving sixteen children.

At the time of these occurrences, the duke of Somerset had been deprived of the protectorate, and was tottering to his fall; nevertheless, he proposed in the privy council that a public mourning should be ordered for his mother, as being the king's grandmother; requiring his majesty to wear this *doole*, in order to testify his respect for the memory of queen Jane, "and duty of love the child oweth to the parent." A curious discussion on court mournings followed in the council. The Dudley faction opposed Somerset's proposal by three objections,[2] strangely inconsistent in principle. The first was one of ultra-godliness, "because mourning worn at all, serveth to induce a diffidence of a better life won to the departed, yea, was cause and scruple of faith unto the weak." The second pleaded on the score of avarice, "against the impertinent charges bestowed upon black cloth, and other instruments of funeral pomp and *doole*," meaning by this expressive old English word, the whole appurtenances of "inky cloaks and solemn black." The third argument was in the spirit of utter worldliness, and was probably sincere enough, urging the downright dislike "that kings and courtiers have to look on any thing reminding them of death, for the late king Henry, our sovereign lord, ofttimes would not only dispense with all *doole*, but would be ready to pluck the black apparel from such men's backs as presumed to wear it in his presence; for a king being the life and heart of a commonwealth, such doleful tokens ought not to be seen in his presence. Nevertheless, his majesty king Edward should be consulted thereon." Young Edward, of course, returned an answer consistent with the views of those who had him in their custody, and forthwith dispensed not only with his own mourning for his grandmother, but strictly forbade his uncle Somerset, or his train, to come to court in any such *doole*.

In a little more than a year after, Somerset perished on the scaffold, by a warrant, signed with the hand of his royal nephew. All true protestants deeply lamented his death, as the real founder of our present

[1] From the State Paper Office by the researches of Mr. Tytler; also Haynes's State Papers.

[2] From a MS. Journal of the Privy Council of Edward VI., Harbins' Collection, now in the MS. Library of sir T. Phillipps, bart., of Middle Hill, through whose favour the extract has been made. The three clauses of objection, though oddly blended in one dissertation, were, no doubt, the sentiments of three different privy councillors.

Church of England. A heartless entry occurs in the young king's journal recording the execution of this uncle. Yet it would be wrong to attribute blame to the royal boy, whose mind was, according to a contemporary,[1] torn with anguish at the ruin thus completed of his mother's family. Sir John Hayward declares that the young king would often sigh and let fall tears when his uncles were mentioned. "Ah!" said he, "how unfortunate have I been to those of my blood! my mother I slew at my birth, and since have been the death of two of her brothers, haply to make way for the purposes of others against myself."

Notwithstanding the severe penalty queen Jane and her two hapless brothers had paid for their connexion with the English throne, the ambition of the house of Seymour was untameable; her nephew, the earl of Hertford, and his son, underwent great troubles, because they would match with no mates but ladies of the blood royal; they successively suffered long captivity in the Tower, when the one married lady Katharine Gray, the other, lady Arabella Stuart.

Jane Seymour was undeniably the first woman espoused by Henry VIII., whose title, both as wife and queen, was neither disputed by himself or his subjects. Whilst Katharine of Arragon lived, a great part of the people considered Anne Boleyn but as the shadow of a queen. Both Katharine and Anne were removed by death from rivalry. No doubts were ever raised to the legal rights of Jane as queen of England.

It was owing to this circumstance, as well as the dignity she derived from being the sultana-mother of his heir, that Henry, in his last will, commanded that the bones of his "loving queen Jane" were to be placed in his tomb. He likewise left directions for a magnificent monument to their mutual memories, which he intended should be erected in the Windsor Chapel. Both their statues were to be placed on the tomb; the effigy of Jane was to recline, not as in death, but as one sweetly sleeping; children were to sit at the corners of the tomb, having baskets of roses, white and red, made of fine oriental stones, jasper, cornelian, and agate, "which they shall *show* to take in their hands, and cast them down, on, and over the tomb, and down on the pavement, and the roses they cast over the tomb shall be enamelled and gilt, and the roses they cast on the steps and pavement shall be formed of the said fine oriental stones, and some shall be inlaid on the pavement."[2]

This beautiful idea was not realised; the monument was, indeed, commenced, but never finished, and the materials were either stolen or sold in the civil wars of the seventeenth century. The commands of the king were, however, obeyed, regarding his interment, and his coffin was laid by Jane Seymour's side in the vaults of St. George's Chapel. When George IV. searched the vaults for the body of Charles I. in 1813,

[1] Sir John Hayward, in his contemporary history of Edward VI.; likewise the traditions of sir Nicholas Throckmorton, in a MS. of the late sir Charles Throckmorton, to which we shall have occasion to refer subsequently. Sir Nicholas Throckmorton was in the household of Edward VI. Strype strives to invalidate the testimony of Hayward, but adduces no evidence against it.

[2] Speed from a curious MS. of the device of the tomb lent him by the Lancaster Herald.

queen Jane's coffin was discovered close to the gigantic skeleton of Henry VIII., which some previous accident had exposed to view.[1] As no historical fact could be ascertained by the disturbance of the queen's remains, George IV. would not suffer her coffin to be opened, and the vault where she lies, near the sovereign's side of the stalls of the Garter, was finally closed up.[2]

[1] Evelyn says that a parliamentary soldier had concealed himself for plunder in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, during the burial of Charles I.; and, in an incredibly short time, stole a piece of Henry VIII.th's rich velvet pall, and was supposed to have done some further mischief.

[2] Sir Henry Halford, who examined the remains of Henry VIII. in his coffin, was astonished at the extraordinary size and power of his frame, which was well suited to his enormous arm-chair, said to be at Windsor. He resembled the colossal figure of his grandfather, Edward IV., who was six feet two inches in height, and possessed of tremendous strength.

ANNE OF CLEVES,

FOURTH QUEEN OF HENRY VIII.

Henry VIII.'s difficulties in finding a fourth wife—Motives for choosing Anne of Cleves—Her birth and family—Want of accomplishments—Beauty exaggerated—Her virtues—Portrait by Hans Holbein—Marriage treaty concluded—French ambassador's reports—Anne called queen of England—Progress thither—Detained at Calais by adverse winds—Keeps Christmas there—Sails for England—King's incognito visit at Rochester—His disappointment—His new-year's gift—Reluctance to the marriage—Anne's public meeting with him—Her dress and person—Royal procession to Greenwich—Discontent of the king—Nuptials of Henry VIII. and Anne—Her costly dresses—Bridal pageants—Injurious conduct of the king—Agitates a divorce—Queen Anne sent to Richmond—Cranmer dissolves her marriage—Anne's alarm at visit of Henry's council—She consents to divorce—Interview with privy council—King Henry visits her—Friendly demeanour of each—Reports of Anne's restoration as queen—Scandals investigated by council—Proposal for reunion with the king—Life of retirement—Informed of the king's death—Friendship with his children—Her letter—Attends queen Mary's coronation—Death of her brother—Her letter to queen Mary—Her housekeeping—Death—Will—Funeral—Her tomb in Westminster Abbey—An impostor assumes her name.

If the name of this ill-treated princess has not always excited the sympathy to which her gentle virtues ought to have entitled her, it can only be attributed to the contempt in which her coarse-minded consort held her person. She was certainly deserving of a better fate than becoming the wife of a prince so devoid of the feelings of a gentleman as Henry VIII. He had, as we have seen, disposed of three queens, before he sought the hand of Anne of Cleves; and, though historians have said much of his devotion to the memory of Jane Seymour, she had not been dead a month ere he made a bold attempt to provide himself with another wife. Francis I., when Henry requested to be permitted to choose a lady of the royal blood of France for his queen, replied, "That there was not a damsel of any degree in his dominions who should not be at his disposal." Henry took this compliment so literally that he required the French monarch to bring the fairest ladies of his court to Calais for him to take his choice. The gallantry of Francis was shocked at such an idea, and he replied, "that it was impossible to bring ladies of noble blood to market as horses were trotted out at a fair."

Chatillon, the French ambassador, gives Francis a lively account of the pertinacious manner in which Henry insisted on marrying the beautiful Marie of Lorraine, duchess dowager of Longueville, who was the betrothed of his nephew, James V. of Scotland, February 11, 1537. "He is," says his excellency, "so in love with madame de Longueville, that he is always recurring to it. I have told him she is engaged to the

king of Scotland, but he does not give credit to it. I asked him if he would marry the wife of another, and he said, 'he knew that she had not passed her word yet, and that he will do twice as much for you as the king of Scots can.' He says, "Your daughter is too young, and as to mademoiselle Vendome, he will not take the refusings of that king."[1] Chatillon describes Henry as still harping on the fair Longueville some days after, but, at the same time, talking of four other marriages, in which he projected disposing of himself and his three children as follows: "Himself to a daughter of Portugal, or the duchess of Milan; his son, then four months old, to the daughter of the emperor; madame Mary, to the infant of Portugal; and his youngest girl, to the king of Hungary. In the succeeding month he still importuned for madame Longueville." The ambassador proposed her handsome sister or mademoiselle Vendome. Henry demanded that "they should be brought to Calais for his inspection." Chatillon said, "that would not be possible, but his majesty could send some one to look at them." "Pardie," replied Henry, "how can I depend upon any one but myself?"[2] He was also very desirous of hearing the ladies sing, and seeing how they looked while singing. "I must see them myself, and *see* them sing," he said.

After alternately wheedling and bullying the poor diplomat for nearly a year on this subject,[3] Henry reluctantly resigned his sultan-like project of choosing a bride from the beauties of the French court, and turned his attention elsewhere. But as it was universally reported that his three queens had all come by their deaths unfairly, Katharine of Arragon by poison, Anne Boleyn by the axe, and Jane Seymour for want of proper care in childbed, he found himself so greatly at discount among such princesses as he deemed worthy of the honour of his hand, that, despairing of entering a fourth time into the wedded state, he concealed his mortification by assuming the airs of a disconsolate widower, and remained queenless and forlorn for upwards of two years.

Reasons of a political nature, combined with his earnest wish of obtaining a fair and gentle helpmate for his old age, induced him to lend an ear to Cromwell's flattering commendation of the princesses of the house of Cleves.

The father of these ladies, John III., surnamed the Pacificator, was duke of Cleves, count of Mark, and lord of Ravenstein. By his marriage with Marie, the heiress of William duke of Juliers, Berg, and Ravensburgh, he added those possessions to his patrimony, when he succeeded to the dominions of his father, John the Clement, in 1521. Anne was the second daughter of this noble pair. She was born the 22d of September, 1516, and was brought up a Lutheran, her father having established those doctrines in his dominions.[4]

The device of Anne, as princess of Cleves, was two white swans, emblems of candour and innocence. They were derived from the fairy legend, celebrated in the lays of the Rhine, her native river, of the knight

[1] Dépêches de Chatillon. Bibliothèque du Roi.
[2] Chatillon's despatches. Bibliothèque du Roi. [3] Ibid.
[4] Anderson's Genealogies, table ccxlvii. p. 586; l'Art de Vérifier les Dates, tom. iii. p. 165.

of the Swan, her immediate ancestor, who came and departed so mysteriously to the heiress of Cleves, in a boat, guided down the noble river by two white swans. From this legend the princely house of Cleves took the swans as supporters. Their family motto was *Candida nostra fides*,—"Our faith is spotless."

Anne's elder sister, Sybilla, was married in 1527 to John Frederick duke of Saxony, who became the head of the protestant confederation in Germany, known in history by the term of the Smalcaldic League. He was the champion of the Reformation, and for his invincible adherence to his principles, and his courage in adversity, was surnamed the Lion-hearted Elector.

Sybilla was in every respect worthy of her illustrious consort; she was famed for her talents, virtues, and conjugal tenderness, as well as for her winning manners and great beauty, and was generally esteemed as one of the most distinguished ladies of the era in which she lived.

Cromwell must have calculated on the probability of the younger sisters of Sybilla resembling her in their general characteristics, when he recommended those ladies to the attention of his fastidious sovereign. Much, indeed, might the influence of a queen like Sybilla have done for the infant Reformation in England, but never were two ladies of the same parentage so dissimilar as the beautiful and energetic electress of Saxony and her passive sister, Anne of Cléves. It was, however, mentioned as a peculiar recommendation for Anne, and her younger sister, the lady Amelia, that they had both been educated by the same prudent and sensible mother, who had formed the mind of Sybilla, and it was supposed their acquirements were of a solid kind, since accomplishments they had none, with the exception of needle work.[1]

Henry certainly had the choice of these two princesses, Anne and Amelia, for both their portraits were painted for his consideration by Holbein; but previously to that painter receiving the royal commission for that purpose, Cromwell and his agents at the courts of Saxony and Cleves, had written the most tempting reports of the charms and amiable qualities of lady Anne. Christopher Mount, who was employed to negotiate the treaty of alliance with the duke of Cleves, must have thought highly of Anne's personal attractions, since he was urgent with the duke to employ his own painter to execute her portrait for Henry's inspection. The duke, it seems, knew better, but here is what Cromwell states in his letter to the king, to be Christopher Mount's report on the subject:—

"The said Christopher instantly sueth every day, that the picture may be sent. Whereunto the duke answered, that he should find some occasion to send it, but that his painter, Lucas, was left sick behind him at home. Every man praiseth the beauty of the said lady, as well for her face as for her person, above other ladies excellent. One among others said to them of late, that she as far excelleth the duchess of Saxony, as the golden sun excelleth the silver moon. Every man praiseth

[1] Ellis, Royal Letters.

the good virtues and honesty with shamefacedness, which plainly appeareth in the gravity (serenity) of her countenance."[1]

The noble mind of John Frederick of Saxony revolted at the proposal of linking his amiable sister-in-law to a prince so notoriously deficient in conjugal virtue as Henry VIII. Christopher Mount, however, assured him, "that the cause of protestantism in Europe would be greatly advanced by the influence of a Lutheran queen of England, for Henry was so uxorious, that the best way of managing him was through his wives." The other princes of the Smalcaldic League looked only to political expediency, and the conscientious scruples of the heroic Saxon were disregarded.

The death of the duke of Cleves, Anne's father, which occurred February 6th, 1539,[2] occasioned a temporary delay in an early stage of the proceedings, but her mother, as well as her brother, duke William (who succeeded to the duchy), were eager to secure so powerful an ally to the protestant cause as the king of England, and to see Anne elevated to the rank of a queen.

According to Burnet, Dr. Barnes was the most active agent employed by Cromwell, in the negotiations for the matrimonial treaty, and was never forgiven by Henry for the pains he took in concluding the alliance.

Henry's commissioner for the marriage, Nicholas Wotton, gives his sovereign the following particulars of Anne of Cleves; after stating the assurance of the council of the duke her brother, that she is not bounden by any contract made by her father to the duke of Lorraine, but perfectly free to marry where she will, he says:—

"As for the education of my said ladye, she hath from her childhood been like as the lady Sybille was till she married, and the ladye Amelye hath been, and now is brought up with the lady duchess her mother, and in manner never from her elbow. The lady duchess being a very wise lady, and one that very straightly looketh to her children. All the gentlemen of the court, and other that I have asked, report her to be of very lowly and gentle conditions, by which she hath so much won her mother's favour, that she is very loth to suffer her to depart from her. She occupieth her time much with the needle. She can read and write her own [language], but French and Latin, or other language she knoweth not; nor yet can sing or play on any instrument, for they take it here in Germany for a rebuke and an occasion of lightness, that great ladies should be learned or have any knowledge of musick. Her wit is so good, that no doubt she will, in a short space, learn the English tongue, whenever she putteth her mind to it. I could never hear that she is inclined to the good cheer of this country, and marvel it were if she should, seeing that her brother, in whom it were somewhat more tolerable, doth so well abstain from it. Your grace's servant, Hans Holbein, hath taken the effigies of my ladye Anne and the ladye Amelie, and hath expressed their images very lively."

(This letter is dated at Duren, the 11th of August, 1539.)[3]

The grave manner in which the matrimonial commissioner reports the favourable replies to his secret inquiries as to the gentle and amiable temper of the princess, and above all, her sobriety, is sufficiently amusing.

[1] State Papers, 605.
[2] L'Art de Vérifier des Dates.
[3] MS. Cotton., Vitel. B. xxi. fol. 186.

The choice of a queen for Henry had been the grand desideratum for which catholics and protestants had contended, ever since the death of Jane Seymour. Cromwell, in matching his sovereign with the sister-in-law of Frederick of Saxony, appeared to have gained a mighty victory over Gardiner, Norfolk, and his other rivals, in Henry's privy council The magic pencil of Hans Holbein was the instrument by which Cromwell, for his own confusion, achieved this great political triumph.

Marillac, the French ambassador, in his despatches to the king his master, notices the receipt of this portrait on the 1st of September; he says, "King Henry had sent a painter, who is very excellent in his art, to Germany, to take a portrait to the life of the sister of the duke of Cleves; to-day it arrived, and shortly after a courier with tidings to the said king, which are as yet secret, but the ambassadors on the part of the duke are come to treat with the king about this lady."[1]

The miniature executed by Holbein was exquisite as a work of art, and the box in which it came over "worthy the jewel it contained;" it was in the form of a white rose, delicately carved in ivory, which unscrewed, and showed the miniature at the bottom. This miniature with the box itself was, when Horace Walpole wrote,[2] still to be seen in perfect preservation in the cabinet of Mr. Barrett of Lee. Altogether it appeared so charming in Henry's eyes, that it decided him on concluding the treaty which was to put him in possession of the original.

The matrimonial treaty was finally concluded at Windsor early in the same month in which arrived Holbein's flattering portrait. The contract of marriage was signed at Dusseldorf, September the 4th, 1539.[3] The chancellor of the duke of Cleves was the plenipotentiary on the part of the lady's brother, and as soon as the preliminaries were arranged, great preparations were made in anticipation of her coming.[4]

Though the leaders of the catholic party were greatly averse to Henry's marriage with a Lutheran princess, the idea of a Flemish queen was agreeable to the people in general, for the illustrious Philippa of Hainault, the best and greatest of all the queens consort of England, was still remembered.

Marillac[5] gave his sovereign the following little sketch of what was going on in England at this crisis:—

"On the 5th of November, the king told his lords, 'that he expected the arrival of his spouse in about twenty days, and that he proposed to go to Canterbury to

[1] Despatches of Marillac, in the Royal Library at Paris.

[2] Anecdotes of Painters.

[3] MSS. Cotton., Vespasian, F. 5104. [4] Excerpta Historica.

[5] Marillac was ambassador from France to England in the years 1539 and 1540; and the letters from whence these extracts are selected were written to Francis I. and to the constable *Anne* de Montmorenci, preserved in the Royal Library at Paris, No. 8481.

Marillac was afterwards bishop of Vienne, and minister of state in his own country, under both Francis I. and Henry II. He speaks of Henry VIII. as a prince very humane and benignant, after his first interview with him at Greenwich, which indicates that Henry possessed the art of pleasing, when he considered it desirable to make an agreeable impression. Marillac considers Hampton Court as the most beautiful place in the king's dominions.

receive her.' His admiral, with a great company of lords, departed on the first of the month for Calais, whither she ought to be conducted by those of the household of her brother, the duke of Cleves, to the number of 400 horsemen, who have had the safe conduct of the emperor for this purpose for some days. From Calais she will cross to Dover, where she will land in this realm, and several of the lords of the king's council will be there to receive her and to conduct her to Canterbury, where the king will meet her, and the marriage will be completed there. Then she will be carried to London, where she will be crowned in the month of February.

"November 14th.—The king has left this city for Hampton Court, where he will remain till certain news arrive of the arrival of the lady.

"Last day of November.—The courier, who had been sent to Cleves to learn the time of the new queen's departure, has arrived two days ago, and brings letters, stating that on the eighth of next month the said lady will be at Calais, where the duke of Suffolk, the admiral and many other lords of this court, will go to receive her. The duke of Norfolk and the lord Cromwell will follow in a little time to attend her at Canterbury."

Our diplomatic gossip next informs his court, that all Henry's ministers will receive the royal bride, and conduct her to their lord, at a place about two miles from "*Greenwigs*," as Marillac always spells Greenwich;[1] "and in this palace of Greenwigs," pursues he, "they will complete the marriage, and keep the Christmas festivals. On the first day of the year, they will make their entrance into this city of London, and thence conduct her to the king's royal house at *Valse-maistre* (Westminster). Where (on the day of our lady of Candlemas) she will be crowned."

At length all matters of state policy and royal ceremonials were arranged, and the bride-elect bade a long, and, as it proved, a last farewell to her mother, her brother, and sisters, by all of whom she was tenderly beloved. She quitted her native city of Dusseldorf, the first week in October 1539, and, attended by a splendid train and escort, left the pleasant banks of the Rhine for the stranger-land of which she was now styled the queen.

Among the unpublished records in the State Paper Office, there is a curious programme of the journey of the lady Anne of Cleves from Dusseldorf to Calais, by which we learn that her first day's journey was from Dusseldorf to Berg, about twenty English miles; the next from Berg to Cleve, the same distance from Cleve to Ravenstein, from thence to Bertinburg, and so through Tilburgh and Hoggenstrete to Antwerp; at Antwerp "many English merchants met her grace four miles without the town," says our MS., "in fifty velvet coats and chains of gold, and at her entering into Antwerp she was received with twice fourscore torches, beginning in the daylight, and so brought her to her English lodging, where she was honourably received, and they kept open household one day for her and her train."

The next day the English merchants brought her, on her way to Stetkyn, and gave her a gift and so departed. She then proceeded, at the same rate of twenty miles a-day, through Tokyn, Bruges, Oldenburgh, Newport, and Dunkirk, to Gravelines, where the captain received

[1] This place two miles from Greenwich, was probably Eltham Palace.

her honourably, and gave her a shot of guns. The next day, being the 11th of December, she arrived in the English pale at Calais, between seven and eight o'clock in the morning, so that she and her ladies must have quitted their pillows and commenced their journey long before it was light.

She was received on the frontier by the lord Lisle, deputy of Calais, the lieutenant of the castle, the knight porter, and the marshal of Calais. Sir George Carew, captain of Rosbank, with the captain of the spears, and the cavalry belonging to the garrison, all freshly and gallantly appointed for the occasion, and the men-at-arms with them in velvet coats and chains of gold, with all the king's archers, and so was she brought towards Calais. One of the king's gentlemen-at-arms riding with one of those belonging to the queen. About a mile from the town she was met by the earl of Southampton, lord-admiral of England, the lord William Howard, and many other lords and gentlemen. Gregory Cromwell (the brother-in-law of the late queen Jane Seymour) headed twenty-four gentlemen in coats of satin-damask and velvet, besides the aforesaid lords who wore four colours of cloth of gold and purple velvet, with chains of gold of great value, and two hundred yeomen in the king's colours, red and blue cloth.[1]

Among the gentlemen of the king's privy chamber, Thomas Culpepper, who was afterwards beheaded for a suspected intrigue with Henry's fifth queen, Katharine Howard, is named in this contemporary document. It is curious that in the train, by whom Anne of Cleves was received at Calais, there were kinsmen of five out of the six queens of Henry VIII.

The earl of Southampton, as the lord-admiral of England, was dressed in a coat of purple velvet, cut on cloth of gold, and tied with great aiglettes and trefoils of gold, to the number of four hundred, and *baldrickwise* he wore a chain, at which hung a whistle of gold set with rich stones of great value.[2] In this company were thirty gentlemen of the king's household, very richly apparelled, with great and massy chains; sir Francis Bryan and sir Thomas Seymour's chains were of especial value and *straunge* fashion.

"The lord-admiral had also a number of gentlemen in blue velvet and crimson satin, and his yeomen in damask of the same colours. The mariners of his ship wore satin of Bruges. The lord-admiral with a low obeisance welcomed the royal bride, and brought her into Calais by the lantern gate, where the ships lay in the haven garnished with their banners, pensils, and flags, pleasant to behold, and at her entry was shot such a peal of guns, that all her retinue were astonished." The town of Calais echoed the royal salute with a peal of ordnance along the coast. "When she entered the lantern gate she staid to view the king's ships, called the 'Lyon' and the 'Sweepstakes,' which were decked with one hundred banners of silk and gold, wherein were two master gunners,

[1] State Paper MS., 31st Henry VIII.

[2] This was the insignia of his office: it will be remembered that the valiant sir Edward Howard, when lord admiral of England, in his last engagement, threw his whistle into the sea.

mariners, and thirty-one trumpets, and a double drum, that was never seen in England before; and so her grace entered into Calais, at whose entering there was 150 rounds of ordnance let out of the said ships, which made such a smoke, that not one of her train could see the other. The soldiers in the king's livery, of the retinue of Calais, the mayor of Calais with his brethren, with the commons of Calais, the merchants of the king's staple, stood in order, forming a line through which she passed to her lodgings, and so the mayor and his brethren came to her lodging, and gave her fifty sovereigns of gold, and the mayor of the staple gave her sixty sovereigns of gold,[1] and on the morrow after she had a cannon shot, jousting, and all other royalty that could be devised in the king's garrison-royal, and kept open household there, during the time that she did there remain, which was twenty days, and had daily the best pastimes that could be devised."

Henry, meantime, who impatiently awaited the advent of his long-expected bride, beguiled these days of suspense by the executions of the venerable abbot of Glastonbury, the abbot of Tendring, and two others,[2] an ominous preparation for the reception of a consort, whose religious opinions differed so materially from his own.

Anne was detained by the perversity of winds and waves so long that she kept her Christmas festival perforce at Calais. On the 27th, being St. John's day, the weather changed; about noon she embarked with her train, and, attended by a royal convoy of fifty ships, sailed with a prosperous wind, and had so quick a passage that she landed at Deal the same day at five o'clock. She was honourably received by sir Thomas Cheyney, lord warden of the port, and proceeded immediately to a castle newly built, supposed to be Walmer Castle, where she changed her dress, and remained till the duke and duchess of Suffolk, and the bishop of Chichester, with a great company of knights, esquires, and the flower of the ladies of Kent, came to welcome her to England; by them she was conducted to Dover Castle, and there she rested till the Monday,[3] which was a wintry and inclement day. But notwithstanding the storm that raged abroad, she obeyed the instructions that had been issued for the manner and order of her journey, and commenced her progress to Canterbury. On Barham Downs she was met by the archbishop of Canterbury, the bishops of Ely, St. Asaph, St. David's, and Dover, and a great company of gentlemen, who attended her to St. Augustine's without Canterbury, where she lodged that night, and on the next day she came to Sittingbourne, where she slept. The next day, which was new-year's even, the duke of Norfolk, the lord Dacre of the south, the lord Mountjoye, and a great company of knights and esquires of Norfolk and Suffolk, with the barons of the Exchequer, all clad in coats of velvet, with chains of gold, met her at Reynham, and having made their devoir, conducted her to Rochester, where she remained in the bishop's palace all new-year's day.[4]

[1] MS. Journey of the lady Anne of Cleves, in State Paper Office. Hall says that the merchants of the staple presented her with 100 marks of gold, in a rich purse, which she gratefully accepted.

[2] Marillac's despatches; Lingard. [3] Hall, p. 833. [4] Ibid

Henry, who, according to Hall, "sore desired to see her grace," told Cromwell, "that he intended to visit her privily on the morrow to nourish love."[1] Accordingly, he, with eight gentlemen of his privy chamber, all dressed alike in coats of marble colour (some sort of grey), rode to Rochester incog., expecting, no doubt, that his highly praised German bride would rival both the bright-eyed Boleyn and the fair Seymour, and fondly hoped to commence a year of love and joy by stealing a look at her beauty.

On his arrival he despatched sir Antony Browne, his master of the horse, to inform Anne that "he had brought her a new-year's gift, if she would please to receive it."

The knight afterwards declared, "that he was struck with consternation when he was shown the queen, and was never so much dismayed in his life as to see a lady so far unlike what had been represented."[2] He had, however, the discretion to conceal his impression, well knowing how greatly opinions vary as to beauty, and left the king to judge for himself.

Henry, whose impatience could no longer be restrained, suddenly entered the presence of his betrothed. A glance sufficed to destroy the enchantment which Holbein's pencil had created; the goods were not equal to pattern, and he considered himself an injured man. He recoiled in bitter disappointment, and lord Russell, who was present, testified "that he never saw his highness so marvellously astonished and abashed as on that occasion."[3]

Anne, who was certainly the person most to be pitied, was somewhat taken by surprise at the unexpected visit of the formidable spouse to whom she had been passively, but perhaps reluctantly, consigned by the will of her country.

It is possible, that Anne was not a whit more charmed with Henry's appearance and deportment than he was with hers, especially as the burly tyrant was not in the most gracious of moods. She sank upon her knees at his approach, and did her best to offer him a loving greeting.[4] Evilly as Henry was disposed towards the luckless princess, he was touched with the meekness and deep humility of her behaviour. He did violence to his feelings so far as to raise her up with some show of civility. Hall says, "He welcomed her with gracious words, and gently took her up, and kissed her;" the same chronicler adds, "That the king remained with her all the afternoon, communing and devising with her, and supped with her in the evening." From the evidences in Strype's Memorials, we learn that the interview only lasted a few minutes, and that scarcely twenty words were exchanged. Anne's mother-tongue, the German of the Rhine, familiarly called "high Dutch," was so displeas-

[1] Cromwell's letter; see Burnet, vol. i. p. 182.

[2] Strype; Tytler; Losely MS.

[3] Tytler; Lingard; Losely MS.

This memorable interview is thus noticed in the contemporary record of queen Anne's journey: "On the new year's day her grace tarried at Rochester, on which day the king's highness, only with certain of his privy chamber, came to her and banqueted with her, and after departed to Greenwich again."—Unpublished MSS. in State Paper Office.

ing to Henry's musical ears, that he would not make any attempts to converse with her by means of an interpreter, yet he was previously aware that "his wife could speak no English—he no Dutch."

The moment he quitted her presence, he sent for the lords who had brought her over, and indignantly addressed the following queries to the lord admiral: "How like you this woman? Do you think her so personable, fair, and beautiful, as report hath been made unto me? I pray you tell me true."

The admiral evasively rejoined, "I take her not for *fair*, but to be of a *brown* complexion."

"Alas!" said the king, "whom shall men trust? I promise you I see no such thing as hath been shown me of her by pictures or report. I am ashamed that men have praised her as they have done, and I love her not."[1]

The new-year's gift which he had provided for Anne was a partlet of sable skins to wear about her neck, and a *muffy* furred, that is to say, a muff and tippet of rich sables.[2] This he had intended to present with his own hand to her; but not considering her handsome enough to be entitled to such an honour, he sent it to her the following morning by sir Anthony Brown, with as cold a message as might be.[3] He made bitter complaints of his hard fate to lord Russell, sir Anthony Browne, and sir Anthony Dennis.[4] The latter gentleman told his sovereign, "that persons of humble station had this great advantage over princes, that they might go and choose their own wives, while great princes must take such as were brought them." This observation afforded no consolation to the moody monarch, who had on a former occasion been so pertinaciously desirous of seeing with his own eyes the beauties of France, who were proposed to his consideration.

He returned to Greenwich very melancholy, and, when he saw Cromwell, gave vent to a torrent of vituperation against those who had provided him with so unsuitable a consort, whom, with his characteristic brutality, he likened to a "great Flanders mare." Cromwell endeavoured to shift the blame from himself to the admiral Fitzwilliam, earl of Southampton, for whom he had no great kindness, saying, "that when he found the princess so different from the pictures and reports that had been made of her, he should have stayed her at Calais, till he had given the king notice that she was not so handsome as had been represented." The admiral replied bluntly, "that he was not invested with any such authority. His commission was to bring her to England, and he had obeyed his orders." Cromwell retorted upon him, "that he had spoken in his letters of the lady's beauty in terms of commendation, which had misled his highness and his council." The admiral, however, represented, "that as the princess was generally reported for a beauty, he had only repeated the opinions of others, for which no one ought reasonably to blame him, especially as he supposed she would be his queen."[5] This very original altercation was interrupted by the preremptory orders

[1] Stowe's Annals, by Howes, p. 834. [2] Strype; Lingard; Losely MS.
[3] Strype's Memorials, vol. i. p. 307. [4] Herbert; Burnet; Rapin; Guthrie
[5] Burnet's Hist. Reformation, vol. i. p. 260; Guthrie.

of the king, that some means should be found for preventing the necessity of his completing his engagement. A council was summoned in all haste, at which the precontract of the lady with Francis of Lorraine was named by Henry's ministers as forming a legal impediment to her union with the king.[1] Anne, who had advanced as far as Dartford (with a heavy heart no doubt), was delayed in her progress, while Osliger and Hostoden, her brother's ambassadors, by whom she had been attended to England, were summoned to produce documentary evidence that the contract was dissolved. They had no legal proofs to show, but declared that the engagement between the lady Anne of Cleves and the marquis of Lorraine had been merely a conditional agreement between the parents of the parties, who were both in their minority; that in the year 1535 it had been formally annulled. This they said was registered in the chancery of Cleves, from which they promised to produce an authentic extract within three months."[2]

Such of the council as were willing to humour the king in his wish of being released from his engagement to Anne, replied, "that this was not enough, as an illegal marriage might endanger the succession;" but Cranmer and the bishop of Durham were of opinion that no just impediment to the marriage existed.[3] Cromwell also represented to the king the impolicy of embroiling himself with the princes of the Smalcaldic League in such forcible terms, that Henry at length passionately exclaimed, "Is there then no remedy, but that I must needs put my neck into the yoke?"[4]

Having in these gracious words signified his intention of proceeding to the solemnisation of his nuptials with the insulted lady, who awaited the notification of his pleasure at Dartford, he ordered the most splendid preparations to be made for his marriage.

"Wednesday last," says Marillac,[5] "it was notified by a horseman, who made a public outcry in London, that all who loved their lord the king should proceed to *Greenwigs* on the morrow, to meet and make their *devoir* to my lady Anne of Cleves, who would shortly be their queen."

If the sight-loving mania of the good people of London in the days of that king of pageants and processions, Henry VIII., any way resembled what it is now, we may imagine the alacrity with which the royal requisition was obeyed, and the thousands and tens of thousands who would pour in an eager stream towards the courtly bowers of Greenwich, which had been prepared for the reception of Henry's fourth bride.

Marillac records, "that he and the ambassador of the emperor were both invited to attend, in order to render the ceremonial the more honourable, and when they arrived at Greenwigs (as he always spells Greenwich) they found five or six thousand horsemen assembled to form the procession, among whom, for so the king had directed, there was a marvellous silence, without either noise or confusion."

[1] Burnet; Rapin; Strype; Guthrie; Lingard.
[2] Burnet; Rapin; Strype; Guthrie; Lingard.
[3] Burnet.
[4] Lingard; Herbert; Losely MSS.
[5] Dépêches de Marillac. Bibliothèque du Roi.

We will now proceed to the gorgeous details given by Hall of the first public state interview between Henry and his Flemish bride. On the 3d day of January, being Saturday, on a fair plain on Blackheath, at the foot of Shooter's Hill, was pitched a rich tent of cloth of gold, and divers other tents and pavilions, in which were made fires with perfumes, for her grace and her ladies. From the tents to the park-gate at Greenwich all the furze and bushes were cut down, and an ample space cleared for the view of all spectators. Next the park pales, on the east side stood the merchants of the Steelyard, and on the west side stood the merchants of Genoa, Florence, Venice, and Spain, in coats of velvet. On both sides the way stood the merchants of the city of London, and the aldermen and council of the said city, to the number of one hundred and sixty, which were mixed with the esquires. Next the tents were knights, and fifty gentlemen-pensioners in velvet, with chains of gold; behind the gentlemen stood the serving-men, well horsed and apparelled, that whosoever viewed them well might say that they, for tall and comely personages, and clean of limb and body, were able to give the greatest prince in Christendom a mortal breakfast, if he were the king's enemy. The gentlemen pertaining to the lord chancellor, lord privy seal, lord admiral, and other nobles, besides their costly liveries wore chains of gold. These, to the number of upwards of twelve hundred, were ranged in a double file, from the park-gates to the cross upon the heath, and there awaited the return of the king with her grace. About twelve o'clock her grace, with all the company that were of her own nation, to the number of one hundred horse, accompanied by the dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, the archbishop of Canterbury, with the other bishops, lords, and knights, who had conducted her from France, came down from Shooter's Hill towards the tents, and a good space from the tents she was met by the earl of Rutland, her lord chamberlain, sir Thomas Dennis, her chancellor, with all her other officers of state and councillors. Then Dr. Kaye, her almoner, presented to her, on the king's behalf, all the officers and servants of her household, and addressed to her an eloquent Latin oration, of which the unlearned princess understood not a word, but it was answered with all due solemnity, on her behalf, by her brother's secretary, who acted as her interpreter.

Then the king's nieces, the lady Margaret Douglas, daughter to the queen of Scots, and the marchioness of Dorset,[1] daughter to the queen of France, with the duchess of Richmond,[2] and the countesses of Rutland and Hertford, and other ladies, to the number of sixty-five, saluted and welcomed her grace. Anne then alighted from the chariot in which she had performed her long journey, and with most goodly manner and loving countenance returned thanks, and kissed them all; her officers and councillors kissed her hand, after which she, with all the ladies, entered the tents and warmed themselves.[3]

Marillac, who made one of the royal cavalcade, says, "the king met them all at the foot of the mountain [meaning Shooter's Hill], attended by five or six thousand horsemen, partly of his household, and partly

[1] Frances Brandon, mother of Lady Jane Grey.
[2] Widow of Henry's illegitimate son. [3] Hall's Chronicle, reprint p. 834.

of the gentlemen of the country, besides those summoned from the city of London, who always assist at these English triumphs, wearing massy chains of gold."

The ambassador does not give a flattering description of Anne, who, probably from the coldness of the day, and the painful frame of mind in which she must have been thrown by Henry's demurs, did not appear to advantage. "From what one may judge," he says, "she is about thirty years old [she was but twenty-four]. She is tall of stature, pitted with the small-pox, and with little beauty. Her countenance is firm and determined."[1] The circumstance of her being marked with the small-pox explains the mystery of why Holbein's portrait pleased the king so much better than the original. No artist copies the cruel traces of that malady in a lady's face; therefore the picture was flattered, even if the features were faithfully delineated.

"The said lady," proceeds Marillac, "has brought with her from her brother's country, for her companions, twelve or fifteen damsels, who are even inferior in beauty to their mistress, and are moreover dressed after a fashion so heavy and tasteless, that it would make them appear frightful, even if they were *belles*." The lady Anne was also dressed after the mode of her own country, which, to judge from his excellency's observation on the costume of her maids of honour, must have been somewhat outlandish. A Frenchman, however, is always hypercritical on such points.

How much opinions differ on matters of the kind our readers will presently see, from the glowing details which Anne's staunch admirer, Hall, has given of her dress and appearance on this occasion. We will now return to his narrative. "When the king knew that she was arrived in her tent, he with all diligence set out through the park. First came the king's trumpeter, then the king's officers of his council, after them the gentlemen of the king's privy chamber, some apparelled in coats of velvet embroidered, others had their coats guarded with chains of gold, very rich to behold; these were well mounted and trapped; after them came the barons, the youngest first, and so sir William Hollys, the lord mayor, rode with the lord Parr,[2] being youngest baron. Then followed the bishops, apparelled in black satin; after them the earls; then duke Philip of Bavaria and count palatine of the Rhine (who was the suitor of the princess Mary), richly apparelled, with the livery of the Toison, or Golden Fleece, about his neck. Then the ambassadors of the emperor and the king of France, the lord chancellor, with the other great state officers, and Garter king-at-arms. These lords were, for the most part, arrayed in purple velvet, and the marquess of Dorset, in the same livery, bore the king's sword of state. After him, but a good distance, came the king, mounted on a goodly courser, trapped in rich cloth of gold, traversed all over, lattice-wise, with gold embroidery, pearled on every side of the embroidery; the buckles and pendants were all of fine gold.[3] The king was apparelled in a coat of purple velvet, made somewhat like a frock, all over embroidered with flat gold

[1] Marillac's Despatches.

[2] *Katharine* Parr's uncle.

[3] Hall's Chron. reprint, p. 834,

of damask, with small lace mixed between, traverse-wise, so that little of the ground appeared; about which garment was a rich guard, very curiously embroidered. The sleeves and breast were cut and lined with cloth of gold, and clasped with great buttons of diamonds, rubies, and orient pearls; his sword and girdle adorned with stones and *special* emeralds, his cap garnished with stones, but his bonnet was so rich of jewels that few men could value them. Beside all this," continues Hall, whose loyal raptures increase with every additional jewel which he records as decorating bluff king Hal, who must have aimed at rivalling the king of diamonds on this occasion,—"beside all this, he wore a collar of such balas, rubies, and pearl, that few men ever saw the like; and about his person ran ten footmen, richly apparelled in goldsmiths' work. And notwithstanding this rich apparel and precious jewels were pleasant to the nobles and all present to behold, yet his princely countenance, his goodly personage, and royal gesture, so far exceeded all creatures present, that, in comparison of his person, all his rich apparel was little esteemed. After him followed his lord chamberlain; then came sir Anthony Browne, master of his horse, a goodly gentleman, of comely personage, well mounted and richly apparelled, leading the king's horse of estate by a long rein of gold, which horse was trapped in manner like a barb, with crimson velvet and satin, all over embroidered with gold, after an antique fashion, very curiously wrought. Then followed the pages of honour, in coats of rich tinsel and crimson velvet paled, riding on great coursers, all trapped in crimson velvet, embroidered with new devices and knots of gold, which were both pleasant and comely to behold. Then followed sir Antony Wingfield, captain of the guard, then the guard well mounted and in rich coats. In this order the king rode to the last end of the rank, where the spears and pensioners stood, and there every person that came with the king placed himself on one side or the other, the king standing in the midst.

"When her grace was advertised of the king's coming, she issued out of her tent, being apparelled in a rich gown of cloth of gold raised, made round, without any train, after the Dutch fashion, and on her head a caul, and over that a round bonnet, or cap, set full of orient pearl, of very proper fashion, and before that she had a cornet of black velvet, and about her neck she had a partlet set full of rich stone, which glistened all the field. At the door of the tent she mounted on a fair horse, richly trapped with goldsmiths' work, and so were her footmen who surrounded her, with the *black lion*[1] embroidered, and on the shoulder a carbuncle set in gold; and so she marched towards the king, who, perceiving her approach, came forward somewhat beyond the cross on the heath,[2] and there paused a little in a fair place till she came nearer. Then he put off his bonnet, and came forward to her, and with most loving countenance and princely behaviour saluted, welcomed, and embraced her, to the great rejoicing of the beholders; and she likewise,

[1] The armorial bearing of Hainault.

[2] This was on the antique mound on Blackheath, once a Saxon tumulus, now crowned with a few stunted firs. The cross was there in the time of Charles II.

not forgetting her duty, with most amiable aspect and womanly behaviour, received his grace with many sweet words, thanks, and great praises given him. While they were thus communing, the pensioners and guards departed to furnish the court and hall at Greenwich," that is. to commence forming the state pageant there against the arrival of the king and his betrothed.

When the king had conversed a little with the lady Anne, which must have been by means of an interpreter, "he put her on his right hand, and so with their footmen they rode as though they had been coupled together." "Oh!" continues the enraptured chronicler, "what a sight was this, to see so goodly a prince and so noble a king to ride with so fair a lady, of so goodly a stature, and so womanly a countenance, and in especial of so good qualities; I think no creature could see them but his heart rejoiced."[1] Few, perhaps, of the spectators of this brave show imagined how deceptive a farce it was, nor does Hall, who was an eye-witness of all he describes, appear to have been in the slightest degree aware how false a part his sovereign was acting, or how hard a trial it must have been to that gaily decorated victim, the bride, to smother all the struggling feelings of female pride and delicacy, to assume a sweet and loving demeanour towards the bloated tyrant, by whom she had been so rudely scorned and depreciated. Certainly, Anne had the most reasonable cause for dissatisfaction of the two, when we consider that, if she were not quite so handsome as Holbein had represented her, she was a fine young woman of only four-and-twenty, who had been much admired in her own country.

Henry was more than double her age, unwieldy and diseased in person, with a countenance stamped by all the traces of the sensual and cruel passions which deformed his mind. There was the broken heart of his first queen, the bloody scaffold of his second, and the early grave of his third consort, to appal his luckless bride, when she perceived that she was already despised by her formidable spouse. What woman but would have shuddered at finding herself in Anne of Cleves' predicament?

Hall thus resumes his rich narrative: "When the king and the lady Anne had met, and both their companies joined, they returned through the ranks of knights and squires which had remained stationary. First came her trumpets, twelve in number, beside two kettle-drums on horseback; next followed the king's trumpets, then the king's councillors, the gentlemen of the privy chamber, then the gentlemen of her grace's country, in coats of velvet, riding on great horses; after them the mayor of London, in crimson velvet with a rich collar, coupled with the youngest baron; then all the barons, followed by the bishops; then the earls, with whom rode the earls of Waldeck and Overstein, Anne's countrymen. Next came the dukes, the archbishop of Canterbury and duke Philip of Bavaria, followed by the ambassadors, the lord privy seal, and the lord chancellor; then the lord marquess with the king's sword. Next followed the king himself riding with his fair lady. Behind him

[1] Hall's Chronicle, reprint, p. 835.

rode sir Anthony Browne, with the king's horse of estate; behind her rode sir John Dudley, master of her horse, leading her spare palfrey, trapped in rich tissue down to the ground. After them followed the lady Margaret Douglas, the lady-marquess Dorset, the duchesses of Richmond and Suffolk, the countesses of Rutland and Hertford, and other countesses next followed her grace's chariot."[1]

This circumstance and the description of the equipage are worthy of attention with regard to the costume of the era. "The chariot was well carved and gilt, with the arms of her country curiously wrought and covered with cloth of gold. All the horses were trapped with black velvet, and on them rode pages of honour in coats of velvet. In the chariot rode two ancient ladies of her country. After the chariot followed six ladies and gentlewomen of her country, all richly apparelled with caps set with pearls, and great chains of divers fashions, after the custom of their country, and with them rode six ladies of England well *beseen*. Then followed another chariot, gilt and furnished as the other was. Then came ten English ladies well apparelled; next them another chariot covered with black cloth, in that were four gentlewomen, her grace's chamberers; then followed all the remnant of the ladies, gentlewomen, and maidens, in great number, which did wear that day French hoods; after them came Anne's three washer-women, launderers as they are called—we should never have thought of their having a place in the procession—in a chariot all covered with black; then a horse-litter, of cloth of gold of crimson velvet paled (striped), with horses trapped accordingly, which was a present from the king. Last of all came the serving-men of her train, all clothed in black, mounted on great Flemish horses.[2]

"In this order they rode through the ranks into the park, and at the late friars' wall[3] all men alighted, save the king, the two masters of the horse, and the henchmen, which rode to the hall-door, and the ladies rode to the court-gate. As they passed they beheld from the wharf how the citizens of London were rowing up and down on the Thames, every craft in his barge garnished with banners, flags, streamers, pensils, and targets, some painted and blazoned with the king's arms, some with those of her grace, and some with the arms of their craft or mystery.

"Besides the barges of every craft or city company, there was a barge made like a ship, called the bachelor's bark, decked with pensils, and pennons of cloth of gold, and targets in great number, on which waited a foyst, that shot great pieces of artillery. In every barge were divers sorts of instruments, with men and children singing and playing in chorus, as the king and the lady passed on the wharf, which sight and noises they much praised."

A splendid scene it must have been, that gorgeous cavalcade extending from Blackheath, through the park to the water's edge, and the broad-bosomed Thames, so gaily dight with the flags and gilded barges

[1] Hall's Chronicle. [2] Hall's Chron. 836.

[3] Supposed to be that of the convent of the Observant Friars at Greenwich, which was situated close to the palace.

of the queen of merchant cities, and all the aquatic pageantry which wealth and loyalty could devise to do honour to the sovereign's bride. But to return to her whose advent had given the citizens of London so proud a holyday, and filled the leafless bowers of Greenwich with unwonted animation at that wintry season of the year. "As soon as she and the king had alighted from their horses in the inner court, the king lovingly embraced her, and bade her 'welcome to her own,' then led her, by the left arm, through the hall, which was *furnished* below the hearth with the king's guard, and above the hearth with the fifty pensioners with their battle-axes, and so brought her up to her privy chamber,"[1] which Marillac says, "was richly prepared for her reception." There Henry left her, after which a curious scene took place between him and his unlucky premier, which we cannot do better than relate in the royal despot's own words, as detailed by him a few months afterwards to his council.

"Upon the day of her entry into Greenwich, after I had brought her to her chamber, he (Cromwell) came with me to mine, and then I said to him:—

"'How say you, my lord, is it not as I told you? Say what they will, she is nothing fair; her person is well and seemly, but nothing else.'

"'By my faith you say right,' quoth he, 'but methinketh she hath a queenly manner withal.'

"'That is right,' quoth I, and from that time we had no farther communication."[2]

But the ruin of Cromwell may be dated from that hour. He told the king "he was sorry his grace was no better content," on which Henry bade him call the council together, in the hope of finding a remedy, even after he had committed himself by this public reception of the lady. The council met that very afternoon. Osliger and Hostoden, when summoned, appeared much astonished at the mention of the precontract between Anne and the marquis of Lorraine. "They answered," Cromwell says, "like men perplexed, and deferred their definitive replies till the next morning."[3]

Meantime the crowd of spectators and the inferior actors in the state pageant dispersed, for which Hall tells us the signal was given by the mighty peal of guns that was shot from Greenwich tower, when the king and queen entered the court together. Then all the horsemen broke their ranks, and had leave to depart to London or to their lodgings. "To see how long it was or ever the horsemen could pass, and how late it was ere the footmen could get over London bridge," pursue he, "I assure you it was wondrous to behold."

At this juncture the lord chamberlain inquired of the king, "What day his majesty would be pleased to name for the coronation of the

[1] Hall's Chronicle, 836. This etiquette of the stations of the royal guard is curious. The hearth was evidently in the middle of the hall at Greenwich Palace.

[2] Haynes's State Papers. [3] Burnet.

queen?" "We will talk of that when I have made her my queen," was the ominous reply of the moody monarch.[1]

The next morning, Sunday, Cromwell came by the private way to Henry's private chamber, and informed him that the ambassadors of Cleves treated the idea of the precontract with contempt, and had offered to remain in prison as pledges for the arrival of the revocation of the sponsalia. Henry was much annoyed at this intelligence, and exclaimed, "I am not well handled;"[2] adding, "if it were not that she is come so far into my realm, and the great preparations that my states and people have made for her, and for fear of making a ruffle in the world, and of driving her brother into the hands of the emperor and the French king, who are now together, I would not now marry her."

After dinner, on the same Sunday, Henry sent for all his council, and repeated his favourite expression, "that he was not well handled about the contract with the prince of Lorraine," and required that Anne should make a solemn protestation that she was freed from all precontracts. This she did in the presence of all Henry's council and notaries. When Cromwell informed Henry that it had been done, he repeated, "Is there then none other remedy but I must needs against my will put my neck into the yoke?" On which Cromwell withdrew, leaving his lord in what he politely terms "a study or pensiveness."[3] In other words, an access of sullen ill humour, in which Henry remained till the Monday morning, when he "declared that it was his intention to go through with it," and directed that the nuptials should be solemnised on the following day, January 6th, being the Epiphany or feast of kings, commonly called Twelfth day, and set about preparing himself for the ceremonial. Short notice this for the bride, but her feelings had been outraged in every possible way. Next came the question, Who should lead her to the altar? Two noblemen of her own court, the earl of Overstein and the grandmaster Hostoden, had come to England with her expressly for that purpose, and to superintend all the arrangements for her marriage. Henry chose to associate the earl of Essex with the earl of Overstein in the honour of leading her. Then, as if to render every thing as inconvenient as possible to the princess, he fixed the early hour of eight in the morning for the solemnity. The earl of Essex was not punctual to the time, on which Henry deputed Cromwell to take the office of conducting the bride, and sent him to her chamber for that purpose, but before Anne was ready Essex arrived, and Cromwell returned to Henry's privy chamber to inform him. Henry was by that time arrayed in his wedding-dress, which is thus described by Hall: "His grace was apparelled in a gown of cloth of gold, raised with great flowers of silver and furred with black jennettes. His coat, crimson satin, slashed and embroidered, and clasped with great diamonds, and a rich collar about his neck." In this array he came into his chamber of presence, and calling Cromwell to him, said, "My lord, if it were not to satisfy the world and my realm, I would not do what I must do this day for any earthly

[1] Leti. [2] Cromwell's letter, Burnet, vol. i. p. 183.
[3] Cromwell's letter, in Burnet, vol. i. p. 183.

thing."[1] Then one of the officers of the household informed him the queen was ready. On which he, with his lords and officers of state, advanced into the gallery next the closets, and there paused, and, with some expressions of displeasure that she was so long in coming, sent the lords to fetch the queen.

Who can blame Anne for her tardiness on this occasion, after all Henry's insulting demurs and discourtesies? She had, however, consoled herself by making a very elaborate and splendid toilet. She was dressed in a gown of rich cloth of gold, embroidered very thickly with great flowers of large oriental pearls. It was made round and without a train, after the Dutch fashion, which, it appears, was not admired in England. She wore her luxuriant *yellow* hair flowing down her shoulders, and on her head a coronal of gold full of costly gems, and set about with sprigs of rosemary, a herb of grace, which was used by maidens both at weddings and funerals.[2] About her neck and waist she wore jewels of great price.[3]

Thus arrayed the royal bride came forth from her closet between the earl of Overstein and the earl of Essex; according to Hall, "with most demure countenance and sad (composed) behaviour, passed through the king's chamber." The lords went before her in procession, and when they reached the gallery where the king was she made three low obeisances and curtsies. Then the archbishop of Canterbury, Cranmer, received them and married them together. The earl of Overstein gave her away, and about her wedding-ring was inscribed, **God Send Me Weel to keepe**,[4] a more appropriate motto could scarcely have been chosen for a wife of Henry VIII. No doubt the poor queen had that prayer very often on her lips. "After the marriage was celebrated they went hand in hand into the king's closet, and there heard mass and offered their tapers. After mass they took wine and spices,[5] which done, the king departed to his chamber, and all the ladies attended the queen to her chamber, the duke of Norfolk walking on her right hand, the duke of Suffolk on her left.

"After nine of the clock, the king, in a gown of rich tissue, lined with crimson velvet, embroidered, came to his closet, and she, in the same dress in which she was married, came to her closet, with her sergeant-of-arms, and all her officers before her, like a queen. And the king and she went openly in procession, and offered and dined together."

"After dinner, the queen changed into a dress, made like a man's gown, of tissue, with long sleeves, girt to her, and furred with rich sables. Her narrow sleeves were very costly. On her head she wore such a cap as on the preceding Saturday, with a cornet of lawn, which cap was so rich of pearls and gems that it was judged to be of great value.[6] Her ladies and gentlewomen were apparelled very richly, after her fashion;" which, from Marillac's report, we have seen was not the most becoming in the world. They were all decorated with rich chains. In the dress just described, our Lutheran queen Anne accompanied her

[1] Cromwell's letter. Burnet. [2] For *souvenance*, Kempe's Losely MSS.
[3] Hall. [4] Hall, p. 836. [5] Ibid. [6] Ibid. p. 837.

lord to even-song, as she had in the morning to mass, and afterwards supped with him. "After supper were banquets, masks, and divers disports, till the time came, that it pleased the king and her to take their rest."

The Sunday after, solemn jousts were kept in honour of the royal nuptials, which much pleased the foreigners. "On that day," continues Hall, "the queen was apparelled after the English fashion, with a French hood, which so set forth her beauty and good visage, that every creature rejoiced to behold her. Not a word does the courtier-like chronicler relate of the king's ill-humour, or of his contempt for his new queen. Another contemporary historian, who is evidently an admirer of Anne, quaintly observes, "Well, it pleased his highness to dislike her, but to me she always appeared a brave lady."

The reports of her contemporaries vary so greatly as to the personal characteristics of this queen, that an exact description of her appearance, from the original pencil-sketch among the Holbein heads, in her majesty's collection at Windsor, may not be uninteresting to the reader. The sketch was probably taken after her arrival in England, and, though unfinished, it is a very fine specimen of art. There is a moral and intellectual beauty in the expression of the face, though the nose and mouth are large and somewhat coarse in their formation. Her forehead is lofty, expansive, and serene, indicative of candour and talent. The eyes large, dark, and reflective. They are thickly fringed, both on their upper and lower lids, with long black lashes. Her eyebrows are black, and finely marked. Her hair, which is also black,[1] is parted, and plainly folded on either side of the face in bands, extending, as in the present fashion, below the ears; a style that seems peculiarly suitable to the calm and dignified composure of her countenance. Nothing, however, can be more unbecoming than her dress, which is a close-fitting gown, with a stiff high collar, like a man's coat, and tight sleeves. The boddice opens a little in front, and displays a chemisette, drawn up to the throat with a narrow riband, and ornamented on one side with a broach in the form of a Catharine-wheel, placed very high. She wears a large Amazonian-looking hat, turned boldly up in front, not in the Spanish but the Dutch fashion, decorated with *quarter-feuilles* of gems.

Such a head-dress would have been trying even to a soft and feminine style of beauty, but the effect on the large, decided features of this queen is very unfortunate. Anne of Cleves appears to have had the most splendid wardrobe of all Henry's queens, but the worst taste in dress.

When the earl of Overstein, and other nobles and ladies who had attended Anne to England, had been honourably feasted and entertained by Henry and his magnates, they received handsome presents, both in money and plate, and returned to their own country. The earl of Waldeck, and some other gentlemen and ladies, with the Dutch maids of honour, remained with her till she became better acquainted with the English people and language. On the 4th of February Anne was con-

[1] Hall, we have seen, describes her with yellow tresses, which were certainly false hair, and must have been singularly unbecoming to a brunette. All her portraits represent her, not only with black hair, but with very black eyes.

ducted, by the king and his ministers, by water to the palace of Westminster, which had been magnificently prepared for her reception.

The king and queen were attended on their voyage up the Thames by many peers and prelates in state barges, gaily emblazoned and adorned. The mayor and aldermen of London, in their scarlet robes, gave attendance,[1] also, with twelve of the principal city companies, in barges, garnished with pennons, banners, and targets, with rich awnings, and bands of music within, which, according to the chronicler, "was being replenished with minstrelsy." All the way up the river the ships saluted the royal barge as it passed; and a mighty peal was fired from the great Tower guns, in goodly order, to greet and welcome the sovereign and his bride.[2]

Henry VIII.th's whim of entwining his initials with those of a new wife is apparent even during the ephemeral queenship of Anne of Cleves. Several medallions are still remaining in the ceiling of the chapel royal in St. James's palace, with the letters H. A. garnished with the true love-knots which Anne Boleyn had found so false and evanescent when he invented that device to testify his devotion to her. The date 1540, within these medallions, identifies them as having been enamelled during the brief reign of Anne of Cleves. Similar medallions, with the same initials, appear in the tapestried chamber at St. James's in the carving over the chimney-piece.

There was an appearance of outward attention to Anne on the part of the king, but her ignorance of the English language, of music, and her want of that delicate tact which constitutes the real art of pleasing, prevented her from gaining on his affections. Henry had been used to the society of women of superior intellect and polished manners. Such had been Katharine of Arragon; such Anne Boleyn; and Jane Seymour, if she lacked the mental dignity of the first, or the genius and wit of the second, made up for both in the insinuating softness, which was, no doubt, the true secret of her influence over Henry's mind. Anne was no adept in the art of flattery, and, though really "of meek and gentle condition," she did not humiliate herself meanly to the man from whom she had received so many unprovoked marks of contempt.

Henry complained to Cromwell "that she waxed wilful and stubborn with him."[3] Anne, who had doubtless been aggravated in every possible way, sent often to Cromwell, requesting a conference with him, but in vain. Cromwell knew he was in a perilous predicament, surrounded by spies and enemies, and, like the trembling vizier of some Eastern tyrant, who sees the fatal bowstring ready to be fitted to his neck, deemed that one false step would be his ruin,—he positively refused to see the queen.[4]

While Anne was thus tormented and perplexed by the persecutions of her unreasonable husband, terror was stricken into every heart by the execution of two of his nearest kinsmen, whom he relentlessly sent to the block on the 3d of March. One was the favourite companion of his youth, Courtenay, marquess of Exeter, the son of his aunt Katharine

[1] Hall, p. 837. [2] Ibid. p. 837. [3] Cromwell's letter, Burnet. [4] Ibid.

Plantagenet; the other was Henry Pole, lord Montague, the son of Margaret Plantagenet, countess of Salisbury.[1] The offence for which they suffered was correspondence with Reginald Pole, (afterwards the celebrated cardinal), whom Henry called his enemy.

Anne's dower was settled according to the usual forms when parliament met, April 12.[2] It seems remarkable that Henry, who from the first had declared "that he could not overcome his aversion to her sufficiently to consider her as his wife," should have permitted this legislative recognition of her rights as queen-consort of England.

On the 1st of May, and three succeeding days, a company of the knightly gallants of the court, among whom sir Thomas Seymour, the brother of the late queen Jane, sir John Dudley, and sir George Carew, were the most distinguished, held joust, tourney, and barrier, at Durham house, all dressed in white velvet, in honour of the king's recent marriage with Anne of Cleves. The king and queen honoured the pageant with their presence, and were honourably feasted and entertained by their bachelor hosts.

This was the last time the king and queen appeared in public together. Wriothesley, the most unprincipled of the low-born parasites who rose to greatness by truckling to the lawless passions of the sovereign, prepared the way for the divorce by lamenting to the gentlemen of the privy chamber and the council "the hard case in which the king's highness stood in being bound to a wife whom he could not love;"[3] and he went on to suggest the expediency of emancipating the king from a wedlock that was so little to his taste. A gentleman of honour and feeling would rather have regarded the case of the injured and insulted princess with compassion; but Wriothesley was devoid of every generous sympathy, and his conduct towards females in distress was always peculiarly cruel, as we shall have occasion to show in the memoirs of Katharine Howard and Katharine Parr. With ready instruments of wickedness ever at hand like Wriothesley, we almost cease to wonder at the atrocities that were perpetrated by Henry VIII.

When the idea of a divorce had been once suggested to the king, the situation of his luckless queen was rendered insupportable to her; and Henry, in addition to all his other causes of dissatisfaction, now began to express scruples of conscience on the score of keeping a Lutheran for his wife.[4] Anne, who had been unremitting in her endeavours to conform herself to his wishes, by studying the English language and all things that were likely to please him, became weary of the attempt, and was at length piqued into telling him, that "if she had not been compelled to marry him, she might have fulfilled her engagement with another to whom she had promised her hand."[5] It is just possible, that, under the provocations she had endured, she might add, a younger and more amiable prince, whom she would have preferred had she been left to her own choice. Henry only waited for this; for though he had lived with Anne between four and five months, he had never, as he

[1] Hall; Burnet. [2] Tytler; Journals of Parl., 32d Henry VIII
[3] Strype. [4] Moreri; De Thou. [5] Moreri; Du Chesne; and De Thou

shamelessly acknowledged, intended to retain her permanently as his wife, especially as there was no prospect of her bringing him a family.

It was the peculiar wickedness of Henry, that he always added outrage to faithlessness, when he designed to rid himself of a lawful wife. In the present instance, not contented with disparaging the person and manners of the ill-treated princess of Cleves, he basely impugned her honour, as if she had not been a virtuous woman when he received her hand.[1] Every one about him was aware of his motives in uttering these slanders, which were designed to terrify the queen into consenting to a dissolution of her marriage. Her situation was rendered more wretched by the dismissal of her foreign attendants, whose places were supplied by English ladies appointed by the king.

That the sage superintendant of the Flemish maids of honour was regarded as the channel through which all preferments and places in the new queen's court were to flow, may be seen from a contemporary letter written by Katharine Basset to her mother, the wife of the king's illegitimate uncle, Arthur Plantagenet, viscount Lisle. The letter is transcribed as a whole, as affording a curious evidence of the language, customs, and straitened means, of some of the young ladies connected with the court of Henry VIII.:—

"Madame,

"In my humble wise, my duty done to your ladyship, certifying your ladyship that my lord of Rutland and my lady be in good health, and hath them heartily commended to your ladyship, thanking you for your wine and your herring that you sent them. Madame, my lady hath given me a gown of Kaffa damask, of her own old wearing, and that she would in no wise that I should refuse it; and I have spoken to Mr. Husse for a roll of buckram to new line it, and velvet to edge it withal. Madame, I humbly beseech your ladyship to be good lady and mother to me; for my lady of Rutland said that mother Lowe, *the mother of the Dutch maids*, may do much for my preferment with the queen's highness, so that your ladyship would send her my good token,[2] that she may the better remember me, trusting that your ladyship would be good lady to me in this behalf. Madame, I have received of Ravenforde two crowns, for which I humbly thank your ladyship. I do lack a ketyll [suppose kirtle] for every day; I beseech your ladyship that I may have it; and I desire your ladyship that I may be humbly recommended to my lord and to my sisters. Madame, my brother George is in good health, and in the court with sir Francis Bryan. And thus the Holy Ghost have you in his keeping, who send your ladyship good life and length to his pleasure. Written at York Place, the 17th day of February, by your humble daughter,

"KATHARINE BASSET.

"To the right honourable and my very good lady and mother, my lady Lisle, be this delivered at Calais."[3]

Our readers will, perhaps, be glad to learn that this humble young lady of rank, to whom the present of a cast-off gown and two crowns

[1] Burnet; Herbert; State Papers.

[2] In the shape of a present to mother Lowe, as the price of her good offices in obtaining the place of maid of honour. Katharine Basset was in the service of the countess of Rutland, a lady of the blood-royal.

[3] Arthur Plantagenet was commander of Calais at that time, and his wife was with him.

was so extremely acceptable, succeeded in obtaining the appointment of maid of honour to queen Anne.

When the *straunge* maidens, as the Flemish maids of honour were called, were about to depart, and the queen's chamberlain applied to Cromwell for their safe conduct, the cautious minister, who had carefully kept aloof from the slightest communication with Anne or her household, availed himself of this opportunity of sending a secret warning to his royal mistress "of the expediency of doing her utmost to render herself more agreeable to the king."[1] Anne acted upon the hint, but without any sort of judgment, for she altered her cold and reserved deportment into an appearance of fondness, which, being altogether inconsistent with her feelings, was any thing but attractive. Henry, knowing that it was impossible she could entertain affection for him, attributed the change in her manner to the representations of Cromwell, to whom he had confided his intentions of obtaining a divorce, and this suspicion aggravated the hatred he had conceived against him for having been the means of drawing him into the marriage. Besides this, Henry had recently become deeply enamoured of the young and beautiful Katharine Howard, niece to the duke of Norfolk, and passionately desired to make her his wife. The leaders of the catholic party were eager to secure the two-fold triumphs of obtaining a queen of their own way of thinking, and effecting the downfal of their great enemy, Cromwell. There is every reason to believe that the death of his unpopular favourite was decreed by Henry himself at the very time when, to mask his deadly purpose, he bestowed upon him the honours and estates of his deceased kinsman, Bouchier, earl of Essex.

The fact was, he had a business to accomplish, for which he required a tool, who would not be deterred by the nice feelings of a gentleman of honour from working his will. This was the attainder of two ladies allied, one by blood, the other by marriage, to the royal line of Plantagenet; Gertrude, marchioness of Exeter, the widow of one of his kindred victims, and Margaret, countess of Salisbury, the mother of the other.

Cromwell produced in the house of lords, May 10, by way of evidence against the countess, a vestment of white silk, that had been found in her wardrobe, embroidered in front with the arms of England, surrounded with a wreath of pansies and marigolds, and on the back the representation of the host, with the five wounds of our Lord, and the name of Jesus written in the midst. Cromwell persuaded the lords that this was a treasonable ensign; and as the countess had corresponded with her absent son, she was for no other crime attainted of high treason, and condemned to death without the privilege of being heard in her own defence.[2] The marchioness of Exeter was also attainted and condemned to death by the same illegal process, in direct opposition to the laws of England. Both ladies were, meantime, confined in the Tower.

[1] Cromwell's letters, Burnet; Rapin.

[2] Lingard; Tytler; Herbert; Burnet; Journals of Parliament.

The lords, indeed, hesitated, for the case was without precedent; but Cromwell sent for the judges to his own house, and asked them "whether the parliament had a power to condemn persons accused without a hearing." The judges replied,[1] "That it was a nice and dangerous question, for law and equity required that no one should be condemned unheard; but the parliament being the highest court of the realm, its decision could not be disputed." When Cromwell, by reporting this answer in the house, satisfied the peers that they had the power of committing a great iniquity if they chose to do so, they obliged the king by passing the bill, which established a precedent for all the other murders that were perpetrated in this reign of terror. As an awful instance of retributive justice be it recorded, that Cromwell was himself the first person who was slain by the tremendous weapon of despotism, with which, like a traitor to his country, he had furnished the most merciless tyrant that ever wore the English crown.

Exactly one month after this villany Cromwell was arrested by the duke of Norfolk at the council-board, and sent to the Tower, by the command of the king, who, like a master-fiend, had waited till his slave had filled up the full measure of his guilt, before he executed his vengeance upon him. Another victim, but a blameless one, was also selected by Henry to pay the penalty of his life, for having been instrumental in his marriage with Anne of Cleves; this was the pious and learned Dr. Barnes, whom the queen had greatly patronised, but was unable to preserve from the stake.[2] Her own reign was drawing to a close.

A few days after Cromwell's arrest she was sent to Richmond, under pretence that her health required change of air. Marillac, in a letter to Francis I., thus alludes to the reports to which this circumstance had given rise:—

"June 23d. There is a talk of some diminution of love and a new affection for another lady. The queen has been sent to Richmond. This I know, that the king, who promised in two days to follow her, has not done so, and does not seem likely to do so, for the road of his progress does not lead that way. Now, it is said in the court that the said lady has left on account of the plague, which is in this city, which is not true; for if there had been any suspicion of the kind, the king would not have remained on any business, however important, for he is the most timid person in the world in such cases."[3]

The removal of Anne was the preliminary step to the divorce, for which Henry was now impatient. The particulars of this transaction, as they appear on the journals of the house of lords, show, in a striking manner, the artfulness and injustice of the king, and the slavishness of his ministers and subjects. On Tuesday, the 6th of July, the chancellor, the archbishop of Canterbury, the dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, the earl of Southampton, and the bishop of Durham, stated to the house, that they having doubts of the validity of the marriage between the king and queen, to which they had been instrumental, and as the succession to the crown was, or might be affected, it was highly neces-

[1] Parliamentary History, vol. iii. pp. 143, 144; Rapin; Lingard; Herbert.
[2] *Rapin;* Burnet; Lingard. [3] Dépêches de Marillac, Bibliothèque du Roi.

sary that its legality should be investigated by a convocation of the clergy. A petition that the king would permit this to be done was then got up and presented to the sovereign by both houses of parliament. Henry was graciously pleased to reply, "That he could refuse nothing to the estates of the realm, and was ready to answer any questions that might be put to him, for he had no other object in view but the glory of God, the welfare of the realm, and the triumph of the truth."[1]

The matter was brought before the convocation on the following day, and the clergy referred it to a committee, consisting of the two archbishops, of four bishops, and eight divines. The reasons alleged for releasing the sovereign from his matrimonial bonds with his queen were as follows: "1st, That she was precontracted to the prince of Lorraine; 2dly, That the king, having espoused her against his will, had not given an inward consent to his marriage, which he had never completed, and that the whole nation had a great interest in the king's having more issue, which they saw he could never have by this queen."[2]

Many witnesses were examined, as the lords in waiting, gentlemen of the king's chamber, and the queen's ladies. From the depositions of the countess of Rutland, lady Edgecombe, and the infamous lady Rochford, we learn that the king's morning salutation to Anne, when he left her apartment, was "Farewell, darling!" and at night he was wont to say, "Good night, sweetheart!" This they affirmed the queen had told them. They had presumed to ask many impertinent questions of their royal mistress, and among others, "if she had acquainted mother Lowe, her confidential attendant and countrywoman, of the king's neglect." Anne replied, "That she had not," and added, "That she received quite as much of his majesty's attention as she wished."[3]

Henry had encouraged the ladies of the bedchamber to mimic and ridicule his unfortunate consort for his amusement, but never did any lady conduct herself with greater prudence and dignity than this ill-treated princess. Henry, on the contrary, degraded the dignity of the crown, and rendered himself the laughing-stock of all Europe, by his unprincely follies on this occasion.

The following statement is a portion of what he terms his "brief, true, and perfect declaration:"—

"I had heard," says he, "much, both of her excellent beauty and virtuous conditions. But when I saw her at Rochester, it rejoiced my heart that I had kept me free from making any pact or bond with her, till I saw her myself: for then, I *adsure* you, I liked her so ill, and so far contrary to that she was praised, that I was woe that ever she came to England; and deliberated with myself, that if it were possible to find means to break off, I would never enter yoke with her. Of which misliking the Flemish great master (Hostodon), the admiral, that now is (Southampton), and the master of the horse, can and will here record. Then, after my repair to Greenwich the next day after, I think, and doubt not, but that lord Essex (Cromwell), well examined, can and will, and hath declared, what I then said to him in that case; for, as he is a

[1] Journals of Parliament, 32d Henry VIII. [2] Burnet; Collier; Strype.
[3] Strype's Memorials.

person which knoweth himself condemned by act of parliament, he will not damn his soul, but truly declare the truth, not only at the time spoken by me, but also continually till the day of marriage, and also many times after, whereby my lack of consent, I doubt not, doth or shall well appear."[1]

The document from which this abstract is taken is called, by Burnet, an *original*;[2] and it is certainly in coarseness of expression without parallel, and affords a characteristic specimen of the brutality of Henry's manners and language.

The convocation of the clergy, without one dissentient voice, pronounced the marriage to be null and void, June 9th, and that both parties were free to marry again. The next day, archbishop Cranmer reported to the house of lords this sentence, in Latin and English, and delivered the documents attesting it, which were sent to the commons. A bill to invalidate the marriage was twice read, and passed unanimously, July 13th, being only the eighth day from the commencement of the whole business.[3] Cranmer, who had pronounced the nuptial benediction, had the mortifying office of dissolving the marriage: Anne of Cleves being the third queen from whom it had been his hard lot to divorce the king in less than seven years. Well might Châtillon, the French ambassador, whom Marillac succeeded, say of Henry, "He is a marvellous man, and has marvellous people about him."[4]

The queen, being a stranger to the English laws and customs, was spared the trouble of appearing before the convocation, either personally or by her advocates.

When all things had been definitely arranged according to the king's pleasure, Suffolk, Southampton, and Wriothesley, were appointed by him to proceed to Richmond, and signify his determination to the queen, and to obtain her acquiescence. So powerfully were the feminine terrors of the poor queen excited on this occasion, that she fainted and fell to the ground before the commissioners could explain the true purport of their errand.[5] When she was sufficiently recovered to attend to them, they soothed her with flattering professions of the king's gracious attentions of adopting her for a sister, if she would resign the title of queen, promising that she should have precedence before every lady in the court, except the king's daughters and his future consort; and that she should be endowed with estates to the value of 3000*l.* a-year.[6]

Anne was greatly relieved when she understood the real nature of the king's intention, and she expressed her willingness to resign her joyless honours with an alacrity for which he was not prepared.

The enduring constancy of the injured Katharine of Arragon, the only woman who ever loved him, had taught Henry to regard himself as

[1] The fallen favourite, to whom Henry appeals as a witness of the truth of his asseverations, gave a written confirmation of the sovereign's statement in a letter in which he, with great truth, subscribes himself his "poor slave."

[2] Burnet's History of the Reformation, vol. i. Records, 185.

[3] Journals of Parliament; Burnet; Rapin; Herbert.

[4] In a letter to Francis I., in the Bibliothèque du Roi.

[5] *Herbert*; Lingard; State Papers.

[6] Ibid.; Burnet; Rapin.

a person so supremely precious, that he certainly did not expect Anne of Cleves to give him up without a struggle. Even when she, in compliance with the advice of the commissioners, wrote, or rather, we should say, subscribed a most obliging letter to him,[1] expressing her full acquiescence in his pleasure, he could not believe she really meant thus lightly to part from him.

Henry next wrote to his council, at the head of whom was his brother-in-law, the duke of Suffolk, desiring them to consider "whether they should further press the lady Anne to write to her brother or no." However, before he concludes the letter, he determines that point himself: "We have resolved, that it is requisite ye should now, before your departure, procure both the writing of such a letter to her brother, and also the letter before written to us in English, subscribed with her hand, to be by her written in Dutch, to the intent that all things might more clearly appear to him." "And concerning these letters to her brother, how well soever she speaketh now, with promises, to abandon the *condition* (caprices) of a woman, and evermore to remain constant in her proceedings, we think good, nevertheless, rather by good ways and means to prevent, that she should not play the woman (though she would), than to depend upon her promise. Nor after she hath felt, at our hand, all gratuity and kindness, and known our liberality towards her in what she requireth, to leave her at liberty, upon the receipt of her brother's letters, to gather more stomach and stubbornness than were expedient. So that if her brother, upon desperation of us, should write to her in such wise, as she might fondly take to heart, and fancy to swerve from her conformity, all our gentle handling of her should, in such case, be frustrate, and only serve her for the maintenance of such conceit as she might take in that behalf, and that she should not play the woman though she would. Therefore, our pleasure is, that ye travail with her to write a letter to her brother directly, with other sentences, agreeably to the minutes which we send you herewith, as near as ye can. For persuading her thereto, ye may say, that considering she hath so honourably and virtuously proceeded hitherto, whereby she hath procured herself much love, favour, and reputation, it shall be well done, if she advertises her brother of all things, as he may demean himself wisely, temperately, and moderately, in the affair, not giving ear to tales and *bruits* (reports). Unless these letters be obtained, all *shall* (will) remain uncertain upon a woman's promise, viz.—that she will be no woman—the accomplishment whereof, on her behalf, is as difficult in the refraining of a woman's will, upon occasion, as in changing her womanish nature, which is impossible."[2]

[1] The letter, which may be seen at full length in the collection of State Papers, printed by authority of our government, concludes in these words: "Thus, most gracious prince, I beseech our Lord God to send your majesty long life and good health, to God's glory, your own honour, and the wealth of this noble realm. From Richmond, the 11th day of July, the 32d year of your majesty's most noble reign.

"Your majesty's most humble sister and servant,

"ANNA, of CLEVES."

[2] State Papers.

And thus did this tyrannical self-deceiver, while in the very act of manifesting the most absurd caprice that any despot could perpetrate, reflect on the constancy of the female sex; the most wayward and weak of whom could scarcely vie with him in fickleness and folly.

"Ye may say to her," he concludes, "for her comfort, that howsoever her brother may conduct himself, or her other friends, she (continuing in her uniformity) shall never fare the worse for their faults. Given under our signet, at our palace of Westminster, the 13th of July, the 32d year of our reign."

In three days, Anne, or her advisers, addressed the following letter to Henry:—

"Most excellent and noble prince, and my most benign and good brother, I do most humbly thank you for your great goodness, favour, and liberality, which, as well by your majesty's own letters, as by the report and declaration of your councillors, the lord great master, the lord privy seal, and your grace's secretary, I perceive it hath pleased you to determine towards me. Whereunto I have no more to answer, but that I shall ever remain your majesty's most humble sister and servant."[1]

The duke of Suffolk, Henry's ready tool in all his matrimonial tyrannies, lord Southampton, and sir Thomas Wriothesley, the king's secretary, went to the queen at Richmond, and, in their narrative of their proceedings with her, take great credit for having animated her to subscribe herself the king's sister; they brought a token from the king, which consisted of 500 marks in gold, being an instalment in advance of her pension, which she received both humbly and thankfully; and having read the king's letters, returned to him her marriage-ring as a token of her sincerity, with a letter written in German, the tenor of which the councillors sent translated to the king. On the 17th of July, these persons, by the order of Henry, came to Richmond to discharge such officers of her household as had been sworn to attend her as queen, and to appoint such others as were assigned to wait on her, and serve her, as domestics, as the king's adopted sister. "At which time she both took her leave of such as departed, and welcomed very gently her new servants, at that time, by the said duke, earl, and sir Thomas, presented to her."

"She declared withal, of herself, how much she was bound to the king's majesty, and how determined she was to submit herself wholly to repose in his goodness, according to her writing made to his highness; saying, 'she would be found no woman by inconstancy and mutability, though all the world should move her to the contrary, neither for her mother, brother, or none other person living;' adding, 'that she would receive no letters nor message from her brother, her mother, nor none of her kin and friends, but she would send them to the king's majesty, and be guided by his determination.'" After this, they again attended her, to present unto her "certain things of great value and richness, which his grace then gave to her, and also to show to her certain letters, which his majesty had received from the duke, her brother, and also from

[1] State Papers, vol. i. pp. 641, 642.

the bishop of Bath, ambassador from England, then resident at the court of the duke of Cleves. Which letters, being opened and read, she gave most humble thanks to the king's majesty that it pleased him to communicate the same to her. And as, from a part of the English ambassador's letter, there appeared as if doubts had arisen in the minds of the duke of Cleves, and Osliger, his minister, as to whether the lady Anne were well treated, she wrote a letter to her brother, in her own language, and had a nephew of Osliger's then in king Henry's service called in, and told him, before the said duke, earl, and sir Thomas, to make her hearty commendations to her brother, and to signify to him that she was *merry* (cheerful) and honourably treated, and had written her full and whole mind to him in all things." "And this," continues the document, "she did with such alacrity, pleasant gesture, and countenance, as he (young Osliger), which saw it, may well testify that he found her not miscontented." To the care of this Flemish youth was deputed the conveyance of Anne's letter to her brother, from which the following are extracts:—

"My dear and well-beloved brother,—After my most hearty commendation. Whereas, by your letters of the 13th of this month, which I have seen, written to the king's majesty of England, my most dear and most kind brother, I do perceive you take the matter, lately moved and determined between him and me, somewhat to heart. Forasmuch as I had rather ye knew the truth by mine advertisement, than for want thereof ye should be deceived by vain reports, I thought *mete* to write these present letters to you, by the which it shall please you to understand, how the nobles and commons of this realm desired the king's highness to commit the examination of the matter of marriage between his majesty and me to the determination of the holy clergy of this realm. I did then willingly consent thereto; and since their determination made, have also, upon intimation of their proceedings, allowed, approved, and agreed to the same."

She then proceeds to say, that she was provided for and adopted as the king's sister, and that she wishes her good mother to know the same; she likewise desires that no interruption may take place in the political alliance between England and her native country, and concludes, "God willing, I purpose to lead my life in this realm.

"ANNA, Duchess born of Cleves, Gulick, Geldre, and Berge, and your loving sister."[1]

The only danger to Anne, at this crisis, arose from her extreme readiness to get rid of her tyrant, who expected that his wives should love him passionately, all the time he was tormenting and persecuting them. His agents proceeded to write:—

"After she had dined, she made a further declaration, that she neither would, nor justly might, hereafter, repute herself as his grace's wife, or in anywise vary from what she had said and written; and again declared she had returned his majesty the ring delivered to her at her *pretenced* marriage, with her most humble commendations."

The king was at this time at the More, in Hertfordshire.

Another letter from Anne to her brother is preserved; it is without date, but evidently written at the same time as the preceding, and, from

[1] State Papers, vol. i. p. 643.

the concluding sentence, it is easy to perceive she dreaded that the slightest interference from her continental friends would imperil her life:—

"Brother,

"Because I had rather ye know the truth by mine advertisement, than for want thereof be deceived by false reports, I write these present letters to you, by which ye shall understand that being advertised how the nobles and commons of this realm, desired the king's highness here, to commit the examination of the matter of marriage between me and his majesty to the determination of the clergy, I did the more willingly consent thereto; and since the determination made, have also allowed, approved, and agreed unto the same, wherein I have more respect (as becometh me) to truth and good pleasure than any worldly affection that might move me to the contrary.

"I account God pleased with what is done, and know myself to have suffered no wrong or injury, my person being preserved in the integrity which I brought into this realm, and I truly discharged from all bond of consent. I find the king's highness, whom I cannot justly have as my husband, to be, nevertheless, a most kind, loving and friendly father and brother, and to use me as honourably, and with as much liberality, as you, I myself, or any of our kin or allies, could wish; wherein I am, for mine own part, so well content and satisfied, that I much desire my mother, you, and other, mine allies, so to understand, accept, and take it, and so to use yourself towards this noble and virtuous prince, as he may have cause to continue his friendship towards you, which on his behalf shall nothing be impaired or altered in this matter—for so it hath pleased his highness to signify to me, that like as he will show to me always a most fatherly and brotherly kindness, and has so provided for me, so will he remain with you and other, according to the knot of amity which between you hath been concluded (this matter notwithstanding), in such wise as neither I, *ne* you, nor any of our friends, shall have just cause of miscontentment.

"Thus much I have thought necessary to write to you, lest, for want of true knowledge, ye might take this matter otherwise than ye ought, and in other sort care for me than ye have cause. *Only I require this of you, that ye so conduct yourself as for your untowardness in this matter, I fare not the worse, whereunto I trust you will have regard.*"

Thus we see that Anne was in effect detained by Henry as a hostage, for the conduct of her brother and his allies, for she plainly intimates that any hostility from them will be visited on her head.

Marillac, in relating this transaction to the king his master, in a letter dated July 21st, says,—

"The marriage has been dissolved, and the queen appears to make no objection. The only answer her brother's ambassador can get from her is, 'that she wishes in all things to please the king her lord, bearing testimony of his good treatment of her, and desiring to remain in this country. This being reported to the king makes him show her the greater respect. He gives her the palace of Richmond and other places for life, with 12,000 crowns for her revenue, but has forbidden the vicars and ministers to call her queen any more, but only 'my lady Anne of Cleves,' which is cause of great regret to the people, whose love she had gained, and who esteemed her as one of the most sweet, gracious, and humane queens they have had, and they greatly desired her to continue with them as their queen. Now, it is said, that the king is going to marry a young lady of extraordinary beauty, a daughter of a deceased brother of the duke of Norfolk; it is even reported that this marriage has already taken place, only it is kept secret; I cannot say if it is true. The queen takes it all in good part."

This certainly was her best policy, as his excellency seems to think.

July 28th, Cromwell was brought to the block, and two days after Dr. Barnes was committed to the flames in Smithfield.[1] The divorced queen had reason to congratulate herself that she had escaped with life, when she saw what was the doom of the two principal agents in her late marriage. There are in Rymer's Fœdera[2] two patents subsequent to the divorce, which relate to this lady. The former, dated 9th January, 1541, is a grant of naturalisation in the usual form. In the other, she is described as Anna of Cleve, &c., who had come into England on a treaty of marriage, which, although celebrated in the face of the church, yet never received a real consummation, because the conditions were not fulfilled in due time; that the marriage was, therefore, dissolved by mutual consent, and she being content to abide in this realm, and to yield to its laws, and to discharge her conscience of that pretended marriage, the king, of his especial favour, granted to her certain manors and estates in divers counties, lately forfeited by the attainder of the earl of Essex and sir Nicholas Carew, to be held, without rendering account, from the Lady-day foregoing the said grant, which was dated on the 20th of January, 1541.

These estates were granted to her, on condition that she should not pass beyond the sea during her life. Anne of Cleves possessed the manor of Denham Hall, Essex, as part of her jointure or appanage, as appears from the Court Roll, beginning "Cur' Serenissime Dna ..... Anne de Cleve;" it may be observed the steward, not venturing to style her queen after the divorce, and not knowing what to call her, properly leaves a blank before Anne.

During the six months that Anne of Cleves was Henry's queen, some very important changes were effected, especially the dissolution of the monasteries, and the institution of the six bloody articles. As far as her little power went she was at this time a friend to the Reformation, yet soon after a convert to catholicism. Owen Oglethorpe owed his promotion as a bishop to her favour.

After the divorce Anne continued to reside at her palace at Richmond, and on the 6th of August Henry *honoured* her with a visit. She received him with a pleasant countenance, and treated him with all due respect, which put him into such high good humour, that he supped with her merrily, and demeaned himself so lovingly, and with such singular graciousness, that some of the bystanders fancied he was going to take her for his queen again.[3] There is little doubt, however, that he was already married to her beautiful young rival, Katharine Howard, whom two days afterwards he publicly introduced to his court as his queen. Perhaps he considered it prudent to pay a previous visit to Anne to ascertain whether any objection would be raised on her part to his investing another with her lawful title. Anne wisely treated the affair with complacency. The duke of Cleves wept with bitter mortification when he received the account of his sister's wrongs, and found himself precluded from testifying the indignation they inspired. Anne, on the con-

[1] Burnet's Reformation, vol. i. p. 188.
[2] Fœdera, xiv. 709 714.
[3] Despatches of Marillac, Bibliothèque du Roi.

trary, manifested the most lively satisfaction at having regained her freedom. The yoke of which Henry complained had, certainly, been no silken bond to her, and no sooner was she fairly released from it, than she exhibited a degree of vivacity she had never shown during her matrimonial probation. Marillac says, "This is marvellous prudence on her part, though some consider it stupidity;" but that which seemed to make the greatest impression on our diplomatic gossip was, that she every day put on a rich new dress, "each more wonderful than the last,"[1] which made two things very apparent, first, that she did not take the loss of Henry very much to heart; and secondly, that her bridal *trousseau* was of a very magnificent description. Bad as Henry's conduct was to his rejected consort, one of the kings of France behaved still more dishonourably under similar circumstances, for he not only sent his affianced bride back with contempt, but detained her costly wardrobe and jewels for the use of a lady who had found more favour in his sight.

Marillac tells his sovereign, September 3d, 1540, "Madame of Cleves has a more joyous countenance than ever. She wears a great variety of dresses, and passes all her time in sports and recreations." From his excellency's next report of the 17th of the same month, we gather that the divorced queen was said to be in a situation which would, if it had been really the case, have placed the king in a peculiar state of embarrassment, between his passion for his beautiful young bride, and his frantic desire of increasing his family. Yet Marillac observes, in his despatch of November 1st, "that no more is said of the repudiated queen than if she were dead."

Anne passed her time very comfortably, nevertheless, at her Richmond Palace, or among the more sequestered bowers of Ham,[2] and in the exercise of all the gentle charities of life pursued the even tenor of her way. Her brother could not be induced to admit the invalidity of the marriage, and the bishop of Bath, who had been sent over to reconcile him, if possible, to the arrangement into which Anne had entered, could get no further declaration from him than this, "He was glad his sister had fared no worse."[3]

In the first steps of the divorce, an option was given to Anne as to her residence, either in England or abroad; yet the liberty of choice was illusory; the divorce-jointure of 3000*l.* per annum was made up of many detached grants of crown lands, among which the confiscated possessions of Cromwell stand conspicuous, but to all these grants the condition of her residence in England was attached.[4] A prudent regard to her pecuniary interests, therefore, in all probability, withheld this much-injured princess from returning to her father-land and the fond arms of that mother who had reluctantly resigned her to a royal husband so little worthy of possessing a wife of "lowly and gentle conditions."

[1] Despatches of Marillac, Bibliothèque du Roi.

[2] Some relics still remain at Ham House of this era, chiefly ornaments of the fire-places, with the portcullis figured thereon, seen by the author this summer of 1843.

[3] Lord Herbert's Henry VIII. vol. ii. fol. 224. [4] See Manning's Surrey.

Meekly as Anne demeaned herself in her retirement, a jealous watch was kept on her proceedings, and the correspondence of herself and household by king Henry's ministers, as we find by the following entry in the privy-council book of July 22d, 1541 :—

"William Sheffield, lately one of the retinue at Calais, was apprehended, for having said he had letters from the lady Anne of Cleves to the duke of Norfolk, and was brought before the council and searched, when it was found that his letters were only from one Edward Bynings of Calais to Mrs. Howard, the old duchess of Norfolk's woman, to Mrs. Katharine Bassett, and Mrs. Sympson, the lady Anne of Cleve's women, which were but letters of friendship from private individuals; yet he was committed for further examination."[1] The investigation came to nothing. The good sense and amiable temper of Anne preserved her from involving herself in any of the political intrigues of the times; and she with truly queenly dignity avoided all appearance of claiming the sympathy of any class of Henry's subjects. But though she avoided the snares of party, she was not so much forgotten by the people of England as the French ambassador imagined. The friends of the Reformation regarded her as the king's lawful wife, and vainly hoped the time would come when, cloyed with the charms of the youthful beauty for whom he had discarded her, he would fling his idol from him, as he had done the once adored Anne Boleyn, and reinstate the injured Fleming in her rights.

Within the sixteen months after Anne of Cleves had been compelled to resign the crown matrimonial of England, the fall of her fair successor took place.

When the news reached Anne's quiet little court at Richmond of the explosion which had filled the royal bowers of Hampton with confusion, and precipitated queen Katharine from a throne to a prison, the excitement among the female portion of Anne's household could not be restrained. The domestic troubles of the king were regarded by them as an immediate visitation of retributive justice for the unfounded aspersions he had cast upon their virtuous mistress; the feelings of some of these ladies carried them so far beyond the bounds of prudence, that two of them, Jane Ratsey and Elizabeth Bassett, were summoned before the council, and committed to prison, for having said, "What! is God working his own work to make the lady Anne of Cleve queen again?" Jane Ratsey added many praises of the lady Anne, with disqualifying remarks on queen Katharine, and said, "It was impossible that so sweet a queen as the lady Anne could be utterly put down;" to which *Elizabeth* Bassett[2] rejoined, "What a man the king is! How many wives *will* he have?" The ladies were very sternly questioned by the council, as to their motives in presuming to utter such audacious comments on the matrimonial affairs of the sovereign. On which Elizabeth Bassett, being greatly alarmed, endeavoured to excuse herself by saying she

[1] Sir Harris Nicolas' Acts of Privy Council, vol. vii.

[2] This name, perhaps, ought to be Katharine Bassett, as we see above that Katharine's letters were intercepted. She was the same maid of honour, whose curious letter to her stepmother is quoted pp. 340, 341, of this biography.

was so greatly astounded at the tidings of queen Katharine's naughty behaviour, that she must have lost her senses when she permitted herself to give utterance to the treasonable words, "What a man the king is! How many more wives will he have?"[1]

Two days after, a more serious matter connected with Anne was brought before the council, for it was confidently reported that she had been brought to bed of a "faire boye," of which the king was th father, but that she had neither apprised him, or his cabinet, of the fact. This rumour threw both Henry and his council into great perplexity especially as the capricious monarch had honoured his discarded consort with several private visits at her palace of Richmond; and it is moreover evident, that Anne had actually passed some days at the royal residence of Hampton Court as the guest of Henry and his young queen, which seemed to give colour to the tale. Henry expressed himself as highly displeased with the ladies and officers of state at Richmond, for not having apprised him of the supposed situation of the ex-queen. The affair came to nothing, and proved to be an unfounded scandal, which originated in some impertinent busybody's comment on an illness that confined poor Anne to her bed at this momentous period. The said scandal was traced by the council from one inveterate gossip to another, through no less than six persons, as we learn from the following minute of their proceedings, forming a curious interlude in the examinations touching Henry's other queen, Katharine Howard:—

"We examined, also, partly before dinner and partly after, a new matter, being a report that the lady Anne of Cleves should be delivered of a fair boy, and whose should it be but the king's majesty's? which is a most abominable slander, and for this time necessary to be met withal This matter was told to Taverner of the Signet, more than a fortnigh ago, both by his mother-in-law (Lambert's wife, the goldsmith); and by Taverner's own wife, who saith she heard it of Lilgrave's wife, and Lambert's wife heard it also of the old lady Carew. Taverner kept it (concealed it), but they (the women) with others have made it common matter of talk. Taverner never revealed it till Sunday night, at which time he told it to Dr. Cox,[3] to be further declared if he thought good, who immediately disclosed it to me the lord privy seal. We have committed Taverner to the custody of *me* the bishop of Winchester; likewise Lambert's wife (who seemeth to have been a dunce in it), to Mr. the chancellor of the augmentations."[4]

Absurd as the report was, it made a wonderful impression on the mind of the king, who occupied a ludicrous position in the eyes of Europe as the husband of two living wives, who were both the subjects of a delicate investigation at the same moment. The attention of the privy council was distracted between the evidences on the respective charges against the rival queens for nearly a fortnight; a fact that has never been named in history.

How obstinate Henry's suspicions of his ill-treated Flemish consort were may be seen by the following order to his council:—

[1] MSS. 33 Henry VIII., State Paper Office. [2] Ibid.
[3] *Prince* Edward's tutor. [4] Printed State Papers, vol. i. pp. 697, 698.

"His majesty thinketh it requisite to have it *groundly* (thoroughly) examined, and further ordered by your discretions, as the manner of the case requireth; to inquire diligently, whether the said Anne of Cleves hath indeed had any child or no, as it is bruited (reported), for his *majesty hath been informed that it is* so indeed, in which part his majesty imputeth a great default in her officers, for not advising his highness thereof, if it be true. Not doubting but your lordships will *groundly* examine the same, and finding out the truth of the whole matter, will advise his majesty thereof accordingly."[1]

Dorothy Wingfield, one of the lady Anne's bed-chamber women, and the officers of her household, were subjected to a strict examination before the council, and it was not till the 30th of December that they came to the decision, that Frances Lilgrave,[2] widow, having slandered the lady Anne of Cleves, and touched also the king's person, she affirming to have heard the report of others, whom she refused to name, should be for her punishment committed to the Tower, and Richard Taverner, clerk of the signet, also, for concealing the same."[3]

No sooner was Anne cleared from this imputation, than a great effort was made by her brother, and the protestant party, to effect a reunion between her and the king. The duke of Cleves evidently imagined that the disgrace of the new queen was neither more nor less than the first move of the king and his ministers towards a reconciliation with Anne. The duke's ambassador opened the business to the earl of Southampton, to whom Osliger also wrote a pressing letter, urging the expediency of such a measure.[4] Southampton communicated the particulars to the king of his interview with the ambassadors on the subject, and inclosed Osliger's letter, but was certainly too well aware of Henry's opinion of the lady to venture to second the representations of the court of Cleves. The next attempt was made by the ambassadors on Cranmer, which is thus related by him in the following curious letter to the king:—[5]

"It may please your majesty to be advertised, that yesterday the ambassador of Cleve came to my house at Lambeth and delivered to me letters from Osliger, vice-chancellor to the duke of Cleve, the purport whereof is nothing else, but to commend to me the cause of the lady Anne of Cleve, which, though he trusted I should do of myself, yet he saith the occasion is such that he will not put spurs to a horse which runneth of his own courage. When I had read the letter and considered that no cause was expressed specially, but only in general that I should have commended the cause of the lady Anne of Cleve.

"After some demur, the ambassador came to the point, and plainly asked me to effect the reconciliation. Whereunto I answered, that I thought it not a little strange, that Osliger should think it meet for me to move a reconciliation of that matrimony of the which I, as much as any other person, knew most just cause of divorce. (*Cranmer then declared he could take no steps in the matter unless the king should command him.*) 'But,' continued he, 'I shall signify the same to his highness, and thereupon you shall have an answer.' Now what shall be your majesty's pleasure that I shall do, whether to make a general answer to Osliger by writing, or that I shall make a certain answer in this point to the ambassador

[1] State Papers, 701.
[2] The Lilgraves were the court-embroiderers. See Life of Anne Boleyn.
[3] Register of the Privy Council Office, p. 288. [4] State Papers, MSS. 294
[5] Haynes's State Papers, 716, 717

by mouth? I most humbly beseech your majesty that I may be advertised, and according thereto I shall order myself, by the grace of God, whom I beseech daily to have your majesty evermore in his protection and governance. From my manor of Lambeth, this Tuesday, the 13th of January.

"Your grace's most bounded
"chaplain and bedesman,
"T. CANTUARIEN."

Cranmer, warned by the fate of Cromwell, ventured not to urge the king to put his head a second time into the yoke with his discarded consort, and the negotiation came to nothing. Perhaps Anne herself was unwilling to risk her life by entering again into the perilous thraldom from which she had been once released. The tragic fate of her fair young rival must have taught her to rejoice that she had saved her own head by resigning a crown without a struggle.

In June 1543 Anne received a friendly visit from her step-daughter, the princess Mary, who stayed with her some days, and on her departure gave very liberal largesses to the officers of the household, from the gentlemen-ushers down to the servants of the scullery department.[1] In the August of the same year Anne's mother, the widowed duchess of Cleves, died. Early in the following year Anne sent the princess Mary a present of Spanish sewing or embroidery silk.[2]

No event of any importance occurred to break the peaceful tenor of Anne's life till the death of Henry VIII. In the first letter of Edward Seymour (afterwards the duke of Somerset) to the council of regency, he gives the following directions:[3] "If ye have not already advertised my lady Anne of Cleves of king Henry's death, it shall be well done if ye send some express person for the same." This event left the ill-treated princess at full liberty, had she wished, to marry, or to return to her own country. But of marriage Anne had had an evil specimen; and, with greater wisdom than Henry's other widow, Katharine Parr, she retained her independence by remaining in single blessedness. She had acquired the English language and English habits, and formed an intimate friendship with Henry's daughter, the princess Mary, who was a few months older than herself, as well as the young Elizabeth, to whom she appears to have behaved with great tenderness. England had therefore become her country, and it was natural that she should prefer a residence where she was honoured and loved by all to whom her excellent qualities were known, to returning to her native land, after the public affronts that had been put upon her by the coarse-minded tyrant to whom she had been sacrificed by her family. Besides these cogent reasons, her property in England required her personal care, as it was subjected to some mutations by the new government, of which the records of the times afford proofs.[4] Among others, the following letter from Anne to her former step-daughter:—

"ANNE of CLEVES to PRINCESS MARY.

"Madam,

"After my most hearty commendations to your grace, being very desirous to

[1] Sir F. Madden's Privy-Purse Expenses, Princess Mary. [2] Ibid.
[3] Tytler's Edward and Mary, vol. i. p. 18.
[4] Hearne's Sylloge; likewise a letter from Edward VI.'s Council, 1547, signifies that the lady Anne of Cleves shall have the use of the house, deer, and woods

hear of your prosperous health, wherein I very much rejoice, it may please you to be advertised that it hath pleased the king's majesty to have in exchange my manor and lands of Bisham, in the county of Berkshire, granting me in recompense the house of Westropp, in Suffolk, with the two parks and certain manors thereunto adjoining; notwithstanding, if it had been his highness' pleasure, I was well contented to have continued without exchange. After which grant, for mine own assurance in that behalf, I have travailed, to my great cost and charge, almost this twelve months; it hath passed the king's majesty's bill, signed, and the privy seal being now, as I am informed, stayed at the great seal, for that you, madam, be minded to have the same, not knowing, as I suppose, of the said grant. I have also received at this Michaelmas last past part of the rent of the aforesaid manors. Considering the premises, and for the amity which hath always been between us (of which I most heartily desire the continuance), that it may please you therefore to ascertain me by your letters or otherwise, as it shall stand with your pleasure. And thus, good madam, I commit you unto the ever-living God, to have you in merciful keeping. From my house of Bletchingly, the viii. day of January, anno M.V°.Liii.

"Your assured loving friend to her little power to command,

"ANNA, the *dowghter* of Cleves."

The last public appearance of Anne of Cleves was at the coronation of queen Mary, where she had her place in the regal procession, and rode in the same carriage with the princess Elizabeth, with whom she was always on the most affectionate terms. That precedence which Henry VIII. insured to her she always enjoyed, nor did any of the ladies of the royal family attempt to dispute it with her. But her happiness appears to have been in the retirement of domestic life.

Two of her brothers, William duke of Cleves, and his successor, John William, were subject to mental malady, and died insane, but nothing appears to have ever ruffled the tranquil temperament of this amiable princess, who in the most difficult and trying situations conducted herself with great prudence.

After the celebration of queen Mary's marriage with Philip of Spain, at Winchester, Anne of Cleves addressed to the royal bride a congratulatory epistle, in which, being evidently perplexed by the undefined dignity of queen-regnant, she rings the changes on the titles "majesty," "highness," and "grace," in a singular manner:

"To the Queen's Majesty.

"After my humble commendations unto *your majesty*, with thanks for your loving favour showed to me in my last suit, and praying of *your highness* your loving continuance, it may please *your highness* to understand that I am informed of *your grace's* return to London again, and being desirous to do my duty to see *your majesty* and the king, if it may so stand with *your highness'* pleasure, and that I may know when and where I shall wait on *your majesty* and *his*. Wishing you both much joy and felicity, with increase of children to God's glory, and

of Penshurst, as she now has those of Bletchingly. The eagerness of the letter in setting forth the superior advantages of Penshurst to her present residence, leads to the inference that the exchange was not voluntary on the part of Anne. Among the conveniences of Penshurst is mentioned its contiguity to Hever. The council adds, that her transfer from Bletchingly to Penshurst was the intention of the deceased king Henry, but they conclude with assertions that it is their wish in all things to please and gratify her grace.—Archæologia.

to the preservation of your prosperous estates, long to continue with honour in all godly virtue. From my poor house at Hever, the 4th of August.

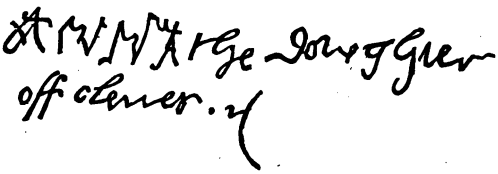
"Your highness' to command,

"ANNA, the daughter of Cleves."

Endorsed "The lady Anne of Cleves to the Queen's Majesty, August 4, 1554."

Anne retained property at Bletchingly after this exchange, in proof whereof is her receipt, early in the reign of queen Mary, to sir Thomas Carden, who was master of the revels at the court of Henry VIII., his son, and daughter. This document, signed by her own hand, is among the Losely MSS.,[1] dated the last day of December, first year of Philip and Mary (1553):—

"Received of sir Thomas Carden, knight, the day and year above written, for one quarter of a year's rent, due unto us by the same sir Thomas Carden, at this feast of Christmas, according to an indenture bearing date the second day of October, in the year aforesaid, the sum of 8*l.* 13*s.* 9*d.*, in full contentation, satisfaction, and payment of our rents at Bletchingly, and our lands there, and in clear discharge of the same rents to this present day before dated. We have to these letters, being our acquittance, subscribed our name for his discharge.



Anne of Cleves spent much of her time at a residence she had at Dartford, being one of the suppressed abbeys which Henry VIII. had turned into a hunting-seat, and Edward VI. had given it into the bargain when the exchange was made between Bletchingly and Penshurst. She was abiding at Dartford the year before her death, when sir Thomas Carden, her tenant at Bletchingly, who appears to have been likewise her man of business on all occasions, came to her at Dartford, and she begged him to get certain stores laid in at the Blackfriars for her residence, against she came to London, which request was made before the officers of her household, "for her grace lacked money to buy the needful furniture, and she promised payment to Sir Thomas if he would make the purchases for her." But the amount was left unpaid at the death of Anne of Cleves, and it appears from sir Thomas Carden's account, she was without money at the time she requested him to make the purchases. Of his outlay the Losely MSS. furnish items. Her cellar he furnishes with three hogsheads of Gascoigne wine, at 3*l.* each; ten gallons of Malmsey, at 20*d.* per gallon; eleven gallons of muscadel, at 2*s.* 2*d.* per gallon; and sack, ten gallons, at 16*d.* per gallon. The spicery had a stock of three pounds of ginger, 3*s.*; of cinnamon, three ounces, 15*d.*; cloves and mace, six ounces; pepper, one pound, 2*s.* 4*d.*; raisins, two pounds, at 2*d.* per pound; while two pounds of prunes cost 3*d.* Three muttons at 7*s.* each, twenty capons, and a dozen lower price, cost 6*s.*, two dozen rabits cost 3*s.* In the pastry department was laid in one

[1] Losely MSS. edited by A. J. Kempe, Esq. p. 10.

bushel of fine wheat-flour, at the great price of 6*s.* per bushel. Thirty loads of coals were laid in, at 16*s.* the load; a vast many fagots and billets, and three dozen rushes for strewing the floors, at 20*d.* the dozen. In the chandry, sir Thomas Carden had provided thirty-five pounds of wax-lights, sixes and fours to the pound, and prickets, which last were stuck on a spike to be burnt; these wax-candles were 1*s.* per pound; staff-torches were provided at 1*s.* 4*d.* a-piece, and white lights eighteen dozen. Over and above sundry fair pots of pewter by the said sir Thomas bought and provided to serve in the buttery for the lady Anne's household, likewise brass, iron, and *latten* pots, pans, kettles, skillets, ladles, skimmers, spits, trays, and flaskets, with divers other utensils and properties furnished, to the value of 9*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*, some of which were broken, spoiled, and lost, and the rest remain at his house to his use, for which he asks no compensation. Likewise two dozen of fair new pewter candlesticks, delivered for her grace's chandry and chambers. The whole account finishes with a remark that he had provided sundry kinds of fresh fish, as carps, pikes, and tenches, at the request of her grace, which were privately dressed in her grace's laundry, for the *trial of cookery*, by which it has been surmised that Anne made private experiments in the noble culinary art.

Anne possessed the placid domestic virtues which seem in a manner indigenous to German princesses. "She was," says Holingshed, who lived in her century, "a lady of right commendable regard, courteous, gentle, a good housekeeper, and very bountiful to her servants." She spent her time at the head of her own little court, which was a happy household within itself, and we may presume well governed, for we hear neither of plots nor quarrels, tale-bearings nor mischievous intrigues, as rife in her home-circle. She was tenderly beloved by her domestics, and well attended by them in her last sickness. She died at the age of forty-one, of some declining illness, which she took calmly and patiently. Her will is a very *naïve* production, showing the most minute attention to all things that could benefit her own little domestic world. It was made but two days before her death, being dated July 12th and 15th, 1577; it is, when divested of tautologies, as follows:—

"We, Anna, daughter of John, late duke of Cleves, and sister to the excellent prince William, now reigning duke of Cleves, Gulick (Juliers), and Barre, sick in body, but whole in mind and memory, thanks be to Almighty God, declare this to be our last will and testament: 1st, We give and bequeath our soul to the holy Trinity, and our body to be buried where it shall please God. 2dly, We most heartily pray our executors undernamed to be humble suitors for us, and in our name, to the queen's most excellent majesty, that our debts may be truly contented and paid to every one of our creditors, and that they will see the same justly answered for our discharge.[1] Beseeching also the queen's highness of her clemency to grant unto our executors the receipts of our land accustomed to be due at Michaelmas, towards the payment of our creditors. For that is not the moiety of our revenues, nor payable wholly at that time, and not able to answer the charge of our household, especially this year,[2] the price of all cattle and other

[1] For the health of her soul, which, as a catholic, she considered debts endangered.

[2] It was a time of famine: witness the enormous price of 6*s.* for a bushel of flour, in the accounts of sir Thomas Carden.

acats (purchases) exceeding the old rate. 3dly, We earnestly require our said executors to be good lords and masters to all our poor servants, to whom we give and bequeath every one of them, being in our check-roll, as well to our officers as others, taking wages either from the queen's highness or from us, from the current month of July, one whole year's wages, also as much black cloth, at 13*s.* 4*d.* per yard, as will make them each a gown and hood, and to every one of our gentlemen waiters and gentlewomen accordingly. And to our yeomen, grooms, and children of our household, two yards each of black cloth, at 9*s.* the yard. Also to every one of the gentlewomen of our privy chamber, for their great pains taken with us, to Mrs. Wingfield, 100*l.*; 20*l.* to Susan Broughton towards her marriage; to Dorothy Curzon, towards her marriage, 100*l.*; to Mrs. Haymond, 20*l.* (*To twelve other ladies, who seem in the like degree, she bequeaths various sums, from* 10*l. to* 16*l. each.*) To our laundress, Elizabeth Eliot, 10*l.*, and to mother Lovell (*this was the nurse of her sick room*), for her attendance upon us in this time of this our sickness, 10*l.*

"Item, we give and bequeath to every one of our gentlemen daily attendant on us, over and beside our former bequests (viz. *wages and black cloth*) 10*l.*, that is to say, to Thomas Blackgrove, 10*l.*, to John Wymbushe, 10*l.* (*eight gentlemen are enumerated*); likewise to our yeomen and grooms, 11*s.* a-piece, and to all the children of our house 10*s* a-piece. And we give to the duke of Cleves, our brother, a ring of gold with a fair diamond, and to our sister, the duchess of Cleves, his wife, a ring, having therein a great rock of ruby, the ring being black enamelled. Also we give to our sister, the lady Emely, a ring of gold, having thereon a fair pointed diamond. And to the lady Katharine, duchess of Suffolk,[1] a ring of gold, having a fair table diamond, somewhat long, and to the countess of Arundel a ring of gold, having a fair table diamond, with an H. and I. of gold set under the stone. Moreover, we give and bequeath to the lord Paget, lord privy seal, a ring of gold, having therein a three-cornered diamond, and to our cousin, the lord Waldeck,[2] a ring of gold, having therein a fair great hollow ruby. Moreover, our mind and will is, that our plate, jewels, and robes, be sold with other of our goods and chattels, towards the payment of our debts, funerals, and legacies. And we do further bequeath to Dr. Symonds, our *phisicon*, towards his great pains, labours, and travails, taken oft-times with us, 20*l.*; and to Alarde, our surgeon and servant, 4*l.*; and to our servant John Guligh, over and above his wages, 10*l.*; and to every one of our alms-children, towards their education, 10*l.* a-piece, to be delivered according to the discretion of our executors. Also we will and bequeath to the poor of Richmond, Bletchingly, Hever, and Dartford, 4*l.* to each parish, to be paid to the churchwardens at the present, and to be laid out by the advice of our servants thereabouts dwelling. And to our chaplains, sir Otho Rampello, and to sir Denis Thoms, either of them to pray for us, 5*l.* and a black gown. And to our poor servant James Powell, 10*l.*, and to Elya Turpin, our old laundress, to pray for us, 4*l.*, and to our late servant, Otho Willicke, 20*l.*; and our will and pleasure is, that our servants, sir Otho Rampello, Arnold Ringlebury, John Guligh, John Solenbrough, Derrick Pasman, Arnold Holgins, and George Hagalas being our countrymen, and minding to depart out of this realm of England, shall have, towards their expenses, every one 10*l.* And we bequeath to Thomas Perce, our cofferer, to Thomas Hawe, our clerk-comptroller, and to Michael Apsley, clerk of our kitchen, for their pains with us taken sundry ways, over and beside their formal wages, 10*l.* each. And our will and pleasure is, that our said cofferer, who hath disbursed much for us, for the maintenance of our estate and household, should be truly paid by our executors, likewise all other of our servants that hath disbursed any money for us at any time, if they have not been paid. The residue of all our goods, plate jewels, robes, cattle, and debts, not given or bequeathed, after our funeral debts and legacies, we give and bequeath to the right honourable Nicholas Heathe,

[1] *The heiress of* Willoughby, *fourth wife and widow to Charles Brandon, duke of Suffolk.*

[2] The count of Waldeck.

archbishop of York, and lord chancellor of England, Henry earl of Arundel, sir Edmund Peckman, and sir Richard Preston, knights, whom we ordain and make executors of this our last will and testament. And our most dearest and entirely beloved sovereign lady, queen Mary, we earnestly desire to be our overseer of our said last will, with most humble request to see the same performed as shall to her highness seem best for the health of our soul: and in token of the special trust and affiance which we have in her grace, we do give and bequeath to her most excellent majesty, for a remembrance, our best jewel, beseeching her highness that our poor servants may enjoy such small gifts and grants as we have made unto them, in consideration of their long service done unto us, being appointed to wait on us at the first erection of our household by her majesty's late father, of most famous memory, king Henry VIII., for that his said majesty said then unto us, 'that he would account our servants his own, and their service done to us as if done to himself.' Therefore we beseech the queen's majesty so to accept them in this time of their extreme need. Moreover, we give and bequeath to the lady Elizabeth's grace [*afterwards queen Elizabeth*] my second best jewel, with our hearty request to accept and take into her service one of our poor maids, named Dorothy Curzon. And we do likewise give and bequeath unto every one of our executors before named, towards their pains, viz. to the lord chancellor's grace, a fair bowl of gold with a cover; to the earl of Arundel, a maudlin standing cup of gold with a cover; to sir Edmund Peckham, a jug of gold with a cover, or else a crystal glass garnished with gold and set with stones; to sir Richard Preston, our best gilt bowl with a cover, or else that piece of gold plate which sir Edmund leaveth (if it be his pleasure), most heartily beseeching them to pray for us, and to see our body buried according to the queen's will and pleasure; and that we may have the suffrages of the holy church according to the catholic faith, wherein we end our life in this transitory world.

"These being witnesses, Thomas Perce, our cofferer, Thomas Hawe, our comptroller, John Symonds, doctor in physic, &c.; also Dorothy Wingfield, widow, Susan Boughton, Dorothy Curzon, *jantlewomen* of our privy-chamber (bedchamber), with many others; and by me, Dionysius Thomow,[1] chaplain and *confessor* to the same most noble lady Anna of Cleves."

Two days after the dictation of this will, the repudiated queen of England expired peacefully at the palace of Chelsea. Her beneficent spirit was wholly occupied in deeds of mercy, caring for the happiness of her maidens and alms-children, and forgetting not any faithful servant however lowly in degree. She was on amicable terms both with the catholic Mary and the protestant Elizabeth, and left both tokens of her kindness. Although she was a Lutheran when she came to this country, it is very evident from her will that she died a catholic.

Queen Mary appointed her place of burial in Westminster Abbey, where her funeral was performed with some magnificence. A hearse was prepared at Westminster, "with seven grand palls," "as goodly a hearse as ever seen." "The 3d of August my lady Anne of Cleves[2] (some time wife of Henry VIII.) came from Chelsea to burial unto Westminster, with all the children of Westminster (of the choir), with many priests, and clerks, and the *gray amice* of Paul's, and three crosses, and the monks of Westminster. My lord Bishop of London

[1] Thomas or Tomeo had been comptroller of Katharine of Arragon's household at Bugden, and was transferred to that of the princess Elizabeth; he had perhaps since taken orders.

[2] Cottonian, Vitellus, F. 7. Sir F. Madden has carefully restored from a half-burnt fragment this quaint detail of her burial.

(Bonner), and my lord abbot of Westminster (Feckenham), rode together next the monks. Then rode the two executors, sir Edmund Peckham and sir Richard Preston, and then my lord admiral and my lord Darcy, followed by many knights and gentlemen. After her banner of arms came her gentlemen of the household and her head officers, and the bier-chariot, with eight banners of arms and four banners of white taffata, wrought with fine gold. Thus they passed St. James and on to Charing Cross, where was met a hundred torches, her servants bearing them, and the twelve bedesmen of Westminster had new black gowns, and they had twelve burning torches and four white branches, then her ladies and gentlewomen, all in black, on their horses; and about the herse sat eight heralds bearing white banners of arms." These white ensigns were to signify that Anne of Cleves had lived a maiden life. "At the abbey-door all did alight, and the bishop of London and my lord abbot in their mitres and copes received the good lady, censing her; and their men did bear her under a canopy of black velvet, with four black staves, and so brought her under the herse, and there tarried dirge, and all the night with lights burning. The next day requiem was sung for my lady Anne daughter of Cleves, and then my lord of Westminster (abbot Feckenham) preached as goodly a sermon as ever was made, and the bishop of London sang mass in his mitre. And after mass, the lord bishop and the lord abbot did cense the corpse, and afterwards she was carried to her tomb, where she lies with a herse and cloth of gold over her. Then all her head officers brake their staves, and all her ushers brake their rods and cast them into her tomb. And all the gentlemen and ladies offered at mass, my lady of Winchester was chief mourner, and my lord admiral and lord Darcy went on each side of her, and thus they went in order to a great dinner, given by my lord of Winchester to all the mourners."

Anne of Cleves is buried near the high altar of Westminster Abbey, in a place of great honour, at the feet of king Sebert the original founder.[1] Her tomb is seldom recognised. In fact it looks like a long bench placed against the wall on the right hand, as the examiner stands facing the altar, near the oil portraits of Henry III. and king Sebert. On closer inspection, her initials A. and C., interwoven in a monogram, will be observed on parts of the structure, which is rather a memorial than a monument, for it was never finished.[2] "Not one of Henry's wives, excepting Anne of Cleves, had a monument," observes Fuller, "and hers was but half a one."

It is evident that reports were spread throughout the courts of Germany, that the residence of Anne of Cleves in England was a detention full of cruelty and restraint. These ideas gave credence to an impostor, who presented herself, in a state of distress, at the palace of John Frederic II., prince of Coburg, and pretended to be the princess of Cleves repudiated by Henry VIII. She was a long time entertained by the hospitable prince as his kinswoman, but was finally proved to be a maniac, and died in confinement.[3]

[1] *Stow, vol. ii. p. 603.* [2] Ibid.
[3] *Feyjoo's Praise of Woman, and Shoberl's History of the House of Saxony.*

KATHARINE HOWARD,

FIFTH QUEEN TO HENRY VIII.

CHAPTER I.

The Howard family—Parents of Katharine—Her adoption by the duchess of Norfolk—Neglected education—Evil associates—Early imprudences—Sojourn at Lambeth—Clandestine proceedings—Connivance of Mary Lassells—Katharine courted by her relative, Francis Derham—His presents to her—Their secret engagement—Discovery of ill conduct—Wrath of the duchess of Norfolk—She beats Katharine—Derham absconds—His mournful parting with Katharine—Her secretary, and secret correspondence—Improvement of Katharine's conduct—Derham's return—She repels his addresses—His perseverance and extreme jealousy—Katharine is introduced at court—Henry VIII. falls in love with her—Their meetings at Gardiner's house—Katharine appointed maid of honour to Anne of Cleves—French ambassador's reports concerning her—Mrs. Bulmer's letter to her—The king marries Katharine—She appears publicly as queen—Prayed for as queen of England—Medallion in honour of her marriage—French ambassador's description of her—Ladies of her household—Perilous reports—Katharine's progress with the king to Grafton, &c.—Rumours of the restoration of Anne of Cleves—Affection of the king to queen Katharine—Residence at Windsor—Christmas spent at Hampton Court—Spring at Westminster and Greenwich—Katharine's dower—Her estrangement from her uncle Norfolk—Great northern progress of the king and queen—Queen admits Derham into her household—Imprudent interview with her cousin Culpepper—Depositions against her received by the privy council in her absence.

THE fifth consort of Henry VIII. was a daughter of that illustrious house, of which a modern writer thus eloquently writes: "What family pervades our national annals with achievements of such intense and brilliant interest as the Howards? As heroes, poets, politicians, courtiers, patrons of literature, state victims to tyranny and revenge, they have been constantly before us for four centuries. In the drama of life they have exhibited every variety of character, good and bad; and the tale of their vices, as well as their virtues, is full of instruction. No story of romance or tragedy can exhibit more incidents to enchain attention or move the heart, than might be found in the records of this great historical family."[1]

The career of Katharine Howard affords a grand moral lesson—a lesson better calculated to illustrate the vanity of female ambition, and

[1] Quarterly Review, vol. xlii.

the fatal consequences of the first unguarded steps in guilt, than all the warning essays that have ever been written on those subjects. No female writer can venture to become the apologist of this unhappy queen; yet charity may be permitted to whisper, ere the dark page of her few and evil days is unrolled,

"Full gently scan thy brother, man,
Still gentler sister, woman."

Katharine Howard, while yet a child in age, being deprived of a mother's watchful care, and surrounded by unprincipled persons of maturer years, made shipwreck of all her hopes on earth ere she knew the crime—the madness into which she was betrayed.

Let no one who has been more fortunately circumstanced boast. John Bradford, one of the most illustrious of our Protestant martyrs, who afforded, in his own practice, a perfect exemplification of Christian holiness, when he beheld a criminal handcuffed and carried ignominiously to execution, exclaimed, "But for the grace of God there goes John Bradford!"

Katharine Howard was the cousin-german of a previous victim of Henry VIII.'s stormy love and murderous caprice, the beautiful and ill-fated Anne Boleyn: she was his fifth wife, and the third private gentlewoman whom he elevated to the perilous dignity of his queen. Although she was his subject, the lineage of this lady was, in some respects, not inferior to his own. Through her royal ancestress, queen Adelicia, Katharine Howard was the descendant of the imperial race of Charlemagne.[1]

Margaret Brotherton, the grand-daughter of Edward I. and Margaret of France,[2] transmitted the mingled blood of the Plantagenets and the kings of France to her descendants, by Thomas Mowbray, the heir of the Albinis, the Warrens, and the Bigods, and thus united, in a blended line, the posterity of Henry I. and his two queens, "Matilda the Good, and Adelicia the Fair." Margaret of Brotherton was created duchess of Norfolk, and claimed her father Thomas Plantagenet's office of earl marshal. Her claims were allowed, and she was called the mareschale, but her son, Thomas Mowbray, was invested by her with the marshal's rod, and acted as her deputy. His daughter, the lady Margaret Mowbray, by Elizabeth, daughter of the famous Richard Fitzalan, earl of Arundel, brought the honours and demesnes of all these noble houses to her son by sir Robert Howard; this was John, the first duke of Norfolk of the name of Howard. He was slain at Bosworth, and his dukedom was confiscated by Henry VII. Thomas, his eldest son, was the victorious Surrey of Flodden Field; and Edmund, the ninth son of Thomas, was the father of Katharine Howard.[3] At that memorable battle, where the national glory of England was so signally advanced by the valour and military skill of Katharine's family, her father (at that time a beardless esquire) was the marshal of the English host, under the command

[1] See Memoir of queen Adelicia, vol. I.
[2] Vol. II., Life of Margaret of France.
[3] Howard Memorials, by Henry Howard, esq. of Corby.

of his renowned father. He led the right wing, and sustained unshrinkingly the fiery onslaught of Huntley and Home, though the Cheshire men fled, leaving, as the ancient record certifies, "the said master Edmund in a manner alone, without succour, by his banner, which he gallantly defended," verifying the chivalric aphorism which Scott, in after years, attached to the cognizance of his house:—

"For who, in field or foray slack,
Saw the blanch lion e'er give back.'

The standard-bearer, indeed, was slain, and hewn to pieces, and the stainless banner of Howard fell with him, but not before the dauntless lionceau of the house, who had so well maintained it, was himself thrice beaten down to the ground; but, "like a courageous and a hardy young gentleman," pursues our document, "he recovered again, and fought hand to hand with sir David Home, and slew him with his own hands. And thus the said master Edmund was in great peril, till the lord Dacre, like a good knight and true, came to his succour, and relieved him."[1] After the battle, young Edmund received the well-earned honour of knighthood from the sword of his victorious father; and the forfeited dukedom of Norfolk was restored to the gallant Surrey, as a reward for the good services he and his brave sons had performed for their king and country that day.[2] Henry also granted the following augmentation of honour to the arms of Surrey and his posterity; viz., to bear on a bend in an escutcheon the upper half of a red lion,[3] depicted as the arms of Scotland, pierced through the mouth with an arrow.

After her marriage with the king, Katharine Howard bore the Flodden augmentation on the third quarter of her escutcheon;[4] a proof that she was proud of the honour of her family, though, unhappily, regardless of her own. But deeply as this child of sinful passion erred, we should remember that her grandfather, her father, and her uncles, performed

[1] This curious narrative, by a contemporary, is to be found in Galt's Life of Wolsey. It has recently been reprinted in the black letter.

[2] The triumph of the blanch lion of Katharine's paternal house was commemorated by king Henry's laureate, Skelton, in these lines of his song of Flodden:—

"On Branxholme moor and Flodden hills,
Our English bows, our English bills,
Against ye poured so sharp a shower,
Of Scotland ye have lost the flower;
The white lion, rampant of mood,
He raged, and rent out your heart blood;
He the white, and you the red,
The white there struck the red stark dead."
(From a black-letter edition of Skelton.)

[3] After the honour of this victory, Thomas Howard, earl of Surrey (as a *note* of the conquest), gave to his servants this cognizance to wear on the left arm, which was a white lion (the beast which he before bore as the proper ensign of that house derived from the family of Mowbray), standing over a red lion (which was the peculiar badge of the kingdom of Scotland), and tearing the same red lion with his paws.—(Holingshed.)

[4] Willement's Regal Heraldry. See also MS. in the Herald's College, Vincent L. 14, fol. 104.

good services for England, and advanced the glory of our country, both by land and sea. Out of respect to their memories, we are bound to deal as gently by their unhappy kinswoman as the circumstances of the case will admit. Justice, indeed, requires that implicit credence should not be given to the statements of those who, without allowing her the benefit of a trial, brought her to the block unheard.

Katharine Howard was the fifth child and second daughter of lord Edmund Howard by Joyce or Jocosa, daughter of sir Richard Culpepper, of Holingbourne in Kent, widow of sir John Leigh, knight. Katharine had three brothers and one sister older, and three sisters younger than herself.[1] Lord Edmund Howard is enumerated among the noble *bachelors* who attended Mary Tudor to France in 1515, and, supposing he married soon after, the earliest date that can be given for Katharine's birth is 1521 or 1522. Lord Edmund possessed many houses in London, but Lambeth has been named as his residence;[2] probably this was the place of Katharine's nativity. Her mother died when Katharine was in early childhood, and her father married a second wife, Dorothy, the daughter of Thomas Troyes.[3] On the death of his illustrious father, Thomas duke of Norfolk, lord Edmund permitted his step-mother Agnes Tylney, the duchess-dowager, to take upon herself the entire charge and bringing up of the second daughter of his numerous family.

It was an evil hour for the little Katharine, when she left the paternal roof and the society of the innocent companions of her infant joys and cares, to become a neglected dependant in the splendid mansion of a proud and heartless relative; and could her brave father have foreseen the consequences of this arrangement, it is easy to imagine how much rather he would have placed her on her bier than have permitted the demoralising associations to which she was exposed in her new home. Lord Edmund Howard's duties compelled his residence at Calais during the latter years of his short life, or it is possible that his parental vigilance might have been alarmed in time to preserve his child from ruin.[4] The duchess of Norfolk was so perfectly unmindful of her duties to her orphan charge, that Katharine was not only allowed to associate with her waiting-women, but compelled at night to occupy the sleeping apartment that was common to them all;[5] unhappily they were persons of the most abandoned description, and seem to have taken a fiendish delight in perverting the principles and debasing the mind of the nobly born damsel who was thrown into the sphere of their polluting influence.

[1] Sir Thomas Howard, her eldest brother, was killed in the French wars. Henry, the second, died young. Sir George Howard, the third, left no posterity. Margaret, her eldest sister, married sir Thomas Arundel, and is the ancestor in the female line of the Arundels of Wardour. Mary married Edmund Trafford, of Trafford in Lancashire. Joyce became the wife of John Stanney, a simple esquire; and Isabel, of another esquire of the Boynton family.—(Howard Memorials.)

[2] Howard Memorials; Manning's Kent. [3] Howard Memorials; Dugdale.

[4] Lord Edmund Howard died March 19, 30th Henry VIII. (the year after the death of queen Jane Seymour), being then comptroller of Calais and its marches.

[5] *State Papers;* Acts of Privy Council.

Katharine, unfortunately for herself, while yet a child in age, acquired the precocious charms of womanhood, and before she had even entered her teens became the object of illicit passion to a low-born villain in the household of the duchess, named Henry Manox. He was a player on the virginals, probably Katharine's instructor on that instrument, and might take advantage of the opportunities too often afforded to persons in that capacity to prefer his suit, and by degrees to establish himself on terms of unbecoming familiarity with his pupil. Katharine was residing in the family of the duchess at Horsham, in Norfolk, when this degrading intimacy commenced, which was fostered and encouraged by one of the duchess's women, called mistress Isabel, who was her confidante, and carried the tokens that were exchanged between her and Manox. When mistress Isabel married and left the household of the duchess of Norfolk, her place and office of confidante was supplied by a woman from the village of Horsham, of the name of Dorothy Barwike.[1] Soon after the duchess of Norfolk removed with Katharine and her whole establishment to her house at Lambeth. Katharine's uncles, the duke of Norfolk and lord William Howard, had mansions also at Lambeth, which was at that time very much the resort of the nobles of Henry's court, and was considered as a very pleasant retreat, with its beautiful orchards and gardens sloping down to the banks of the Thames.

The removal of the duchess of Norfolk to Lambeth was in all probability for the purpose of attending the coronation of her grand-daughter Anne Boleyn, in whose court she made a considerable figure. The coronation of that queen and the christening of the princess Elizabeth took place in the year 1533, when Katharine Howard, though certainly too young to have any part assigned to her in royal ceremonials of state, was old enough to mar all her own hopes in life and to stain the hitherto unsullied honour of her house. It was while at Lambeth that she formed a fatal intimacy with a female of low birth, of the name of Mary Lassells, who was the nurse of her uncle lord William Howard's first child, by the daughter of lady Russell.[2] On the death of lady William Howard[3] in 1533, Mary Lassells entered the service of the duchess of Norfolk, and was permitted to sleep in the dormitory which the young and lovely daughter of lord Edmund Howard shared with the female attendants of the duchess. Supposing Katharine Howard to

[1] State Paper MS.

[2] State Paper MS. 33 Henry VIII.

[3] Lord William Howard, eldest son of Thomas Howard second duke of Norfolk by Agnes Tylney, and founder of the great Effingham line, was half brother to lady Boleyn, consequently great-uncle by the half blood to queen Elizabeth, whose kind and manly protector he afterwards became. He was born about 1509. (Howard Memorials.) His first wife was Catherine Broughton; the time of his marriage to her is not ascertained; she was daughter and one of the coheirs of sir John Broughton of Tuddington, Bedfordshire. This lady died April 23, 1533, leaving one daughter, Agnes, who married Paulet, marquis of Winchester. His second wife was Margaret, daughter of sir T. Gamage (date of marriage unknown), by whom he had Charles, the celebrated hero of the Armada, and the fast friend of queen Elizabeth: lord William united in his own person the somewhat incongruous offices of lord high admiral of England and lord chamberlain to queen Mary, and afterwards to queen Elizabeth.

have been born in 1521, the very earliest date that can be assigned for the birth of the *fifth* child of a man who was a bachelor in the close of the year 1515, then would she have been under thirteen at the period when Mary Lassells was added to the *ménage* of the duchess, a fact which makes the following circumstances most melancholy. Mary Lassells very soon began to discuss with Katharine's trusty confidante, Dorothy Barwike, the intrigue in which that unprincipled woman was lending her aid to involve the hapless child. Barwike told Lassells that "Manox was ensured, that is contracted or troth-plight, to mistress Katharine Howard, with whom he was much in love." On this Lassells (whose indignation at the supposed passion of the musician for the young lady inspires a suspicion that she was actuated by jealousy) said to him with some warmth, "Man, what meanest thou to play the fool of this fashion? Knowest thou not that an' my lady of Norfolk knew of the love between thee and mistress Howard, she will undo thee. And besides this she is come of a noble house, and if thou shouldst marry her some of her blood will kill thee."[1]

Manox replied in the most profligate language to this remonstrance that "his designs were of a dishonourable nature, and, from the liberties the young lady had allowed him, he doubted not of being able hereafter to effect his purpose." When Mary Lassells repeated this to Katharine she was greatly offended with Manox, cried "fie upon him," said "she cared not for him," and then, unable to control or defer the effusion of her indignation, she proceeded with Mary Lassells in quest of him to the house of lord Beaumont, where he was, and there passionately upbraided him with his baseness. Manox, by way of excuse, replied, "that his passion for her so transported him beyond the bounds of reason, that he wist not what he said."[2] Whether Katharine had the weakness to be satisfied with this apology is not stated, but she was once, and once only, seen with him afterwards, walking at the back of the duchess's orchard at Lambeth. Such is the history of the first error of her who was hereafter to become the queen of England, and who was cousin-german to her who then wore the crown matrimonial.[3] But if the motherless neglected child, who was thus early beguiled from the straightforward path, be deserving of blame, what shall be said of the conduct of Mary Lassells, who, being aware of the clandestine addresses of the base Manox, and having even heard him avow designs, which the tender youth of the nobly born maiden alone prevented him from effecting, so far from warning the duchess, or any of the members of the Howard family, of the peril of their youthful relative, actually accompanied her on a stolen expedition to the servants' hall of a neighbouring nobleman's house in quest of the profligate villain? What punishment would, in these days, be considered too severe for a nurse who could thus shamelessly betray the confidence of her employers? Surely the statements of such a person are little deserving of credit, couched as they are, too, in language which none but the most abandoned of human beings could have used; yet it is on the testimony of this woman

[1] *State* Paper MS. [2] Ibid.; Henry VIII. [3] Anne Boleyn.

that Katharine was eventually brought to the block. It is possible that Katharine's childish fancy for Manox originated in her musical propensities. The love of music, when indulged to excess, has not unfrequently involved older and better educated ladies than this neglected and wrong-headed girl in perilous acquaintances and associations. Katharine's infatuation for the low-born musician was, however, of ephemeral date; soon after her arrival at Lambeth, she was entangled in another clandestine courtship with a lover of a very different stamp from Manox, but certainly little suited for a mate to a daughter of the ducal line of Howard.

Her uncle, the duke of Norfolk, retained in his service a band of gentlemen, whom he called his pensioners or household troop. They were for the most part persons of better birth than fortune, and many of them claimed some degree of affinity to their lord, whom they were ready to follow to the field, to back him in his quarrels with his neighbours, or even, if required, in defiance to the sovereign. They had free quarters, good pay, and little to do, on ordinary occasions, but to seek their own amusement. The gentlemen-pensioners of the duke of Norfolk and earl of Northumberland were the last vestige of feudal retainers, and were regarded as persons of more valour than morality.[1]

One of these bold spirits, named Francis Derham, became deeply enamoured of Katharine Howard, and being allied to her in blood, and an especial favourite with the old duchess, he aspired to nothing less than winning her for his wife. He found the young beauty only too easy of access, surrounded as she was by the unprincipled females who had previously encouraged her to listen to the addresses of Manox.

Katharine appears to have been kept without money by the duchess, and, having the passion for finery natural to girls of her age, allowed Derham to supply her with all those little ornaments to her dress which she was unable to obtain for herself. On one occasion when she was languishing to possess an artificial flower, called a French fennel, which was universally worn by the ladies of Henry VIII.'s court, Derham told her "he knew of a little woman in London, with a crooked back, who was skilled in making all sorts of flowers of silk," and Katharine requested him to employ this person to make a French fennel for her, bidding him pay for it, and she would pay him again when she had the means. Derham complied with her wish, and when he had put her in possession of this coveted piece of finery, she dared not wear it, till she had prevailed on lady Brereton to say she gave it to her.[2]

Derham has been represented as a person in the lowest class of society: this is a mistake, for not only was he a relation of the ducal line of Howard, but evidently a gentleman of some property. Whenever the inconsiderate Katharine desired silks, satins, or even velvet, for her habiliments, she allowed him to procure them for her, under the vague promise of reimbursing him for his outlay at some future period. She was once indebted to this perilous creditor in a considerable sum.[3]

[1] See the household books of Percy and Howard.
[2] State Papers quoted by Burnet. [3] Ibid.

On the new-year's day they exchanged love-tokens. Derham gave Katharine a silk heart's-ease, and she gave him a band and sleeves for a shirt. These were, according to the fashion of the times, curiously wrought with the needle, probably by Katharine's own hand—such at any rate was the report, but, when questioned on this subject after she was queen, she scornfully denied that such was the fact, and said, "as far as she could remember, they were wrought by Clifton's wife of Lambeth," and affirmed on oath "that she never gave him any other present."[1]

Derham had also a bracelet of silken work which had been hers, "but that he took from her perforce," she said, "and kept in her despite." He also boasted himself of a little ruby ring, but that Katharine also forswore "as none of hers."[2]

It is a curious fact that Derham transferred to her an old shirt, of fine Holland or cambric, belonging to the deceased lord Thomas Howard, which the duchess had given to him.[3]

The shirts worn by the gallants of Henry's court were very costly with point and fine needle-work. It would have been a curious piece of costume, if Katharine had explained for what purpose she coveted this garment, and how she had exercised her ingenuity in converting it into handkerchiefs, and other little accessories to her wardrobe.

It is too evident, from the fact of her accepting so many presents from Derham, that little attention was paid to her comforts, and that she occupied a doubtful station in the family, having neither consideration nor sympathy vouchsafed to her by those of her own rank and lineage. Her young heart thus chilled and embittered by the neglect and privations which she experienced on the one hand, and assailed by the passionate importunities of the most devoted of lovers on the other, Katharine forgot that she, in whose veins the blood of the Plantagenets and the Carlovingian monarchs mingled, was no mate for one of her uncle's gentlemen-at-arms, and consented to become the troth-plight or affianced wife of Francis Derham.

In the days of catholicism such engagements were recognised by the church as binding, and if the existence of a precontract could be proved, it not only presented, while undissolved, an obstacle to the solemnisation of matrimony, between either of the parties with another person, but, if such matrimony had been contracted, rendered it illegal. History presents innumerable examples of marriages having been declared null and void, where a previous promise had been violated by either of the parties. In Scotland to this day the acknowledgments that passed between Katharine Howard and Derham would constitute binding wedlock. Derham asked her permission to call her "wife," and entreated her to call him "husband," to which Katharine replied, "She was content that it should be so."

One day having kissed her before witnesses, who made some observation on the freedom of his behaviour, he turned about and asked, "Who should hinder him from kissing his own wife?"

[1] Examinations of queen Katharine Howard. [2] Ibid.
[3] Burnet's History of the Reformation, vol. iii.

One of the bystanders then said, "I trow this matter will come to pass, as the common saying is."

"What is that?" said Derham.

"Marry," replied the other, "that Mr. Derham shall have Mrs. Katharine Howard."

"By St. John!" said Derham, "you may guess twice, and guess worse."[1]

The ballad lore of that age, which has always been supposed to give a lively picture of the manners of the times, is wonderfully deficient in morality; and often describes high-born ladies, and lovers of low degree, acting with lamentable disregard of propriety, if any impediments to their marriage were opposed by their friends. How corrupting such *chansons* were to the young and thoughtless may be imagined; and Katharine Howard had no anxious mother to watch over her, and inculcate principles of virtue and habits of feminine reserve.

The only care the duchess of Norfolk appears to have taken for the preservation of her youthful grand-daughter's honour was, to have the doors of the chamber in which she and her waiting-women slept locked every night, and the keys brought to her; but this caution was defeated by the subtlety of one or other of her attendants, by whom they were privily stolen away, and Derham was admitted, to pay his nocturnal visits in defiance of all propriety.[2]

"Sometimes," said Katharine, "he would bring strawberries, apples, wine, and other things, to make good cheer with, after my lady was gone to bed; but that he made any special banquet,[3] or that, by special appointment between him and me, he should tarry till after the keys were delivered to my lady, is utterly untrue; nor did I ever steal the keys myself, or desire any other person to steal them to let him in; but for many other causes the doors have been opened, and sometimes Derham hath come early in the morning, and much misbehaved himself, but never by my request or consent."[4]

It was reported by Wilks and Baskerville, two of the unprincipled females who were the accomplices in the ruin of this hapless girl, that on one of these occasions it was asked, "What shifts should we make if my lady came suddenly in?" and that Katharine rejoined, "Derham must go into the little gallery if my lady come." Katharine denied having made this suggestion in the following words: "I never said so, but he hath said it himself, and so hath he done, indeed."[5]

With equal simplicity and earnestness, she denied having received from Derham the present of a quilted cap, when destitute of the means to make such a purchase. "He bought not for me the quilted cap," said she, "but only the sarcenet to make it; and I delivered the sarcenet to a little fellow in my lady's house to embroider, as I remember, his name was Rose, an embroiderer, to make it what pattern he thought best, and not appointing him to make it with friars' knots, as he can testify,

[1] Burnet's Records, vol. iii.
[2] Examinations in State Paper Office.
[3] Queen Katharine's Examination.
[4] Burnet.
[5] Ibid.

if he be a true man:" nevertheless, when it was made, Derham said "What, wife, here be friars' knots for Francis!"

Francis I. had brought into fashion an enigmatical allusion to the name of Francis, devised with these friars' knots and the pansy flower. In Hall's account of the Field of the Cloth of Gold[1] may be seen this passage: "The French king and his band were apparelled in purple satin, branched with gold and purple velvet, embroidered with *friars' knots*, and in every knot was pansy flowers, which together signified, 'Think on Francis.'"

Katharine had certainly worn the silk pansy Derham had given her, with the cap garnished with these friars' knots, from which he drew the flattering compliment to his christian name, "that she thought of Francis."

Derham gave all his money into her keeping; and once, when he was going on some secret expedition, he left the indenture for the obligation of a hundred pounds that was due to him, in her custody; telling her clearly, "that if he never returned, she was to consider it as her own."[2] Katharine inquired whither he was going, but he would not satisfy her on that point. How long his absence lasted, and of the nature of the business in which he was engaged, there is no evidence; but as he was afterwards accused of piracy, it is possible that he had embarked in a desperate enterprise of that kind with a view of improving his fortunes.

Derham was occasionally tormented with jealousy, and fears of losing Katharine. He especially dreaded her going to court; and as she was eager to go, they had high words on this subject. Derham told her, "if she went, he would not tarry long in the house; on which she replied, "he might do as he list."

For the sake of obtaining more frequent opportunities of being in Katharine's company, Derham had given up his post in her uncle the duke's military retinue, and entered the service of the duchess-dowager of Norfolk, to whom he was page or gentleman-usher.

After a time, the duchess became suspicious of Derham's conduct, and was wont to exclaim, when she missed him, "Where is Derham? You shall find him in the maids' chamber, or with Katharine Howard."[3]

By the maids' chamber, the duchess meant the apartment where the damsels in her state establishment sat together at their appointed tasks of embroidery, tapestry work, and spinning. One day she entered unexpectedly, and found Derham, not only trespassing within this forbidden bound, but presumptuously romping with her youthful kinswoman, Katharine Howard; on which, being greatly offended, she beat them both; and gave Mrs. Bulmer a box on the ears for sitting by and permitting such familiarity.[4] Yet she did not dismiss Derham, because he was their relation, though she frequently chid the young lady, and

[1] P. 616. The friars' knot was that with which the Franciscans tied their rope girdles. In the inventory of the Princess Mary's jewels there is mention of a necklace of goldsmith's work, of friars' knots, presented to Mr. Selynger's daughter about the same period.—(Madden's Privy-Purse Expenses of the Princess Mary, 179.)

[2] Burnet, vol. iii. [3] MS. in State Paper Office, 33 Henry VIII. [4] Ibid.

sometimes punished her on his account; but the tender age of Katharine appears to have blinded her as to the peril in which she stood.

At length the dreadful truth, with all its revolting circumstances, was forced upon the attention of Katharine's guardian by one of the women who had long been privy to the matter.

The old duchess once more vented her indignation upon Katharine in blows. Katharine was afterwards asked by the council of king Henry, in reference to this report, "Whether the duchess struck her on the discovery of her misconduct, and how often?"[1] Her reply to this query has not been preserved.

Derham would, in all probability, have paid with his blood the penalty of his audacity in bringing dishonour on one of the noblest houses in England, but he fled before the storm, and took refuge in Ireland, where, according to most accounts, he pursued the vocation of a pirate.

It was doubtless when he snatched a perilous farewell of Katharine, that she, with the tears streaming down her cheeks, uttered these memorable words, "Thou wilt never live to say to me, 'Thou hast swerved.'"[2]

The matter was hushed up out of respect to the feelings of Katharine's noble father, and for the sake of her sisters and other members of her illustrious family, who would have been in some degree involved in her disgrace had it been made public. Her tender age and the contaminating influence to which she had been exposed claimed also some compassion for the hapless victim who had been thus early led into sin and sorrow. The household of the duchess was purified of the abandoned women who had warped the youthful mind of Katharine, and the damsel was herself placed under a salutary restraint. It appears, however, that she contrived, through the agency of a female in the house, named Jane Acworth, who possessed the pen of a ready writer, to carry on a secret correspondence. After a time her secretary,[3] as she called this person, married a gentleman of the name of Bulmer, and went to live at York; and Katharine, severed from all evil associates, acquired, as she advanced towards womanhood, the retiring grace and feminine reserve natural to that season in life. She even became remarkable for her modest and maidenly deportment.

When Derham found means to return clandestinely from Ireland, and endeavoured to renew his intercourse with her, she positively refused to have any communication with him. Reason and reflection had probably taught her to recoil with horror from the man who had cast an irremediable blight on her opening bloom of life. Derham's attachment to her was, however, of a deep and enduring character, and his unwelcome constancy was to her productive of the most fatal results. There was at that time a report in circulation that a matrimonial engagement was in contemplation between Katharine Howard and her maternal kinsman, Thomas Culpepper; and Derham, attributing her altered manner to her preference of this gentleman, asked her angrily, "If she were going to be married to him, for he had heard it so reported?" "What should

[1] State Papers unpublished. [2] State Paper in Burnet. [3] State Paper MS.

you trouble me therewith, for you know I will not have you?" was Katharine's contemptuous rejoinder; "and if you heard such report, you heard more than I do know."[1] Culpepper was Katharine Howard's first-cousin, being the nephew of her deceased mother. He was in the household of Anne of Cleves, and is called by the historian Pollino "a most beautiful youth." He and Katharine Howard were playmates in the same nursery in infancy.

The vehement opposition of Derham to Katharine's intention of going to court appears like an assertion on his part, as far as circumstances would permit, of a right to control her actions. If, however, he possessed that right, he was in no position to enforce it; and we gather, from subsequent evidences, that he returned to Ireland long before there was a prospect of Katharine's fatal elevation to a throne.[2]

It is impossible to ascertain the date of Katharine's first appearance at court; but it has been generally said that she made a conquest of her sovereign at a banquet given by the bishop of Winchester to his royal master a few months after his marriage with Anne of Cleves. When Gardiner observed the impression made by the charms and sprightly wit of the fair niece of his patron, the duke of Norfolk, he contrived that the king should have frequent opportunities of seeing her at his house.[3] Katharine was exquisitely graceful in her manners and deportment, but so remarkably small, that Richard Hill, in a contemporary letter,[4] in which he details the news of the court to his friend Bullinger, says, "the king is going to part with the queen, that he may be married to Mrs. Howard, a very little girl."[5] Hill describes Katharine also "as a young person, the niece of the duke of Norfolk," and specifies midsummer as the time when it began to be whispered that the king was much taken with her, that they had met several times at the house of Gardiner, and that scandal was already busy on the subject of the fickle monarch's passion for the miniature beauty in her teens.

The date of Katharine Howard's appointment as maid of honour to Anne of Cleves is uncertain, but it probably took place at the time when the queen was deprived of her foreign attendants, and the "straunge maidens" were superseded by some of the noble *belles* of Henry's court. The arrangement, that added the new object of the sovereign's regard to the establishment of his despised consort, was of course of his own ordaining, as it afforded him the gratification of her society in his own royal circle, as well as in his more private hours of relaxation; and thus we see him, for the third time, the avowed lover of a favourite maid of honour. How far his addresses were encouraged by the youthful beauty is not known; she seems to have behaved with greater propriety than either Anne Boleyn or Jane Seymour under similar circumstances;

[1] Burnet, vol. iii. [2] State Papers. [3] Burnet; Tytler; Rapin.

[4] Burnet's Hist. of Reformation, where the letter is quoted, vol. iii. p. 147.

[5] *Parvissima puella* is the expression used by Hill. "What then was the age of this very little girl?" is Lingard's shrewd query after quoting these words. If the computation we have previously given as to the date of her birth be correct, she was in her eighteenth year; it is possible that she was younger. All contemporary authorities speak of her as *very* young.

for no one has accused her of treating the queen with disrespect, or presuming to assume airs of state in rivalry to her. It has been very generally asserted, but on what grounds no one has specified, that Katharine permitted herself to be rendered a political puppet in the hands of Gardiner and her uncle Norfolk to further their measures against the cause of the Reformation, and that Cromwell, dreading the effects of her influence, spake of her in very disadvantageous terms to the king, in order to dissuade him from making her his queen. There is great probability in this statement; but that Cromwell's death was attributable to the ill offices of the offended beauty requires proof, for there is not the slightest contemporary evidence, not so much as a private letter, to bear out the assertions of Burnet and Rapin, that she prevailed on the king to sign the death-warrant of his fallen minister. Katharine Howard neither possessed the talents, the energy, nor the vindictive temper of her cousin, Anne Boleyn: her intrigues were not those of state policy. And as for her subserviency to her uncle Norfolk's wishes, his letters to the king are a sufficient refutation of that report.

After Katharine's removal to court, Derham vanished so entirely from the scene that no one knew whether he were living or dead. This was an auspicious circumstance for Katharine; but her grandmother, whose share of wisdom was certainly small, could not control the absurd curiosity which prompted her to inquire of her domestics if any of them knew what had become of Francis Derham? They replied, "that none of them knew." "Then," said the duchess, "if any one knows where he is, belike it will be Katharine Howard."

Soon after these inquiries, Katharine, who was then one of the maidens of the court, came to pay her grandmother a visit, and the old lady was guilty of the folly of reviving his apparently forgotten name, by asking her, "if she knew where he was?" Katharine replied, "that she did not know where he was *become*."[1]

Some years had passed away since the guilt was incurred which had cast so dark a cloud over the hopes and expectations of that period of existence which is generally the golden age of life. Those years had probably been fraught with repentance and bitter regret for her fault; and if they had not led to amendment of life, which charity would lead us to hope, the change in her deportment was so decided, that she was remarkable for her maidenly and modest behaviour, which, as Henry afterwards declared, formed her greatest attraction in his sight.

Marillac, in a letter to Francis I., dated 21st July, thus speaks of the reports connected with Henry's engagement to Katharine: "Now it is said the king is going to marry a lady of great beauty, daughter to a deceased brother of the duke of Norfolk. It is even said that the marriage has already taken place, but is kept secret. I cannot tell how far it is true." In a letter to the constable Montmorenci, of the same date, he adds, "that he has heard the lady is not only married to the king, but likely to bring him a family."[2]

The old duchess of Norfolk took infinite pains to secure the royal

[1] State Paper MS., Henry VIII. [2] Dépêches de Marillac.

alliance for her fair young *protégée*. She bestowed costly array and jewels on her to enhance her native attractions, and it was said that she instructed her in what manner to demean herself to the king's highness so as to please him. She was even guilty of the folly of commending Katharine to the king as a person worthy of the honour of becoming his wife and one calculated to promote his happiness.[1]

If Katharine had flattered herself with the idea, that because so many years had passed away since her early misconduct had occurred, that it was forgotten, she must have been undeceived when she received the following letter from one of her former unprincipled confidantes, the person through whose assistance she had carried on a clandestine and forbidden correspondence with her seducer:—

"JOAN BULMER to KATHARINE HOWARD.

"If I could wish unto you all the honour, wealth, and good fortune you could desire, you would neither lack health, wealth, long life, nor yet prosperity. Nevertheless, seeing I cannot, as I would, express this unto you, I would with these my most heartly salutations *pight* you to know, that whereas it hath been shown unto me, that God of his high goodness hath put unto the knowledge of the king a contract of matrimony that the queen[2] hath made with another before she came into England, and thereupon there will be a lawful divorce had between them; and as it is thought that the king of his goodness will put you in the same honour that she was in, which no doubt you be worthy to have, most heartily desiring you to have in your remembrance the unfeigned love that my heart hath always borne towards you, which for the same kindness found in you again hath desired always your presence, if it might be so, above all other creatures, and the chance of fortune that hath brought me, on the contrary, into the utmost misery of the world and most wretched life. Seeing no ways, then, I can express in writing, knowing no remedy out of it, without you, of your goodness, will find the means to get me to London, which will be very hard to do; but if you write unto my husband and command him to bring me up, which I think he dare not disobey, for if it might be, I would fain be with you before you were in your honour; and in the mean season I beseech you to save some room for me, what you shall think fit yourself, for the nearer I were to you the gladder I would be of it, what pains soever I did take. I would write more unto you, but I dare not be so bold, for considering the great honour you are toward, it did not become me to put myself in presence; but the remembrance of the perfect honesty that I have always known to be in you, and the report of sir George Seaford, which hath assured me that the same thing remains in you still, hath encouraged me to this.

"Whereupon I beseech you not to be forgetful of this my request; for if you do not help me, I am not like to have worldly joys. Desiring you, if you can, to let me have some answer of this for the satisfying of my mind, for I know the queen of Britain will not forget her secretary, and favour you will show,

Your *umble sarvant*,
With heart unfeigned,
"JONE BULMER.[3]

"York, the 12th day of July."

The letter of Joan Bulmer was only the foretaste of what Katharine

[1] MS., State Paper Office; hitherto inedited.
[2] Anne of Cleves.
[3] This letter is among the inedited documents preserved in the State Paper Office. The orthography is a little modernised. It is written in a firm bold character, something like that of an engrossing clerk, but rather difficult to

had to expect as the fruits of her early follies. No sooner was the rumour of the king's divorce from his new queen, combined with the report of his passion for her, spread abroad, than she found herself beset with those persons whom, of all the world, it was most to her interest to have kept at a distance. The evil spirits who had departed from her for a season returned to harass and intimidate her with demands which she wanted the moral courage to withstand. In fact, she had no power to extricate herself from these perilous and degrading connexions, unless she had revealed her former misconduct to the king. But even if Katharine had been permitted by her family to make such a disclosure to her royal lover, she was placed in a predicament that left her only the alternative of becoming a queen or confessing her own shame: she chose the first.

Derham, meantime, though long *perdu*, was not ignorant of the king's passion for his betrothed; for in allusion to it, he said to one of his former comrades, "I could be sure of mistress Howard, an' I would, but I dare not. The king beginneth to love her, but an' he were dead, I am sure I might marry her." This speech leads to the conclusion that he was induced to waive his prior claim to the fair object of his sovereign's choice; and it is more than probable that the old duchess of Norfolk was the person who prevailed upon him to remain quiescent, and if so, this would account for the otherwise inscrutable mystery of that lady's conduct in tolerating his presence, and even allowing him to take up his abode in her house a second time, after his misconduct with the young Katharine.

The public announcement of the dissolution of Henry's marriage with Anne of Cleves was followed by a petition from his servile parliament, "beseeching him, for the good of his people, to venture on a fifth marriage, in the hope that God would bless him with a more numerous issue."[1]

The nuptials of the royal Bluebeard of English history with Katharine Howard were privately solemnised within a few days, or it might be a few hours, after he was released from his marriage vows to Anne of Cleves. Some persons, as, for instance, Marillac, the French ambassador, supposed he did not wait for that ceremony. It seems strange that no particulars of the solemnisation of Henry's fifth marriage have ever been brought to light. The day, the hour, the witnesses, and the person by whom the nuptial benediction was pronounced, are not on record. But on the 8th of August, 1540, Katharine Howard was introduced by Henry at Hampton Court as his queen. On that day she took her seat at chapel in the royal closet by Henry's side. She afterwards dined in public, on which occasion she placed her youngest step-daughter, the princess Elizabeth, opposite to herself at table, and always gave her the place of honour next to her own person, because she was the daughter of her cousin Anne Boleyn. On the 15th of August, Katharine was publicly prayed for throughout the realm as queen of England. This is particularly noticed by Marillac, who says, "the king, the queen,

[1] Journals of Parliament; Lingard; Tytler.

and the child Edward, prince of England, were prayed for in all the churches, the new queen's name having superseded that of the repudiated princess of Cleves."[1]

No surprise is testified by any contemporary at this alliance as derogatory to the king. A close connexion already existed between the royal family and Katharine's, in consequence of the former marriage between her uncle, the present duke of Norfolk, when lord Thomas Howard, with the king's aunt, the lady Anne Plantagenet.

As Katharine Howard was first-cousin to Henry's second wife, Anne Boleyn, their marriage required a dispensation from the pope, both parties being catholics; but Henry, in his new character of head of the church, thought proper to dispense with this ceremony. This marriage was the first ever contracted between persons so connected, without previously obtaining the papal sanction, and it formed the precedent for all others. Henry had taken care to prepare for the legality of the contract by a previous act of parliament concerning marriages within certain degrees, which bore upon the case.[2]

A few days after Henry had acknowledged Katharine for his queen, he conducted her to Windsor, where they remained till the 22d of August. They then made a little progress to Reading, Ewelm, Rycott, Notley, Buckingham, and Grafton. At Grafton the royal bride and bridegroom sojourned from August 29th till September 7th.[3] The absence of all records of pageantry and processions would indicate that the enamoured monarch had been desirous of enjoying the society of his young queen, in the retirement of the country, unfettered by the observations and restraints of royal etiquette. Henry's finances at this period were at a low ebb. The expenses of his pompous nuptials with his unbeloved Flemish bride, and his subsequent gifts and settlements on her, had completely exhausted all his resources. He could neither afford to honour Katharine Howard with a public bridal nor a coronation, but he paid her the compliment of causing gold coins to be struck in commemoration of their marriage, bearing the royal arms of England, flanked with H. R., and surmounted with the regal diadem.[4] On the reverse is a rose, crowned, in allusion to his bride, flanked by the initials K. R., with the following legend,—

Henricus VIII. rutilans rosa sine spina.

The rose, which Henry, in the first transports of his short-lived passion for his Howard queen, chose for her symbol, makes a conspicuous figure in the augmentation which he granted to her armorial bearings in honour of her marriage.[5]

[1] Leti.

[2] Speed; Journals of Parliament.

[3] Acts of the Privy Council, vol. vii.

[4] Engraved in Vertue's Howard Book, and through the kindness of Philip Howard, esq. M.P., of Corby Castle, I have been favoured with a tracing.

[5] In the arms of Katharine Howard, Henry impaled with his own the royal quartering of Brotherton, whilst, in further evidence of her royal descent, one of the quarterings was formed of the arms of France and England.—(Life of Surrey, by sir H. Nicolas.) The full achievement of queen Katharine Howard is as follows: '*Azure three fleurs de lys in pale, or, between two flaunches ermine, each*

Among the unedited MSS. in the State Paper Office we find a list of the officers of state and ladies of queen Katharine Howard's royal household. The ladies were those of the highest rank in the kingdom, and some of them members of the royal family.

The great ladies of the queen's household.

The lady Margaret Douglas (niece to the king).
The duchess of Richmond (daughter-in-law to the king, and cousin to the queen)
The duchess of Norfolk (Katharine Willoughby, fourth wife to Charles Brandon, the king's brother-in-law).
The Countess of Sussex. The lady Howard. The lady Clinton.

Ladies of the privy Chamber.

The countess of Rutland. The lady Rochford. Lady Edgecombe. Lady Baynton.

Gentlewomen of the privy chamber.

Mrs. Herbert. Mrs. Tyrwhitt. Mrs. Leye. Mrs. Gilmyn.

Chamberers.

Mrs. Tylney. Mrs. Morton. Mrs. Fryswith. Mrs. Luffkyn.

Ladies and gentlewomen attendant.

The lady Dudley. Lady Arundel (the queen's sister). Lady Dennys. Lady Wriothesley. Lady Heneage. Lady Knevett. Lady Cromwell (sister to the deceased queen Jane Seymour). Mrs. Mewtas. Mrs. Broughton.

Maids of honour.

The lady Lucy. Mrs. Bassett. Mrs. Garnyshe. Mrs. Cowpledike. Mrs. Stradling. Mrs. Stonor.

A list of yeomen ushers, yeomen of the chambers in ordinary, pages of the chambers, and pages in ordinary, follows. The names of the officers of the household are not of any particular interest. Her chaplains were Drs. Malet and Oglethorpe; the latter held the office of almoner to her predecessor, Anne of Cleves. Sir Thomas Dennys was her chancellor at first, but was afterwards superseded by her sister's husband, Sir Thomas Arundel.

The historians of this period bear universal testimony to the passionate fondness of the king for his new consort. Marillac, the French ambassador, who had enjoyed the opportunity of paying his compliments to the royal pair on their marriage, gives the following lively sketch of Katharine's appearance in her bridal court, and Henry's demeanour to her, in a letter to his own sovereign Francis I., dated September 3d, 1540.[1]

"The new queen is a young lady of moderate beauty but superlative grace. In stature she is small and slender. Her countenance is very delightful, of which the king is so greatly enamoured, that he knows not how to make sufficient demonstrations of his affection for her, and very far exceeds the caresses he ever bestowed on the others. She is dressed

charged with a rose gules." The escutcheon of this queen, within a chaplet of leaves and red and white roses, ensigned with a royal crown, was painted on the east window of Gresham College hall, in the city of London, from which it was delineated, the 22d of July, 1669.—(Sandford's Genealogical Hist. of England, p. 459, fol. ed.)

[1] Extracted by sir Cuthbert Sharp, from Dépêches de Marillac, preserved in the Bibliothèque du Roi.

after the French fashion like all the other ladies of this court, and bears for her device round her arms, '*Non aultre volonté que le sienne*,' 'No other will than his.'"

The expression, *beauté médiocre*, which is used by Marillac in reference to this queen, would seem to infer that Katharine was not so remarkable for her personal charms as she has been represented by historians; but, independently of the acknowledged fact that opinions vary greatly on the subject of female loveliness, Marillac might only mean to qualify his first notice of Katharine when speaking of her from report, in which he says, "the king is going to marry a young lady of the greatest beauty."

Marillac's royal master, Francis I., having been much harassed with Henry's requisitions for him to provide him with a consort endowed with perfections such as are seldom to be found in mortal woman, had probably demanded of his accredited spy at the court of England an accurate description of the lady whom his queen-killing friend considered worthy the honour of becoming his next victim. The only authentic portrait of the Howard queen, that we have seen, is an original outline sketch of her among the Holbein heads in the royal library at Windsor. She is there represented as a fair blooming girl in her teens, with large laughing blue eyes and light brown hair, which is folded in Madonna bands on either side a brow of child-like simplicity. She has a nose *retroussé*, and very full red lips. It is the countenance of an unintellectual little romp trying to assume an air of dignity, and reminds us of a good-humoured Flemish peasant rather than a courtly beauty and a queen. Instead of the slender graceful proportions described by Marillac, she is so plump and round that she appears literally bursting out of her tight boddice, which is made very high and fits closely to her shape. It opens a little in front, and is fastened with a small round broach. Her head-dress, which is very formal and unbecoming for so young a person, is a small French hood sitting quite flat to the head with a narrow plaited border. It is possible that Holbein's sketch of Katharine Howard was taken some months after her elevation to the throne, when she might have acquired a considerable degree of *embonpoint*.

If the charms of royalty and power had lulled the young queen into forgetfulness of the precarious tenure, on which these perilous distinctions were held by Henry's wives, she was full soon reminded that the sword was suspended over her own head by a single hair. In the first months of her marriage mysterious reports in her disparagement were in circulation, for, on the 28th of August, the attention of the privy council was called to the fact, that a certain priest at Windsor was accused, with others of his company, of having spoken unbefitting words of the queen's grace, for which he and another person had been apprehended. The priest was committed to the custody of Wriothesley, the king's secretary, and the other incarcerated in the keep of Windsor Castle.[1]

How alarming any investigation of scandals that might lead to the

[1] Acts of Privy Council, vol. vii.

discovery of those passages in her early life which have been detailed in the preceding pages of this memoir must have been to the queen, may be imagined. With such a secret as she had on her mind, her diadem could have poorly compensated her for the agonising apprehensions under which she must have writhed, while the examinations were pending. Henry, being in the first intoxication of his bridal happiness, passed the matter lightly over. "The priest was simply enjoined to confine himself to his own diocese, and admonished by his majesty's command to be more temperate in the use of his tongue," but the person from whom he had heard the unbefitting words of the queen, which had been unguardedly repeated by him, was confined till further order.[1] It was in all probability this affair that afforded her enemies the first clue to Katharine's early errors, though the cloud passed over for a time. If she had been of a vindictive temper, a severer penalty might have been paid by those who had thus maligned her within the verge of her own court, and measures would have been taken to silence every tongue that ventured to disparage her.

After a short sojourn in the silver bowers of Grafton, the court removed to Ampthill. While there the royal household appears to have required reform, for we find that "Robert Tyrwit, esq., the vice-chamberlain to the king, and sir Edward Baynton, knight, the queen's vice-chamberlain, and divers other gentlemen the king and queen's servants, to the number of sixteen, were advertised of the king's pleasure concerning the sober and temperate order that his highness would have them to use in his highness's chamber of presence, and also the queen's, as also the behaviour of themselves towards the king's privy council, gentlemen of the privy chamber, and all other his highness's servants of every degree."

Katharine could have had little control over such of her attendants as had pertinaciously attached themselves to her fortunes. Joan Bulmer was one of her bedchamber women, so also was Katharine Tylney, a person only too well acquainted with her former misconduct, and worst of all, the profligate villain Manox was in her service as one of the royal musicians.

At Ampthill the king and queen remained till the 1st of October, after which they withdrew to the greater seclusion of More Park, in Hertfordshire, and while there, Henry, being impatient of the slightest interruption or intrusion, issued the following gracious orders, through his privy council, to queen Katharine's vice-chamberlain and his own, and all the officers of the royal household, that from henceforth they should in no wise molest his royal person with any suit or petition, but cause all suits or supplications to be made in writing, and delivered to his council.[2]

The court returned to Windsor October 22. At this period reports were in circulation that Henry was about to dismiss Katharine, and reinstate Anne of Cleves in her place, for the repudiated queen was likely to become a mother at a very unseasonable juncture for all parties.

[1] Sir Harris Nicolas' Acts of Privy Council, 32 Henry VIII., vol. vii. p. 89.
[2] Acts of Privy Council, vol. vii.

Marillac, whom no particle of gossip seems to escape, thus notices these rumours, "It is false what has been said about the king leaving the new queen, to take the one whom he has repudiated, for he bestows so many caresses on her he now has, with such singular demonstrations of affection, that it cannot be. That which caused the report was, that it has been said the other lady was pregnant, but she has been indisposed."

In his next letter to Francis I., dated November 1st, he says, "It is believed that the new queen has entirely gained the favour of the king, and of her who was lately queen they spake no more than if she were dead."

Katharine held her court at Windsor rather better than a month. The acts of the privy council of November 23 specify, "that the king and the queen, accompanied only by the lord privy seal, the lord admiral, the master of the horse, and the vice-chamberlain of the privy council, and the ladies, gentlemen, and gentlewomen of their privy chamber, departed to Oking, where they remained until the 7th of December, upon which day his highness with the queen's grace departed to Oatlands, and there remained till the 18th of the same month, and upon that day came to Hampton Court."[1]

Henry VIII., in his journeys and removals, was on former occasions attended by his council, but here he dispenses with their presence, that he may spend his Christmas at Hampton Court, in the society of queen Katharine, without the interruption of business or the restraints of royal pomp.

The first separation, after a marriage of six months, that had occurred between the king and queen took place February 7, 1541, when the king, for the despatch of business, removed to London, with his personal attendants, "only leaving behind him at Hampton Court, the queen's grace, with the whole household: he returned again the tenth day."[2]

No sort of pomp or regal splendour distinguished the court of the young and beautiful Howard queen. We find no records of her indulging her love of dress in the purchase of costly robes or jewellery, nor of gifts bestowed on her kindred or favourites. So quiet and unostentatious was the tenour of her life at this period, that the only matter worthy of notice, during her residence at Hampton Court, is the order to her tailor, dated March 1st, to provide the following needful articles for the use of the venerable countess of Salisbury, at that time an attainted prisoner in the Tower of London, under sentence of death, and despoiled of all her substance:—

"Imprimis, a night-gown furred, a kyrtle of worsted, and a petticoat furred.

"Item, another gown of the fashion of a night-gown, of saye lined with satin of cypress, and faced with satin.

"Item, a bonnet and a frontlet.

"Item, four pair of hose.

"Item, four pair of shoes and one pair of slips"[3] (probably slippers.)

The warm clothing provided for her by queen Katharine was probably

[1] Acts of the Privy Council, vol. vii. [2] Ibid. p. 130.

[3] *Acts of the* Privy Council, vol. vii. p. 147.

the means of preserving the venerable princess to undergo a fate scarcely less dreadful than that of perishing with cold in her cheerless prison lodgings.

Katharine's dower was settled on her by the king's letters patent, previous to the Easter festival, and other grants, licenses, and concessions, are secured to her by the same instruments. The whole of the spring and part of the summer were spent by Henry and Katharine in domestic retirement, at the country palaces of Greenwich and Eltham, or in making progresses through Kent, Essex, and the midland counties. If we are to give credit to the assertions, unsupported by proofs, of the majority of historians, Katharine had remained under the political guidance of her uncle, the duke of Norfolk, and Gardener, bishop of Winchester, but, as her influence with the king increased, she grew impatient of the tutelage of her uncle, who certainly did not possess the art of conciliating the affections of the ladies of his family, since he was at open variance with his wife, his sister, his daughter, and his step-mother, the duchess-dowager of Norfolk. It might be that Katharine took part in the quarrel between him and the last-named lady, with whom she was certainly on terms of the greatest confidence. But from whatever cause their disagreement arose, it was highly imprudent of the queen, who was naturally an object of jealousy and distrust to the protestant party, to deprive herself of the protection and support of her powerful kinsman. The event afforded a striking exemplification of the Divine proverb, that "a house divided against itself cannot stand."

Katharine, in the pride of youth and beauty, and blinded by her boundless influence over the mind of a royal husband, forgot, perhaps, that the throne to which his capricious passion had exalted her was based on the graves of three of her predecessors, and that it was only too likely to prove in her own case (as in that of Anne Boleyn) a splendid ascent to a scaffold,—she imagined that while she was all-powerful with Henry, she might defy the rest of the world.

The whole realm was then split into two great parties, so nicely matched, as to strength and numbers, that the ruling balance was in the hand of the sovereign, to dispose according to his own pleasure. It was that power which rendered Henry VIII. a despotic monarch, and enabled him to trample on the boasted laws and liberties of Englishmen with impunity. Catholics and protestants had succumbed alike to his evil passions, and endeavoured to use them as political weapons in their struggles with each other for mastery. The contest had commenced when Henry's divorce from Katharine of Arragon was first agitated, and the protestant party supported the interests of Anne Boleyn.[1]

Five years had passed away since these rival queens had vanished from the arena, and yet the names of Anne and Katharine were still the watchwords of the warring parties, for Henry was again the husband of two living wives of those names, and the legality of his divorce from the protestant queen Anne, and his marriage with the catholic Katharine, was almost as much questioned by his protestant subjects as his

[1] Acts of Privy Council, vol. vii.

divorce from Katharine of Arragon, and his marriage with Anne Boleyn, had been by the catholics. Thus we see that Katharine Howard was regarded by the reformed party in much the same light as Anne Boleyn had formerly been by the catholics. It was fondly imagined by such of the former, who regarded Anne of Cleves as Henry's lawful queen, that he might be won to a reconciliation with her, if he could be convinced of the unworthiness of her fair successor to fill her place.

That the duke of Cleves was so persuaded, we have shown in the preceding memoir, and it is a fact that throws some light on the diplomatic tact with which the political leaders of that party had organised their plans for the downfall of Katharine Howard.

The early follies of Katharine were known to too many not to have reached the persons most interested in destroying her influence with the king, and if they delayed striking the blow that was to lay her honours in the dust, it was only to render it more effectual. The "snake was to be killed, not scotched."

A crisis at length arrived, which afforded a favourable opportunity for carrying the project into execution. There was a catholic insurrection in Yorkshire this spring, headed by sir John Neville. Henry, attributing this to the influence of cardinal Pole, gave orders for the execution of the venerable countess of Salisbury, his mother, who had lain under sentence of death in the Tower for upwards of a twelvemonth. Her sentence had been basely and illegally procured by Cromwell, just before his own arrest for treason.[1] His execution, and probably the influence of the new queen, had thus long delayed the headsman's axe from descending on the guiltless victim.

She was the last of the Plantagenets, and, with a spirit not unworthy of her mighty ancestors, refused to submit to an unjust sentence by laying her head upon the block. "So should traitors do," she said, "but I am none, and if you will have my head, you must win it as you can." A scene of horror followed, which was concluded by the ruffian minister of Henry's vengeance dragging the aged princess by her hoary hair to the block, where he "slovenly butchered her, and stained the scaffold from veins enriched with all the royal blood of England."[2]

Henry's mistrust of the catholic party, in consequence of the late insurrection, induced him to leave the administration of affairs in the hands of an anti-papal council headed by Cranmer, Audley the lord chancellor, and Seymour earl of Hertford, the brother of the late queen Jane, when he proceeded on his journey into Yorkshire. Queen Katharine was the companion of his journey. They left London early in July, passed some days at the palace at Grafton, and so travelled through Northampton and Lincolnshire to York.[3] The progress was attended with some degree of splendour, but more of terror. Henry was received by his subjects on the road as a destroying angel, ready to inflict the vengeance of Heaven on the counties implicated in the late revolt. As the best propitiation they could devise, the men of Lincolnshire offered him

[1] Herbert; Guthrie; Lingard. [2] Guthrie; Lingard; Tytler; Rapin; Burnet.
[3] Acts of Privy Council; Hall; Guthrie.

money in all the towns through which he passed with his fair young queen;[1] probably he would not have been appeased without blood also, if she who possessed the art of charming fury-passions had not been at his side. In Yorkshire the king and queen were met by two hundred gentlemen of the shire, in coats of velvet, with four thousand tall yeomen and serving-men, who on their knees made a submission by the mouth of sir Robert Bowes, and gave the king 900*l.* Katharine witnessed a pageant of no less interest, when the archbishop of York, with upwards of three hundred ecclesiastics and their attendants, met the king on Barnesdale, and made a like submission with the peace-offering of 600*l.* Like submission was made by the mayors of York, of Newcastle, and of Hull, each of whom gave the king 100*l.* In the course of their progress Katharine held a court at her dower-manor of Shire, which, in memory of that circumstance, is still called Queen's Hold.

It was during this fatal progress that Katharine, when at Pontefract Castle, sealed her own doom by admitting her former paramour, Francis Derham, into her household as a gentleman in waiting and private secretary to herself. Sharon Turner, following lord Herbert and some other writers, says, "that Derham was only employed on two or three occasions in the absence of the queen's secretary to write her private letters." When we reflect on the nature of some of the letters the unfortunate Katharine was in the habit of receiving, we may readily suppose she preferred the dreadful alternative of employing Derham as her amanuensis rather than a person unacquainted with her fatal secret. It is a doubtful point, whether the "mysteries of writing," and consequently of reading letters, were among the accomplishments of this ill-fated queen. Joan Bulmer's epistle, previous to the royal marriage, claims Katharine's grateful remembrance, on the grounds of having exercised her clerkly skill in her service when but a private gentlewoman, and it is certain that no letter written by Katharine can be found. Even her signature has been vainly sought at the State Paper Office and elsewhere. The duchess of Norfolk has been accused of having herself introduced Derham into her granddaughter's court:[2] It is possible that this was the case, since neither of these unhappy ladies had the moral courage to put a stern negative on his audacious demand of preferment if he insisted upon it.

Katharine had been married upwards of twelve months before this appointment was granted, the date of which, according to Hollingshed, was the 27th of August. On the 29th of the same month, her cousin, Thomas Culpepper, had a long private interview with her at Lincoln in her closet or privy chamber at eleven at night, no one being present but lady Rochford, her principal lady in waiting, by whom he was introduced. The conference lasted many hours, and at his departure the queen presented him with a chain and a rich cap.[3] This secret meeting, and the unseasonable time at which it took place, was afterwards construed into a proof of a criminal intimacy between the queen and her kinsman

[1] Acts of Privy Council; Hall; Guthrie.
[2] Holingshed; State Paper MS. Burnet; Rapin.

But if Katharine had really been engaged in an intrigue with this near relation, she would scarcely have hazarded bringing him and Derham in contact, knowing, as she did, the jealous temper and lawless character of her seducer. Culpepper was one of the gentlemen of the king's privy chamber, and, in all probability, terrified at the peril in which the queen was involving herself by the appointment of Derham to an office in her household, sought and obtained a private audience for the purpose of remonstrating with her on the subject. This was, in fact, the part that every faithful kinsman would have taken, if aware of the nature of the previous connexion between her and Derham.

The king and queen arrived at York about the 14th of September, and tarried there twelve days. Great preparations had been made for the reception of Henry's nephew, James V. of Scotland; but that prince, placing no great reliance on his uncle's principles, excused himself from accepting his invitation to meet him there. Henry and Katharine quitted York, September 26, and that night they supped and slept at Holme,[1] an ancient moated mansion, which had been recently forfeited to the crown by the rebellion of sir Robert Constable. On the 1st of October they reached Hull, where they remained five days, and, crossing the Humber, they pursued their homeward route through Lincolnshire.

In one of the letters from the council with the king to that in London, Mr. secretary Wriothesley writes, "The king and queen and all the train be merry and in health." In the course of this progress Katharine enjoyed more of the pomp and pageantry of royalty than had fallen to her lot since her marriage with the king. The truth was, they travelled at the expense of the wealthy aristocracy of those counties which, having been recently involved in rebellion, omitted nothing that was likely to conciliate the offended sovereign. Henry, who became every day more enamoured of his beautiful young queen, took great delight in displaying her to his people in his public entrances into the principal towns in their route, and omitted nothing that was likely to give her pleasure. Katharine, being of a plastic age and temper, readily adapted herself to his humour, and made it her study to amuse and cheer him when he came to her fatigued and harassed with the cares of state The increase of her influence during this progress was beheld with jealous feelings by those who were naturally desirous of destroying her credit with the king; and the circumstance of the royal travellers resting one night at the house of sir John Gorstwick, who had, during the preceding spring, denounced Cranmer in open parliament "as the root of all heresies," was sufficiently alarming to that primate. There was, moreover, a select meeting of the privy council, at which Gardiner presided, held at Gorstwick's house, affording strong confirmation to the assertions of Burnet and Rapin, that Cranmer had reason to believe that he should very shortly follow Cromwell to the scaffold, unless some means were found of averting the gathering storm.

[1] Acts of the Privy Council, vol. vii. Holme is now the seat of the hon. P Stourton, who married Catharine, the eldest daughter of H. Howard, esq. of Corby, descended from the same stem as the unfortunate queen Katharine *Howard.*

At this momentous crisis the archbishop communicated to his colleagues, the earl of Hertford and the lord chancellor, the particulars of the queen's early misconduct in the house of the duchess of Norfolk, which had been conveyed to him by John Lassells, brother of the vile woman who had connived at the indiscretions, and finally the guilt, of the unhappy girl. This disclosure was stated to have taken place in a conversation between Lassells and his sister, in consequence of his advising her to ask for a place in the queen's household, as others had done, to which Mary replied, "That she did not wish to enter into the service of the queen, but that she pitied her." "Why so?" asked Lassells. "Marry," replied the other, "because she is light both in conditions and living," and then she related the tale of Katharine's lapse from virtue with Derham in revolting terms.[1] Alas, for the motherless child who had in the most perilous season of woman's life been exposed to the contaminating society of such a female! The disclosure was regarded by the earl of Hertford and the lord chancellor as a matter proper to be laid before the king, and the task was deputed to Cranmer.[2]

KATHARINE HOWARD,

FIFTH QUEEN OF HENRY VIII.

CHAPTER II.

The queen's unconsciousness of her danger—Fondness of the king—Their return to Windsor—Arrival at Hampton Court—The king's thanksgiving for his conjugal happiness—The queen accused by the privy council—Grief of the king—Witnesses against her examined—She is arrested—Her terror and agonies—Result of her examination—Evidence against her—Lady Rochford implicated—Queen sent to Sion House—Deprived of her royal attendance—Kept under restraint at Sion—The duchess of Norfolk, and the Queen's kindred, arrested—Derham and Culpepper imprisoned—Derham and his confidant tortured—Duchess of Norfolk's terror and sickness—Her depositions and danger—Fresh tortures inflicted on Derham and Damport—They are executed—Queen's attainder—The lord chancellor's scruples—Queen brought from Sion by water to the Tower—Condemnation—Her message—Protestations to her confessor—Queen executed with Lady Rochford—Interment—Contemporary verses on her fate.

THE queen, unconscious of how dark a cloud impended over her, was receiving fresh tokens of regard every hour from Henry, who behaved, as if it were his intention to prove to the world—

"How much the wife was dearer than the bride."

[1] Acts of the Privy Council; lord Herbert's Henry VIII.; White; Kennet; Burnet. [2] Ibid.

They arrived at Windsor on the 26th of October, and proceeded to Hampton Court on the 30th, in readiness to keep the festival of All Saints.[1] Henry and Katharine both received the sacrament that day. Henry, on this occasion, while kneeling before the altar, raised his eyes to heaven, and exclaimed aloud, "I render thanks to thee, O Lord, that after so many strange accidents that have befallen my marriages, thou hast been pleased to give me a wife so entirely conformed to my inclinations as her that I now have." He then requested his confessor, the bishop of Lincoln, to prepare a public form of thanksgiving to Almighty God for having blessed him with so loving, dutiful, and virtuous a queen. This was to be read on the morrow, which was All Souls' day. But on that fatal morrow, while Henry was at mass, the paper that contained the particulars of the misconduct of her, whom he esteemed such a jewel of womanhood and perfect love to himself, was put into his hands by Cranmer, with a humble request that he would read it when he was in entire privacy.[2] The object of Cranmer in presenting the information against the queen to Henry in the chapel was evidently to prevent the announcement to the people of the public form of thanksgiving, which had been prepared by the bishop. The absence of Katharine from her accustomed place in the royal closet afforded the archbishop the better opportunity of striking this decisive blow.

Henry at first treated the statement as a calumny invented for the destruction of the queen; for, as he himself afterwards declared, "he so tenderly loved the woman, and had conceived such a constant opinion of her honesty, that he supposed it rather to be a forged matter than the truth." On which, being greatly perplexed, he sent for the lord privy seal, the lord admiral, sir Anthony Browne, and sir Thomas Wriothesley, to whom he opened the case, saying, at the same time, "He could not believe it to be true; and yet, the information having been once made, he could not be *satisfied* till the certainty thereof were known, but he would not, in any wise, that in the inquisition any spark of scandal should arise against the queen."[3] He then despatched the lord privy seal to London, where Lassells was secretly kept, to try if he would stand to his saying. Lassells reiterated his tale, and added, "That he would rather die in the declaration of the truth since it so nearly touched the king than live with the concealment of the same." His sister was also examined, who gave evidence of the early misconduct of the queen.

That Katharine had admitted Derham and Manox, with John Bulmer, and other persons, who were acquainted with her fatal misconduct, into her royal household, was, probably, a matter in which she had no choice, as she was entirely in their power; but the circumstance of their being there afforded a startling confirmation of the charges against her.

Wriothesley received express instructions from the king to take Derham into custody, on an accusation of piracy, because he had been

[1] Acts of Privy Council. Acts of the Privy Council, vol. vii. 354.

[2] Herbert; Burnet; Rapin.

before in Ireland formerly noted for that offence,[1] making that pretence lest any spark of suspicion should get abroad from his examination.

The arrest was effected; and Henry's wrathful jealousy having been powerfully excited by a report that the old duchess of Norfolk should have had the folly to say, when in the queen's chamber, to a certain gentlewoman, "There," pointing to Derham, "this is he who fled away into Ireland for the queen's sake!" caused him to be examined very sharply as to the nature of his connexion with the queen.[2]

Derham boldly acknowledged "that a promise of marriage had been exchanged between himself and the queen many years previous to her union with the king; that they had lived as man and wife while he was in the service of her grandmother, the duchess of Norfolk; and that they were regarded in that light among the servants in the family; that he was accustomed to call her wife, and she had often called him husband, before witnesses; that they had exchanged gifts and love-tokens frequently in these days; and he had given her money whenever he had it." He solemnly denied that the slightest familiarity had ever taken place between them since Katharine's marriage with the king.[3] This was the substance of his first statements, freely given, nor could the extremity of torture wring from him any thing of further import against the queen; neither is there the slightest evidence tending to convict her of having renewed her criminal intimacy with him;[4] on the contrary, it would appear by the bitter scorn of her expressions, when compelled to name him,[5] that he had become the object of her greatest aversion, after she had seen the folly of her early infatuation, and felt the blight that his selfish passion had been the means of casting on her morning bloom of life.

When the result of the first day's investigation was brought to the king by the persons employed in that business, he seemed like a man pierced to the heart;[6] and, after vainly struggling for utterance, his pride and firmness gave way, and he burst into a passion of tears. He left Hampton Court the next morning without seeing the queen, or sending any message to her; and the same day the council came to her in a body, and informed her of the charge that had been made against her. She denied it, with earnest protestations of her innocence; but the moment they were gone fell into fits so violent, that her life and reason were that night supposed to be in danger.[7]

When this was reported to the king, he sent Cranmer to her in the morning with a deceitful assurance, that if she would acknowledge her transgressions, the king, although her life had been forfeited by the law, had determined to extend unto her his most gracious mercy." Katharine, who was in a state of frantic agony when the archbishop entered, was overpowered with softer emotions on hearing the message, and unable to do more than raise her hands with expressions of thankfulness

[1] Acts of the Privy Council, vol. vii. p. 354.
[2] State Paper Office MS.
[3] State Papers, vo
[4] Ibid.
[5] Queen Katharine's Examination at Burnet.
[6] Acts of Privy Council; Herbert; Lingard; Guthrie.
[7] Lingard; Tytler; State Papers.

to the king for having shown her more mercy than she had dared to ask for herself.[1]

In the evening Cranmer returned to her again, when, finding her more composed, he drew from her a promise, "that she would reply to his questions as truly and faithfully as she would answer at the day of judgment, on the promise which she made at her baptism, and by the sacrament which she received on All Hallows' day last past."[2]

The particulars of the queen's behaviour during these interviews, and the agonising state of excitement in which she was at this dreadful crisis of her fate, will be best detailed in the following letter from Cranmer to the king:—

"CRANMER to HENRY VIII.

"It may please your majesty to understand, that, at the repair to the queen's grace, I found her in such lamentation and heaviness as I never saw no creature, so that it would have pitied any man's heart in the world to have looked upon her; and in that vehement *rage*[3] she continued (as they informed me which be about her) from my departure from her unto my return again, and then I found her, as I do suppose, far entered towards a *franzy*, which I feared, before my departure from her, at my first being with her. Surely, if your grace's comfort had not come in time, she could have continued no long time in that condition without a *franzy*, which, nevertheless, I do yet much suspect to follow hereafter. As for my message from your majesty unto her, I was purposed to enter communication in this wise: First, to exaggerate the grievousness of her demerits, then to declare unto her the justice of your grace's laws, and what she ought to suffer by the same, and last of all, to signify unto her your most gracious mercy; but when I saw in what condition she was, I was fain to turn my purpose, and to begin at the last part first. To comfort her by your grace's benignity and mercy; for else, the recital of your grace's laws, with the aggravation of her offences, might, peradventure, have driven her into some dangerous extasy, or else into a very franzy, so that the words of comfort, coming last, might have come too late. And after I had declared your grace's mercy extended unto her, she held up her hands, and gave most humble thanks unto your majesty, who had showed her more grace and mercy than she herself thought meet to sue for, or could have hoped for. Then, for a time, she became more temperate and moderate, saving that she still sobbed and wept; but after a little pausing, she suddenly fell into a new *rage*, much worse than before. Now I do use her thus,—when I do see her in any such extreme *braids*,[4] I do travail with her to know the cause, and then, as much as I can, I do labour to take away, or at the least, to mitigate the cause, and so I did at that time. I told her there was some new phantasy come into her head, which I desired to open unto me; and after a certain time, when she had recovered herself that she might speak, she cried, and said:—

"'Alas, my Lord, that I am alive—the fear of death did not grieve me so much before as doth now the remembrance of the king's goodness—for when I remember how gracious and loving a prince I had, I cannot but sorrow; but this sudden mercy, more than I could have looked for (showed unto me, so unworthy, at this time), maketh mine offences to appear before mine eyes, much more heinous than they did before. And the more I consider the greatness of his mercy, the more I do sorrow in my heart that I should so mis-order myself against his majesty.'

"And for all I could say to her, she continued in a great pang a long while. After that she began something to remit her *rage*, and come to herself; she was metely well until night, and I had good communication with her, and, as I

[1] State Papers.
[2] Lingard; Tytler.
[3] By the word *rage* the writer always means *agony*.
[4] Paroxysms.

thought, brought her into a great quietness. Nevertheless, at night, about six of the clock, she fell into another pang, but not so outrageous as the first; and that was (as she showed me), because of remembrance, that, at that time of the evening, (as she said), master Heneage was wont to bring her news of your grace. And because I lack time to write all things to your majesty, I have referred other things to be opened by the mouth of the bearer of this, sir John Dudley, saving I have sent enclosed all that I can get of her, concerning any communication with Derham, which, although it be not so much as I thought, yet, I suppose, is surely sufficient to prove a contract, although she thinks it be no contract. The cause that master Baynton was sent to your majesty was, partly for the declaration of her state, and partly because, after my departure from her, she began to excuse and tamper those things which she had spoken unto me and set her hand, as, at my coming unto your majesty, I shall more fully declare by word of mouth, for she saith, 'that Derham used to her importune-force, and had not her free will and consent.' Thus, Almighty God have your majesty in his preservation and governance. From your grace's most bounden chaplain.

"T. CANTUARIEN."[1]

From Cranmer's assertion that the queen had "set her hand" to the paper, it has been inferred that she was able to write, but it might be only her mark of attestation; and, even if she could sign her name, it does not prove her capability of writing letters, or any thing beyond a signature.

In the whole of this transaction there is nothing more extraordinary than the perversity of Katharine in refusing to acknowledge, that, as far as an obligation, which had not received the sanction of the church, could go, she was plighted to her kinsman, Francis Derham, before she received the nuptial ring from king Henry. But with the same headstrong rashness which had characterized her conduct from childhood, she determined to cling to her queenly dignity at all hazards, rather than admit of any plea that would have the effect of rendering her subsequent marriage with the king null and void.

The following passages are subjoined, on that point, from her confession, which was sent by Cranmer to the king:—

"Being again examined by my lord of Canterbury, of contracts and communications of marriage between Derham and me, I shall here answer faithfully and truly, as I shall make answer at the last day of judgment, and by the promise that I made in baptism, and the sacrament I received upon All Hallows' day last past.

"First, I do say that Derham hath many times moved me unto the question of matrimony, whereunto, as far as I remember, I never granted him more than I have confessed; and as for those words, 'I do promise that I love you with all my heart,' I do not remember that I ever spoke them; but as concerning the other words, that 'I should promise him by my faith and troth,' I am *sure* I never spoke them.

"Questioned whether I called him husband, and he me wife? I do answer, that there was communication in the house that we two should

[1] State Papers, vol. i. pp. 689–691. This is written entirely with Cranmer's hand. By the expressions in this letter, which is full of kind feeling, it seems Cranmer really believed Henry would show the mercy he pretended to the wretched girl.

marry together, and some of his enemies had envy thereat, wherefore he desired me to give him leave to call me wife, and that I would call him husband, and I said, 'I was content;' and so, after that, commonly he called me wife, and many times I called him husband, and he used many times to kiss me.

"And, I suppose, this is true, that at one time he kissed me very often: some who stood by made observations on his conduct, whereunto he answered, 'Who should hinder him from kissing his own wife?'"[1]

King Henry remained in the neighbouring palace of Oatlands, whither he had withdrawn to await the result of these investigations. He appears to have been torn with contending passions, and not venturing to trust to his own feelings, with regard to his unhappy queen, he left all proceedings to the direction of Cranmer and the council. Katharine was now placed under arrest, and her keys were taken away from her;[2] and on the 11th of October the archbishop of Canterbury, with Wriothesley and Mr. comptroller, received orders to go to the queen, and signify to her the king's pleasure, that she should depart on the following Monday to Sion House while the inquiry pended.

The state of a queen was not yet entirely taken from her, but reduced to the following appointments, which are copied from the order in council:—

"The furniture of three chambers, hanged with mean stuff, without any cloth of estate (canopy), of which three, one shall serve for Mr. Baynton and the others to dine in, and the other two to serve for her use, and with a small number of servants. The king's highness's pleasure is that the queen have, according to her choice, four gentlewomen and two chamberers, foreseeing always that my lady Baynton be one, whose husband the king's pleasure is should attend the queen, and have the rule and government of the whole house. Besides Mr. Baynton, his wife, and the almoner, the king appointeth none specially, to remain with her; the rest are to depart upon Monday next. And the king's pleasure is, that my lady Mary[3] be conducted to my lord prince's house by sir John Dudley, with a convenient number of queen Katharine's servants." Lady Margaret Douglas (the daughter of Henry's sister, the queen of Scotland) had likewise to make way for the disgraced queen's establishment; she was conducted to Kenning-hall, and with her went the young duchess of Richmond. The queen's maids of honour were ordered to return to their friends, excepting Mrs. Bassett, whom the king, "considering the calamity of her friends, determined to provide for." Then follows, "the king's resolution to lay before the parliament and judges the abominable behaviour of the queen, but without any mention of precontract to Derham, 'which might serve for her defence,' but only to open and make manifest the king's highness's just cause of indignation and displeasure. Considering no man would think it reasonable that the king's highness (although his majesty doth not yet take the degree of her estate utterly from her) should entertain her so tenderly in the high degree and estate of a queen, who for her demerits is so unworthy of the same. Therefore the king's majesty willeth, that whoever among you know not only the whole matter, but also how it was first detected, by whom, and by what means, it came to the

[1] Queen Katharine Howard's confession; Burnet's Reformation.

[2] State Papers, vol. i.

[3] The princess Mary, daughter of Henry VIII. *My lord prince* was her infant brother, afterwards Edward VI.

king's majesty's knowledge, with the whole of the king's majesty's sorrowful behaviour and careful proceeding in it, should upon the Sunday coming assemble all the ladies and gentlewomen and gentlemen being now in the queen's household, and declare unto them the whole process of the matter (except that ye make no mention of the precontract), but omitting that, set forth such matter as might confound their misdemeanour. Touching the queen's departing from that house and removing to Sion, shall be on Monday next coming, such ladies only to remain at Hampton Court to abide the queen's removing, as by advertisements from you, of those that shall succeed there; providing always that the ladies keep their day of departure upon Monday, and such only to remain at Hampton Court to abide the queen's removing as shall be attendant at Sion. Giving you Mr. comptroller, to understand that Mr. Weldon, master of the household, hath been here spoken to, to make provision of wine, beer, and other necessaries at Sion for that purpose.

"At the king's palace of Westminster, the 11th of November, at night.

"Your loving friends,

"NORFOLK. SOUTHAMPTON. SUFFOLK. RUSSELL.
"ANTONE BROWNE. ANTONY WINGFIELD.
"RAFE SADLEYR.

"Furthermore, his majesty's pleasure is, that Mr. Seymour shall remain there, with all the jewels and other things of the queen's, till she be gone, and then to bring them hither. And to the queen's grace ye must appoint six French hoods, with the appurtenances, with edges of goldsmith's work, so there be no stone or pearl in the same; likewise as many pair of sleeves, six gowns, and six kirtles of satin damask and velvet, with such things as belong to the same, except always stone and pearl.

"At the court (Westminster), to my lord of Canterbury, at Hampton Court."[1]

In parts of this order we trace the lingering tenderness of the king for her who had been so lately the object of his adoring fondness. It is also curious to observe how those who at first raked up the most trivial gossip's tales (that eight years ago circulated among the menials of the duchess of Norfolk, in order to establish the fact of a precontract between Derham and the queen), now caution their colleagues "by no means to mention the *precontract*, lest it should serve her for an excuse to save her life."

The council had, in fact, come to the determination of proceeding against the queen on the awful charge of adultery, and, finding it impossible to convict her of that crime with Derham, they determined to fix it on some other person. But so circumspect had been the deportment of Katharine since her marriage, that the only man to whom she had ever manifested the slightest degree of condescension was her first cousin, Thomas Culpepper.

This young gentleman was the son of Katharine's uncle, sir John Culpepper, of Holingbourn, in Kent. He was a gentleman of the privy chamber to Henry VIII. before the elevation of his fair kinswoman to the fatal dignity of queen-consort. His name is found among the royal appointments at the marriage of Anne of Cleves, and he distinguished himself in the jousts at Durham House in honour of those nuptials. In the thirty-third year of king Henry, he obtained the grant of three manors from the crown. The nearness of their relationship naturally caused great intimacy between him and Katharine, for they had been

[1] State Papers, p. 695.

companions in childhood; but whether there were ever a matrimonial engagement in perspective between them, as suspected by her forsaken and jealous lover, Derham, previous to her union with the king, cannot now be ascertained. It is possible that such a report might have decided the council to implicate him with the queen in a charge of adultery. As this was the only means of dissolving the king's marriage, the queen's female attendants were strictly examined with a view to establish the charge. Whether these unfortunate women were examined by torture, like the men, or only put in terror of it, is not on record; but when we remember that Wriothesley and Rich were the agents by whom the evidences were collected, it may be supposed they were not very scrupulous as to the means they employed. These were the men afterwards found superseding the more merciful executioner in his abhorred office, in the dungeon of the young, the lovely, and pious Anne Askew, when, provoked by her silent fortitude, they threw off their gowns and worked the rack with their own ferocious hands, till they nearly tore her delicate frame asunder. These two men were the most unprincipled and sanguinary of the whole swarm of *parvenues* of whom Henry's cabinet was composed. Wriothesley is thus portrayed by a contemporary poet:—

"From vile estate of base and low degree,
By false deceit, by craft and subtle ways,
Of mischief mould and key of cruelty,
Was crept full high, borne up by various stays.
* * * * *
With ireful eye, or glearing like a cat,
Killing by spite whom he thought fit to hit."[1]

It is impossible to read Wriothesley's reports of the examinations of the witnesses without perceiving his deadly malice against the queen and her kindred. When writing to his colleague Sadler, he does not disguise his satisfaction at "pyking out any thing that is likely to serve the purpose of *our business*," as he calls it. "I assure you," writes he, "my woman Tylney hath done *us* worthy service and true, as it appeareth." The evidence on which Mr. Secretary Wriothesley felicitates himself so highly goes no farther than to prove that the queen was surrounded by spies, who were disposed to place evil constructions on her most trifling departure from the rigour of royal etiquette.

The following is the document alluded to: "The deposition of Katharine Tylney, at Westminster, November 13th, 33 Henry VIII.[2]—She saith, that she remembers at Lincoln the queen went two nights out of her chamber when it was late, to lady Rochford's chamber, which was up a little pair of stairs by the queen's chamber. And the first night this deponent and Margaret,[3] her colleague, went up with her, and the queen made them both go down again, but Margaret went up again eftsoons, and this deponent went to bed with Mrs. Friswith (another of the queen's chamberers). As far as she remembereth, when it was late,

[1] Cavendish.
[2] MS. in State Paper Office.
[3] Katharine Tylney and Margaret Morton were two of the queen's chamberers *or bedchamber* women.

about two of the clock, Margaret came up to bed to them, and she (Tylney) said to Margaret, 'Jesus! is not the queen a-bed yet?' and Margaret said, 'Yes, even now.' 'The second night,' she says that 'the queen made all her fellows go to bed, and took only this deponent with her, at which time she tarried also in manner as long as she did the other night, during which time this deponent was in a little place with my lady Rochford's woman,' and 'therefore on her peril,' saith 'she never saw who came unto the queen and my lady Rochford, nor heard what was said between them.' 'Item,' she saith, 'that the queen hath caused her to do sundry such strange messages to lady Rochford, that she could not tell her how to utter them; and at Hampton Court lately she bade her go to my lady Rochford and ask her 'when she should have the thing she promised her?' and she (lady Rochford) answered, 'that she sat up for it, and she would the next day bring her word herself.' A like message and answer was conveyed to and from my lord of Suffolk."[1]

It is of course impossible to penetrate into the secret of these mysterious messages, but considering that the king's brother-in-law, Suffolk, was one of the parties concerned, it is impossible to imagine they were any way connected with love affairs, and therefore the probability is, they related to supplies of money, or the private purchase of jewels or articles of adornment, which the queen employed the agency of these persons to procure in an underhand way. Katharine, like all persons who have been early initiated into the dark mysteries of sin, had evidently acquired a systematic habit of concealment, even with regard to those trifling actions which, when openly performed, would never excite suspicion.

The testimony of Margaret Morton[2] (Tylney's companion) is unfavourable to the queen, as far as her own opinion goes; she imagined "that the lady Rochford was a party to some intrigue that the queen was carrying on at Lincoln, Pontefract, and York." "When they were at Pontefract," she says, "the queen had angry words with Mrs. Luffkyn (another of the chamberers) and herself, and forbade their attendance in her bed-chamber." On which, these two women kept a jealous watch on her majesty's proceedings. "Lady Rochford," Margaret said, "conveyed letters to and from the queen to Culpepper, as it was supposed, and one night when they were at Pontefract, and the queen was in her bed-chamber, with no other attendant than my lady Rochford, and the lady Rochford (which was an unusual thing) did not only lock the chamber-door, but bolted it in the inside also, and when the king came with the intent to pass the night there, he found the door so fastened, and there was some delay before he was admitted." It is possible, however, that the queen was in the bath, or so engaged as to render it expedient to fasten her chamber-door, for there is no evidence to prove that any *other* person was in the chamber besides the lady-in-waiting and the queen.

[1] MSS. in State Paper Office, 33 Henry VIII.
[2] State Paper MS. 33 Henry VIII.

The fate of Anne Boleyn and her brother, lord Rochford, had recently afforded melancholy witness on how slight grounds a queen of England might be sent to the block, and a noble gentleman "done to death" by slanderous tongues. The only evidence adduced in proof of the alleged crime of Anne Boleyn with her brother was, that he had leaned his hand on her bed; and now his widow, who had borne murderous testimony against her lord, was to be brought by retributive justice to an ignominous death, on a charge of having been an accomplice in a royal intrigue, because she, as lady-in-waiting, had been present at an interview between the queen and her first-cousin. Lady Rochford was many years older than her thoughtless mistress, and, having been lady of the bedchamber to the four preceding queens, she ought to have had sufficient experience in the etiquette of the court to have warned Katharine of the impropriety of admitting her kinsman to her presence at an unsuitable hour. How greatly Katharine's health was shaken by the agitating scenes of that dreadful week may be gathered from a letter from sir Ralph Sadler, directing the archbishop and Wriothesley to "question the queen again with respect to her intimacy with Culpepper, if they found her in such a state of health and mind as to bear it." Nothing could induce Katharine to admit that there had ever been the slightest impropriety between her and this near relative. None of the great ladies in attendance on the queen were examined. Margaret Douglas, the king's niece, who was the first lady-in-waiting, however, received a severe reprimand,[1] not for being privy to any levity on the part of the queen, but for her own misconduct in having entered into a clandestine courtship with lord Charles Howard, who was at the same time the young uncle of the queen, and also the half-brother of her first love, the unfortunate lord Thomas Howard, who died imprisoned in the Tower, for having presumed to plight his troth, without the king's consent, to a lady in such near relation to the crown.

On the 13th of November Katharine was removed as a degraded prisoner from Hampton Court to Sion. Her disgrace was proclaimed to her attendants, who were assembled in the Star-chamber for that purpose, and the household was discharged.

Though many of the queen's ladies were, as we have seen, of the highest rank, the lord chancellor entered into all the details, in his declaration of Katharine's former misconduct with Derham. He concluded with an intimation that there was "a still further appearance of abomination in the queen, which for the present he left in a cloud."[2]

The very next day Henry's ministers (who were in great haste to proclaim the dishonour of their royal master to foreign nations) addressed a circular, announcing the whole order and story of the queen's misconduct, to the king's ministers abroad. They even obliged the French ambassador with particulars which ought never to have been made public, even if true.

Francis I., in return, sent his condolences to Henry on the misbehaviour of Katharine Howard, saying, "he was sorry to hear of the

[1] State Paper MS.

[2] State Papers, vol. i. p. 684.

great displeasures, troubles, and inquietations, which his good brother had recently had by the naughty demeanour of her lately reputed for queen."[1]

The motives of Henry's council in thus blazoning the charges against the queen as facts, before they had been substantiated as such by a trial, are glaringly apparent. There was a strong yearning in the king's heart towards her; therefore the chance existed of her regaining her former influence, since no actual evidence could be brought of her disloyalty to him, and, in the event of a reconciliation, those who had accused Katharine would have cause to apprehend punishment for conspiring against her life and fame. They played their perilous game with too much skill to allow the bruised reed to rise again, and before the first transport of Henry's indignation had subsided sufficiently to admit of his forming a dispassionate judgment of the nature of his wrong—

> "For to be wroth with what we love
> Doth work like madness on the brain —

they struck a master-stroke of policy, by inducing him to sanction the publication of details which would prevent the possibility of his ever receiving Katharine again as his queen.

In the meantime, information was conveyed to the council that the duchess of Norfolk, on hearing the rumour of the arrest of the queen and Derham, had secretly despatched a confidential servant, named Pewson, to Hampton Court, to ascertain the real state of the case. Pewson, on his return, told his lady "that it was reported that the queen had misconducted herself with Derham, and that Katharine Tylney was privy to her guilt." The duchess said "she could not think it was true, but, if it were, all three deserved to be hanged." She then said to Derham's friend, Damport, "I hear Mr. Derham is taken, and also the queen: what is the matter?" "Some words, belike, spoken by him to a gentleman-usher,"[2] was the reply. The duchess expressed great alarm "lest any thing should befall the queen in consequence of evil reports." She gave Damport 10*l.*, doubtless to purchase his silence, and it seems she had been accustomed to allow him an annual stipend.

The duke of Norfolk was despatched, by order of the king, to make search at the duchess's house at Lambeth for Derham's papers and effects; before his arrival, however, the old duchess, with the assistance of the yeoman of her kitchen, and some others of her *meiné*, had broken open the coffers and trunks belonging to Derham, and carried off, and (as it is supposed) destroyed, every thing that was likely to be brought in evidence against herself or any of the parties implicated in a knowledge of the queen's early transgressions. When the duke reported what had been done by his step-mother, she and all her servants were placed under arrest and very strictly examined by the council. The following is the account given of the examination of one of the delinquents:—

"First we began with Ashby, the duchess of Norfolk's man, and wrote on Sunday three or four leaves of paper, where, among many long

[1] State Papers, vol. i. p. 684.

[2] State Paper MS. 33 Henry VIII.

tales of small importance, he said, that when the duchess broke up Derham's coffers, he (Ashby) and her comptroller (a priest) were present, besides the smith, who picked the one coffer and broke open the other. The duchess took out all the writings and carried them to her chamber, saying, she would peruse them at her leisure, without suffering any person to be present. The like she did also with such writings as were in his mail. She declared she meant not any of these things to come to revelation. She would have had Ashby take a satin coat belonging to Derham in the place of 30*s.* 8*d.* which Derham owed him, but he refused it. He confessed, also, that the duchess had been in the greatest fear lest Alice Wilks should have told lord William of the familiarity between the queen and Derham. She would have sent one to Calais to have informed the lord William Howard of this matter, if she had not been advised to the contrary. He (Ashby) confessed that she (the duchess) once said, 'that if there be no offence since the marriage, she (the queen) ought not to die for what was done before;' and also, 'that she demanded, whether the *pardon*[1] would not serve other persons who knew of their naughty life before the marriage.' Also he confessed that she broke open a chest and two coffers of Damport's, after he was committed to the Tower, and likewise took out all his writings and letters at this breaking also. Ashby and her comptroller were present, and one Dunn, yeoman of her cellar, who played the smith's part."[2]

On a second and third examination of the persons concerned in this transaction, nothing further could be learned than that the duchess found several bundles of papers, some ballads, and books with musical notes for playing on the lute, among Derham's effects. How his trunks and personal property came to be in the duchess of Norfolk's house can only be accounted for on the supposition that his office at court did not entitle him to lodgings in the palace; that he was only there, in rotation, with other gentlemen-in-waiting, and that his general home was in the house of his noble kinswoman, the duchess of Norfolk.

Who his parents were is unknown, yet he always had the command of money, as we find by his costly presents to Katharine when she was living as a dependant in the house of the duchess.

Derham, on being cross-questioned on Katharine Tylney's evidence, touching the duchess of Norfolk's knowledge of his clandestine courtship of the queen when a girl, admitted the fact, "that the duchess had once seen him kiss her grand-daughter, for which she struck him and beat her, and gave Bulmer a blow for permitting it," as related before. "Many times also," he said, "she would blame him and Katharine." He said "that he was introduced into the royal household by the queen's desire, who told the duchess of Norfolk to bring him."[3] How far this was fact cannot be ascertained, but all the evidences agree, that he was introduced into the palace by the duchess of Norfolk.

Lady Howard deposed, that being in the court, the queen once asked her, "Where Derham was?" and she replied, "He is here with my

[1] This pardon is frequently mentioned, but is inexplicable.
[2] State Papers, vol. i. p. 697. [3] State Paper MS, 33 Henry VIII.

lord;" and the queen said, "My lady of Norfolk hath desired me to be good unto him." Be this how it might, the circumstance of his being in the household had the worst possible effect on the queen's cause; moreover, it was the only available fact against her, and was used by the council as presumptive evidence that it was her intention to wrong the king; Henry naturally regarded it in that light.[1]

Mr. secretary Wriothesley gives a lively account of the terror of the duchess of Norfolk and her resistance to the royal mandate, when he brought the order for her arrest. The recent butchery of the aged countess of Salisbury of course rendered such a proceeding sufficiently alarming. The duchess immediately fell very ill, and "said she was not well enough to be removed;" on which Wriothesley tells the council, "that he, and the earl of Southampton, and Mr. Pollard, went to see her, the better to perceive whether she were indeed as sick as she pretended." "At first," says he,[2] "we entered as though we had only come to visit and comfort her, whereby we perceived, in short space, that she was not so sick as she made for, but able enough to repair to my lord chancellor as his highness appointed. Then began we to tell her that my lord chancellor had certain questions to demand of her, which should much serve to the clearing of the matter, and so advised her to repair to him, saying the matters were not long, *ne* such as we thought she would not both shortly and truly answer; but here she began to be very sick again, 'even at the heart,' as she said, which was the sickness of mistrust, that if she went she should not return again. Nevertheless, with much ado we got her to condescend to her going, and so we departed, to the intent that she should mistrust no false measure, and we all staid at the house of *me* sir Thomas Wriothesley till we saw her barge pass. We have also travelled this day with Pewson, whom we have in custody, but he is yet stiff. Marry, he confesseth already his going to Hampton Court after Derham's apprehension, but the purport of his going to those parts was to buy boards for my lady of Norfolk, and fagots for himself at Kingston, as he saith, but we think he can, and shall tell another tale, wherein, as in all the rest, we shall travail to the best of our powers to get out the truth. Sir, we pray you to send hither all such examinations as you have touching these matters, that we may peruse them, and *pick* all such things out of them as may serve to the purpose of our business."[3]

Katharine had now the bitter agony of learning that her aged relative was not only involved in her disgrace, but was sick and in prison, and in peril of being brought to a death of ignominy for having concealed her light conduct.

"We twain," write Southampton and Wriothesley, "went to the Tower, and then first began with my lady of Norfolk, whom we found on her bed as it appeared very sickly. Pressing her as much as we might to declare some further matter and knowledge touching the mis-

[1] State Paper MS., 33 Henry VIII.

[2] State Paper printed by Government, vol. i. p. 696.

[3] Letter from Wriothesley and Southampton to Sir Ralph Sadler; State Papers, vol i.

conduct of the queen and Derham, assuring her on his majesty's behalf of her own life if she would in some sort make us her ghostly confessors, she made us answer, 'that she would take her death of it, that she never suspected any wrong between them; she took God to witness that she never thought them to be of that abominable sort she now knoweth them to be of; nevertheless, she will not deny, but she perceived a sort of light love and favour between them more than between indifferent persons, and had heard that Derham would sundry times give her (Katharine Howard) money, which she thought proceeded from the affection that groweth of kindred, the same Derham being her kinsman. But in that she told not his majesty thereof before his marriage, and in that she brake Derham and Damport's coffers, she confesseth to have offended God and his majesty, and beseecheth his highness most humbly, therefore, 'in his most noble heart to forgive her, and to be her good and gracious lord as he hath been, for otherwise her days would not be long.' We assure you she appeareth wondrous sorrowful, repentant, and sickly."[1]

Queen Katharine and her grandmother were both at this period sick nearly unto death with grief and terror, and in their separate prisons they were assailed with subtle interrogatories day after day by the pitiless members of king Henry's council, of which the purport was to outrage all the ties of nature by rendering them witnesses against each other.

Some of the questions put to the unhappy queen bore no reference to her alleged offences, but are standing proofs of the insolent curiosity of those by whom she was examined. She was even asked "what change of apparel the duchess was wont to give her yearly when under her care," with other questions of the most irrelevant and trivial nature.[2] No evidence proving the crime of adultery against the queen could be extorted from the duchess of Norfolk or any other witness. On the 31st of November, Culpepper and Derham were arraigned for high treason in Guildhall, before the lord mayor, contrary to any previous form of law[3]—justice was out of the question, for on the right hand of the intimidated civic magistrate sat the lord chancellor, on his left the duke of Suffolk. The lord privy seal, the earls of Sussex and Hertford, with others of the council, sat also as judges that day.[4] By those great state officers of the crown, some of whom had previously presided while the prisoners were questioned by torture, Derham and Culpepper were adjudged guilty and condemned to the dreadful death decreed to traitors. But though this sentence was pronounced, no proof of the crime of which they were accused had been established, and as it was considered necessary to substantiate the charge against the queen, they were respited for a few days, not in mercy, but that they might be subjected to fresh examinations by torture. They bore the extremity of their sufferings from day to day, if not unshrinkingly, without permitting any thing that could criminate the queen to be wrung from the

[1] State Papers, p. 722. [2] Proceedings of the Council in State Paper Office.
[3] Actsof Privy Council, vol. vii. [4] Holingshed, p. 1583, first edition.

weakness of exhausted nature. Culpepper maintained the innocence of his royal kinswoman to the last unswervingly, nor could the extremity of torture draw from Derham an admission that the slightest criminality had passed between himself and Katharine since her marriage with the king.[1] Damport, his friend, was subject to the torture of having his teeth forced out in the brakes, an instrument supposed to be the same as that called the duke of Exeter's daughter. Worn out with his sufferings, Damport at length desired to speak to one of the council, and he would make confession. The report of the two gentlemen to whom his admissions were made is as follows: 'I, sir John Gage, and I, sir Richard Rich, went to him, and his saying for that time was, that Derham once said to him, when the king favoured mistress Katharine, 'I could be sure of mistress Katharine Howard an' (if) I would, but I dare not, the king beginneth to love her, but an' he were dead I might marry her.'[2] Damport also confesseth that Derham told him, that the duchess of Norfolk once said to a gentlewoman, in the queen's chamber, pointing to him, 'This is he who fled away to Ireland for the queen's sake.'

"Damport confesseth this now, but would not do it before for any torture that he could be put to; we have resolved, that both he and Derham shall be seriously examined again this day of certain points. Derham maketh humble suit for the remission of some part of the extremity of his judgment, wherein we require you to know his majesty's pleasure. He denied these confessions of Damport. From Christ's Church this Tuesday morning, December 6th."

The council, by the king's direction, gave this reply to the query of the coadjutors in London: "Touching Culpepper and Derham, if your lordships do think that ye have got as much out of Derham as can be had, that ye shall then (giving them time that they may prepare themselves to God, for the salvation of their souls) proceed to their execution.

"At Oatland this present feast of the Conception of our Lady."

"We think," writes Wriothesley again, "we can get no more of Derham than is already confessed; therefore, unless we shall hear otherwise from the king's majesty, we have resolved that they shall suffer to-morrow, December 9th."

This was followed by an order from the council in London to the council with the king, saying, "Though they thought the offence of Culpepper very heinous, they had given orders for him to be drawn to Tyburn, and there only to lose his head, according to his highness's most gracious determination."

Derham petitioned for some mitigation, of his cruel sentence, but, when application was made to the king, the following was the reply, "The king's majesty thinketh he deserveth no mercy at his hand, and therefore hath determined that he shall undergo the whole execution."[3]

On the following day Derham and Culpepper were drawn to Tyburn; Culpepper, out of consideration to his noble connexions, was beheaded,

[1] State Paper Office MS. [2] State Papers published by Government, vol. i.
[3] State Papers.

Derham was hanged and quartered, with the usual barbarous circumstances of a traitor's death; both protested their innocence of the crime for which they suffered. The heads of both were placed on London Bridge.

Wriothesley expresses an enthusiastic wish "that every one's faults, who were accused, might be *totted* on their own heads," and thus proceeds to sum up the malefactions of the duchess of Norfolk in the following order. "First, having knowledge of Katharine's dereliction she did recommend her to his majesty. And afterwards was a *mean* (medium) for her to extend favour, or, rather, to renew favour to Derham. And when Derham was taken and in the Tower for his treason, after the same was declared to her by the whole council, she did secretly break up two chests, and out of the same conveyed all such letters as might manifest her own knowledge of the affair."[1]

There is something peculiarly characteristic of the man in the zest with which Wriothesley enters into the proceedings against the unfortunate kindred of the queen. "Yesterday," he writes, "we committed the lord William Howard, his wife, and Anne Howard. The lord William stood as stiff as his mother, and made himself most clear from all mistrust or suspicion. I did not much like his fashion."[2] This letter is in confidence to his colleague, and affords shrewd signs of a conspiracy in the council against the queen and her family. Why else should Wriothesley have disliked the appearance of fearless innocence in lord William Howard, or felt uneasy at the probability of his clearing himself from the charge that was aimed at his life? As for his property, *that* was immediately sequestered, and strict inquiry made into the truth of a report, "that some of his lordship's stuff (goods) had been thrown into the sea during the stormy passage of lord William and his family from France." The loss was, however, confined to the mules and horses.

The unfairness with which the trials of lord William Howard and Damport were conducted was so great, that the master of the rolls, the attorney and solicitor-general, and three of the king's council, the very persons who had taken the examinations, were brought as witnesses against the prisoners, in lieu of other evidence.[3] The offence of Damport was simply, that of being acquainted with the previous state of affairs between his friend Derham and the queen before her marriage, which, instead of revealing to the king, he had tattled to his acquaintance. He was in the end subjected to the most horrible tortures to make him declare more than he knew. Had he known more it would have been divulged, for he had not the faculty of keeping a secret. The council were greatly embarrassed what to do with the infant children of lord William Howard, four in number, and those of lady Bridgewater, who were thus rendered homeless, but at last they consigned them to the custody of Cranmer, of the bishop of Durham, and of lady Oxford, "to be dealt with according to their own discretion and convenience."[4]

The members of the council in London, in one of their letters to the

[1] State Papers, 709, 710.
[2] Lingard, vol. vi. p. 315.
[3] State Paper MSS., 33 Henry VIII.
[4] Acts of the Privy Council, vol. vii. pp. 282-283.

council with the king, express a fear, "as the duchess of Norfolk is old and testy, that she may die out of perversity, to defraud the king's highness of the confiscation of her goods; therefore it will be most advisable, that she, and all the other parties named in a former letter, may be indicted forthwith of misprision of treason, whereby the parliament should have better grounds to *confiske* their goods than if any of them chanced to die before the bill of attainder past."[1] Here then was a laudable attention to the contingencies of life and death for the benefit of the royal purse. Shades of Dudley and Empson! hide your diminished heads while the dealings of the council of the monarch, who brought ye to the scaffold for deeds of wrong and robbery, are unveiled. In a letter dated December 11th, his majesty's council is advertised, by the council in London, that they had found the value of 2000 marks in money, and about 600 or 700 in plate, belonging to the duchess of Norfolk.[2]

The disgusting thirst for plunder, which is so marked a feature in the proceedings of the king and his council at this period, was further gratified on the 21st, when Southampton, Wriothesley, and Sadler, triumphantly wrote to Henry to inform him, that they had had another interview with the poor sick old duchess, who had voluntarily confessed where she had hid 800*l.* in money of her own property.[3] On the news of this unexpected addition to their prey, they informed the aged captive that it was the king's gracious intention to spare her life; whereupon she fell on her knees with uplifted hands, and went into such paroxysms of hysterical weeping, that these gentlemen were "sorely troubled" to raise her up again. Henry certainly appears to have derived much consolation for his matrimonial mortifications from the rich spoils of plate, jewels, and money, which were torn from the kindred of his unhappy queen.

Sir John Gorstick and John Skinner were appointed to go to Ryegate to lord William Howard's house, to take an inventory of all the money, jewels, goods, and chattels, they should find there, and bring the same to the council. Mr. secretary Wriothesley, master Pollard, and Mr. Attorney, were appointed to go to the duchess of Norfolk's and lord William's houses at Lambeth, for the same purpose. Sir Richard Long and sir Thomas Pope were sent on the like errand to the lady Bridgewater's houses in Kent and Southwark. The duchess of Norfolk's house at Horsham had been previously ransacked. Lady Rochford's house at Blickling, in Norfolk, was also put under sequestration.

Mary Lassells was by the desire of the council with the king exempted from the indictment for misprision of treason, in which all the parties privy to the queen's early frailty were included. So low had the personal dignity of the sovereign fallen, that a feeling of gratitude was expressed in his majesty's name to this woman, because "she did from the first opening of the matter to her brother seem to be sorry, and to lament that the king's majesty had married the queen."[4] Great credit is

[1] State Papers, vol. i. [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid. MSS.
[4] State Papers published by Government, vol. i.

given by the council to Mary Lassells for her good service in having revealed the matter, and also that she had refused to enter into the service of the queen. Beyond her own assertion, there is not the slightest evidence that she ever had the offer of doing this, and it was probably Katharine's neglect or forgetfulness of this woman that provoked her to the denouncement. It is impossible to overlook her enmity to the queen throughout. So end the friendships of vice.

Damport, Manox, and the duchess of Norfolk's servants, were found guilty of the crime of misprision of treason. They made pitiful supplication for mercy, and the punishment of death was remitted by the king. The new year opened dismally on the fallen queen, who was still confined to the two apartments hung with mean stuff, that had been allotted to her in the desecrated Abbey of Sion. Her reflections during the two dreary months she had worn away in her wintry prison may be imagined. They were months replete with every agony, shame, grief, remorse, and terrible suspense.

On the 16th of January, 1542, the new parliament that was to decide the fate of the queen met at Westminster.

Katharine had, indeed, received a promise that her life should be spared; but if, relying on the sacredness of that promise, she had fondly imagined the bitterness of death was passed, she must have been the more astounded when the bill for her attainder was brought into the house of lords. She was without friends, counsellors, or money, at this awful crisis. The only person who might have succoured her in her sore distress was her uncle, the duke of Norfolk, if he had been so disposed.

This nobleman was one of the greatest men of the age. In point of naval, military, and diplomatic talents, he had no second. He was the premier peer of England, and his unbounded wealth enabled him to retain in his band of pensioners a little standing army of his own in defiance of all the royal edicts against feudal retainers. He had the power of rising up in the house of lords, and demanding that his niece, the queen of England, should be allowed the privilege of an Englishwoman, a fair trial for the offences of which she had been accused by her enemies, and that, if guilty, she should be proved so by the law, and not treated as such on presumption only.

But Katharine, probably, had offended her uncle by withdrawing herself from his political tutelage. Like her fair and reckless cousin, Anne Boleyn, she had spurned his trammels in the brief hour of her queenly pride, and when the day of her adversity arrived he not only abandoned her to her fate, but ranged himself on the side of her enemies. We have seen how this duke treated Anne Boleyn, at the time of her trial; his conduct to the unhappy Katharine, whom he had been partly the means of placing in a situation so full of peril, even to a woman of sound principles and approved conduct, appears scarcely less cruel and vindictive. It is impossible that feelings of personal apprehension could have elicited from the conqueror of sir Andrew Barton, and one of the victors of Flodden, the expressions we find in the following extract of

his letter to the king, on the arrest of the members of his family, who were involved in the disgrace of the queen:—

"The DUKE of NORFOLK to HENRY VIII.

"Most noble and gracious sovereign lord, yesterday came to my knowledge that mine ungracious mother-in-law, mine unhappy brother and his wife, with my lewd sister of Bridgewater, were committed to the Tower, which I (by long experience, knowing your accustomed equity and justice used to all your subjects) am sure is not done, but for some of their false and traitorous proceedings against your royal majesty; which revolving in my mind, with also the most abominable deeds done by two of my nieces,[1] against your highness, hath brought me into the greatest perplexity that ever poor wretch was in, fearing that your majesty, having so often and by so many of my kin been thus falsely and traitorously handled, might not only conceive a displeasure in your heart against me and all other of my kin, but also abhor in manner to hear speak of any of the same. Wherefore, most gracious sovereign lord, prostrate at your feet, most humbly I beseech your majesty to call to your remembrance that a great part of this matter has come to light by my declaration to your majesty, according to my bounden duty, of the words spoken to me by my mother-in-law, when your highness sent me to Lambeth to search Derham's coffers, without the which I think she had not further been examined, nor consequently her ungracious children. Which my true proceedings towards your majesty being considered, and also the small love my two false traitorous nieces, and my mother-in-law, have borne unto me, doth put me in some hope, that your highness will not conceive any displeasure in your most gentle heart against me, that God knoweth did never think thought which might be to your discontentation."[2]

This letter seems to throw some light on the hostility of the duke of Norfolk to the unfortunate queens his nieces. They had evidently espoused the cause of the old duchess Agnes in the family feud, and her influence had probably been exerted both with Anne Boleyn and Katharine Howard in crossing his political measures and lessening his credit at court.

The bill for the attainder of Katharine Howard, late queen of England, Jane lady Rochford, Agnes Howard, duchess of Norfolk, Anne countess of Bridgewater, lord William Howard, Anne Howard, wife to the queen's brother Henry, and some others, was read for the first time January 21st.[3] On the 28th the lord chancellor, feeling some misgivings as to the legality of bringing the queen and so many noble ladies to the block without allowing the accused the opportunity of making the slightest defence, reminded the peers "how much it concerned them all not to proceed too hastily with the bill for attainder of the queen, and others, which had been yet only read once among them;" bidding them remember, "that a queen was no mean or private person, but a public and illustrious one. Therefore, her cause ought to be judged in a manner that should leave no room for suspicion of some latent quarrel, and that she had not liberty to clear herself, if perchance by reason or counsel she were able to do it." For this purpose he proposed "That a deputation, as well of the commons as of the lords, should go to the queen, partly to tell her the cause of their coming, and partly, in order to help her womanish fears, to advise her to have presence of mind

[1] Anne Boleyn and Katharine Howard.
[2] State Papers published by Government, vol. i. [3] Journals of Parliament.

sufficient to say any thing to make her cause the better." He added, "that it was but just that a princess should be tried by equal laws with themselves, and expressed his assurance, that it would be most acceptable to her most loving consort, if the queen could clear herself in this way," and in the meantime the bill against her was ordered to be suspended.[1]

This equitable proposition of the lord chancellor was disapproved and negatived by the privy council,[2] by whom it was determined that no opportunity, however limited, should be granted to Katharine, of either speaking in her own defence, or impugning the testimony of the witnesses, on whose unsifted assertions she was to be brought to the block. Whatever the conduct of the queen had been, she was in this instance the victim of the most unconstitutional despotism, and the presumption may be reasonably drawn, from the illegality and unfairness of the proceedings of the privy council, that the evidence against her could not have been substantiated, if investigated, according to the common forms of justice.

On the 30th of January the lord chancellor declared "that the council, disliking the message that was to be sent to the queen, had thought of another way less objectionable, which was to petition the king, that the parliament might have leave to proceed to give judgment and finish the queen's cause, that the event of that business might no longer be in doubt. That his majesty would be pleased to pardon them, if by chance in speaking of the queen they might offend against the statutes then in existence. That the attainder against Derham and Culpepper might be confirmed by authority of parliament, and that his majesty would, out of regard to his own health, spare himself the pain of giving his assent in person to the bill of attainder, but allow it to pass by letters patent under his great seal."[3]

Seven days after, 6th of February, the bill was with brutal haste hurried through both houses.

On the 10th, the queen was conveyed by water from her doleful prison at Sion to the Tower of London, under the charge of the duke of Suffolk, the lord privy seal, and the lord great chamberlain.[4] No record has been preserved of the manner in which Katharine Howard received the announcement, that she must prepare for this ominous change. It is possible that, till that moment, the elastic spirits of youth, and a fond reliance on Cranmer's promise, had preserved

"The hope that keeps alive despair."

Those by whom she was guarded and attended on her last cold desolate voyage have been silent as to her deportment; and no page in history tells us whether Katharine Howard behaved with the proud firmness of a descendant of the Plantagenets, or betrayed the passionate grief and terror of a trembling woman, when the portentous arch of the traitor's gate overshadowed her devoted head. From the length of the

[1] Journals of Parliament, 34 Henry VII.; Parliamentary History, vol. iii. p. 178
[2] Ibi. [3] Journals of Parliament. [4] Holingshed, 1st edition.

voyage and the season of the year, it is probable that darkness must have closed over the wintry waters of the Thames before the forlorn captive arrived at her destination, exhausted with fatigue, and benumbed with cold. If this were the case, she was spared the horror of beholding the heads of her seducer, Derham, and her unfortunate cousin, Thomas Culpepper, over the bridge. One night of suspense was passed by Katharine in her new prison lodging before her fate was sealed. How that interval was spent, is unrecorded.

Henry gave his assent to the bill of attainder against his young, beautiful, and once adored consort, Katharine Howard, the lady Rochford, Thomas Culpepper, and Francis Derham, the next day. The severed heads of these gentlemen had been, for the last two months, withering on London bridge; so to them the sentence was immaterial.

Notwithstanding the deceitful assurances of the royal grace that had been held out to the aged duchess of Norfolk by Wriothesley, for the purpose of beguiling her, if possible, into becoming a witness against her granddaughter, the queen, she was included in the act of attainder, for Henry was resolutely bent on taking her life. He maintained that the offence of breaking open Derham's coffers and destroying the papers she took from thence was sufficient evidence of the crime of high treason.[1] The judges, compliant as they were in most cases, had, in this instance, ventured to dissent from his majesty, as it was impossible to ascertain of what nature those papers were. Henry was irritated at the opinion of his law-officers, and said, "That there was as much reason to convict the duchess of Norfolk of treason as there had been to convict Derham. They cannot say," he observes, "that they have any learning, to maintain that they have a better ground to make Derham's case treason, and to suppose that his coming again to the queen's service was to an ill intent of the renovation of his former naughty life, than they have, in this case, to presume that the breaking open of the coffers was to the intent to conceal letters of treason."[2]

Thus we learn, from the highest possible authority, that Derham suffered on presumptive evidence only; not that he *had* wronged the sovereign, but that he had conceived an intention of doing so. This appears, in fact, to be the true state of the case with regard to Derham.

The lord chancellor produced the bill, with the royal seal and the king's sign manual, in the house of lords, and desired the commons might attend. The king was not present.

The duke of Suffolk then rose, and stated, "That he and his fellow-deputies had been with the queen, and that she had openly confessed to them the great crime of which she had been guilty against the most high God and a kind prince; and, lastly, against the whole English nation; that she begged of them all to implore his majesty not to impute her crime to her whole kindred and family, but that his majesty would extend his unbounded mercy and benevolence to all her brothers, that they might not suffer for her faults; lastly, she besought his majesty, that it would please him to bestow some of her clothes on those maid-servants

[1] State Papers, 700. [2] Journals of Parliament; Parl. Hist.; Lingard.

who had been with her from the time of her marriage, since she had now nothing else left to recompense them as they deserved."[1]

The earl of Southampton next rose up, and confirmed what the duke said, but added something which has been obliterated from the journals of that day's proceedings, which, it is conjectured, was done to prevent posterity from learning some fact connected with the fate of the Howard queen.

When the commons entered, the assent of the king to the bill was given by commission, and the fatal sentence, "*Le Roi le veut*," was pronounced to the act which deprived a queen of England of her life without trial, and loaded her memory with obloquy of so dark a hue that no historian has ventured to raise the veil, even to inquire how far the charges are based on fact.

The persons who went with the duke of Suffolk to receive the confession of the queen were those by whom she had been first accused to the king, namely, Cranmer, Southampton, Audley, and Thirlby. "How much she confessed to them," says Burnet, "is not very clear, neither by the Journal nor the Act of Parliament, which only says she confessed." If she had confessed the crime of adultery, there can be no doubt that the act of attainder would have been based on her own admission, instead of a presumption that it was her intention to commit that crime. The confession, mentioned in general terms by Suffolk, was evidently her penitent acknowledgment of her incontinence before her marriage with the king. No one, indeed, appears ever to have felt deeper contrition for the offences of her youth than this unhappy queen.

When she was informed that she must prepare for death, she addressed her confessor, Dr. Longland, bishop of Lincoln, in these words, which were afterwards delivered by him to a noble young lord of her name and near alliance, "As to the act, my reverend lord, for which I stand condemned, God and his holy angels I take to witness, upon my soul's salvation, that I die guiltless, never having so abused my sovereign's bed. What other sins and follies of youth I have committed I will not excuse; but I am assured that for them God hath brought this punishment upon me, and will, in his mercy, remit them, for which, I pray you, pray with me unto his Son and my Saviour, Christ."[2]

Cranmer had humanely tried, by every means in his power, to induce Katharine to preserve her life by acknowledging a precontract with Francis Derham. But she repelled the idea with scorn; and, with the characteristic firmness of a Howard, determined rather to go to the block as queen of England than to prolong her dishonoured existence on the terms suggested. The Church of Rome allowed no divorce except in cases of precontract; and, as Katharine would not admit that she was troth-plight to Francis Derham, there was no other mode of severing Henry's matrimonial engagement with her than by the axe of the executioner.

The only person against whom she testified resentment was her uncle Norfolk, who, in a letter to the council, written, when he, in his turn,

[1] *Journals* of Parliament; Lingard.

[2] Speed, 1030; Carte; Burnet.

ay under sentence of death in the Tower, thus expresses himself of her and Anne Boleyn:—[1]

"What malice both my nieces that it pleased the king's highness to marry did bear unto me is not unknown to such ladies as kept them in *this house*,[2] as my lady Herbert, my lady Tyrwitt, my lady Kingston, and others, which heard what they said of me." In the same letter, the duke shows sufficient cause for the indignation expressed by the unhappy Katharine against him, for his unmanly conduct to the unfortunate ladies of his family in their distress, since he boasts that he was the principal witness against the poor old duchess, his father's widow, saying, "Who showed his majesty the words of my mother-in-law, for which she was attainted of misprision, but only I?"[3] Katharine, when she vented the natural feelings of contempt and bitterness against her cruel uncle, had every reason to believe that her aged grandmother would follow her to the block, as she then lay under sentence of death in the Tower: Who can wonder that she regarded Norfolk with horror?

The interval allowed to the un-queened Katharine Howard between her condemnation and the execution of her sentence was brief. More time to prepare for the awful change from life to eternity would have been granted to the lowest criminal who should have been found guilty by the laws of his country than was allotted to her who had shared the throne of the sovereign.

The royal assent to her attainder was signified to her February 11th, and but two days after she was led to the scaffold, accompanied by lady Rochford, and attended by her confessor. But Katharine Howard, though still in the morning of life and the bloom of beauty, was already weaned from the world. She had proved the vanity of all its delusions and the deceitfulness of royal favour. She had been more sternly dealt with by historians than Anne Boleyn, but she met her fate with more calmness, and a far greater degree of pious resignation.

"Familiarised as the people now were with the sight of blood," observes Tytler, "it was not without some feelings of national abasement that they beheld another queen ignominiously led to the scaffold," and that, we may add, to die, not according to the law, but in defiance of the laws of England, which have provided, for the security of human life, that no one shall be put to death without a fair and open trial.

Frivolous as were the evidences on which Anne Boleyn was condemned, she was allowed the privilege of speaking for herself. Her wit, her acuteness, and impassioned eloquence, if heard with callous indifference by her partial judges, have pleaded her cause to all posterity. They plead for her still. Katharine Howard was led like a sheep to the slaughter, without being permitted to unclose her lips in her own defence, save to her spiritual adviser, who was to receive her last con-

[1] Letter of the duke of Norfolk in Guthrie and Burnet.

[2] Viz. the Tower of London, when they were under sentence there. By this it appears that the ladies named above remained at that time with queen Anne Boleyn and Katharine Howard.

[3] Letter of Thomas, third duke of Norfolk, to the council. MS. Cotton.

fession. This prelate, be it remembered, was also the king's confessor, the same, whom he had required upon All Saints' Day to unite with him in thanking God for having blessed him with such a wife.

More sympathy would in all probability have been manifested for the young, the beautiful, and deeply penitent queen, if she had had any other companion on the scaffold than the infamous lady Rochford, whose conduct in regard to her accomplished husband and Anne Boleyn had rendered her an object of general execration.

Katharine Howard submitted to the headsman's stroke with meekness and courage, and her more guilty companion imitated her humility and piety in the closing scene of their fearful tragedy. The particulars, as described in a contemporary letter from an eye-witness, are as follows:—

OTTWELL JOHNSON to his brother, JOHN JOHNSON, merchant of the staple at Calais,

"At London, 15 of Feb. 1541–2.

"From Calais I have heard as yet nothing of your suit to my lord Gray; and for news from hence, I saw the queen and the lady Rochford suffer within the Tower, the day following my letter on Sunday evening. Whose souls (I doubt not) be with God, for they made the most godly and Christian end that ever was heard tell of (I think) since the world's creation, uttering their lively faith in the blood of Christ only, and with godly words and steadfast countenances, they desired all Christian people to take regard, unto their worthy and just punishment of death for their offences, against God, heinously, from their youth upward, and also against the king's royal majesty very dangerously, wherefore they being justly condemned (as they said) by the laws of the realm and parliament, required the people (I say) to take example at them, for amendment of ungodly lives, and to gladly obey the king in all things—for whose preservation they did heartily pray, and willed all people so to do; commending their souls to God, and earnestly calling upon him for mercy. Whom I beseech to give us such grace, with faith, hope and charity at our departing out of this miserable world, to come to the fruition of his Godhead in joy everlasting, Amen.

"Your loving brother,

"OTTWELL JOHNSON.

"With my hearty commendations unto Mr. Cave and Mrs. Cave, not forgetting my sister, your wife: I pray you to let them be made partakers of this last news, for surely it is well worth the knowledge."[1]

That doubts were entertained of the guilt of this unhappy queen may be gathered from the misgivings of the lord chancellor after the first reading of the bill for her attainder, and also from the following contemporary notice among the Lambeth MSS. "This day, February 13th, was executed queen Katharine for many shocking misdemeanours, though some do suppose her to be innocent."[2]

The last words of lady Rochford were, "That she supposed God had permitted her to suffer this shameful doom, as a punishment for having contributed to her husband's death by her false accusation of queen Anne Boleyn, but she was guilty of no other crime."[3]

[1] From the original in her Majesty's Record Office in the Tower. It was probably intercepted, else a private letter would scarcely be preserved in the national records.

[2] *No. 306*, dated February.

[3] Leti.

This declaration was made on the scaffold, probably after she had seen the head of her royal mistress severed by the axe of the executioner. If urged by conscience at that dreadful moment to acknowledge the guilt of perjury and murder, she would scarcely have marred her dying confession by falsely protesting her innocence of the more venial offences for which she had been sentenced to die with the queen.

The scaffold on which Katharine Howard and lady Rochford suffered was the same on which Anne Boleyn, lord Rochford, the marquess of Exeter, and the venerable countess of Salisbury, had been previously executed. It was erected within the Tower, on the space before the church of St. Peter ad Vincula.

It has been long since removed, but its site may still be traced by the indelible stains on the flints, which faintly map out the dimensions of the fatal spot where so much royal and noble blood was spilt by the headsman's axe during the Tudor reigns of terror.[1]

Thus died in the flower of her age, and in the eighteenth month of her marriage, queen Katharine Howard, the fifth wife of Henry VIII., and the second queen whom he had sent to the block, after repudiating a lawful wife to obtain her hand. In both instances it might be said,

> "The beauteous toy, so fiercely sought,
> Had lost its charms by being caught."

Henry's motives for marrying Katharine Howard are explained in a letter from the privy council to Mr. Paget, his ambassador in France, in the following words :—

"It pleased his highness, upon a notable appearance of honour, cleanness, and maidenly behaviour, to bend his affection towards Mrs. Katharine Howard, daughter to the lord Edmund Howard (brother to *me* the duke of Norfolk), insomuch that his highness was finally contented to honour her with his marriage, thinking now in his old age, after sundry troubles of mind which have happened unto him by marriages, to have obtained such a perfect jewel of womanhood, and very perfect love to him, as should have not only been to his quietness, but also brought forth the desired fruit of marriage, like as the whole realm thought semblable, and did her all honour accordingly.[2]

In the act of settlement of the succession, the imaginary children, which Henry expected his fair young consort to bring him, were given the preference to his disinherited daughters, by his two first queens. Katharine Howard, like her cousin Anne Boleyn, probably fared the worse for not having fulfilled the royal tyrant's wish of male offspring. "Give me children, or you die," appears to have been the fearful alternative offered by Henry to his queens.

Henry VIII. assumed the title of king of Ireland a few days before the execution of his fifth consort. Katharine Howard therefore died the first queen of England and Ireland.

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[1] Christina, duchess dowager of Milan, to whom the royal Blue Beard offered his hand, declined the honour with this cutting remark, "that if she had had two heads, one should have been at his service."

[2] Acts of Privy Council, vol. vii.

The mangled form of the once adored Katharine Howard was borne from the bloody scaffold to a dishonoured grave with indecent haste, and with no more regard to funereal obsequies than had been vouchsafed to her equally unfortunate cousin, the murdered Anne Boleyn, near whose ostensible place of burial her remains were interred. Weever gives the following record of her grave: "In St. Peter's chapel of the Tower, very near the relics of Anne Boleyn, lieth interred the body of Katharine, the fifth wife of Henry VIII., the daughter of Edmund, and niece to Thomas Howard, duke of Norfolk. It is verily believed, and many strong reasons are given both by English and foreign writers, that neither this queen Katharine nor queen Anne were any way guilty of the breach of matrimony whereof they were accused."

"If all the patterns of a merciless tyrant had been lost to the world," says Sir Walter Raleigh, when speaking of Henry VIII., "they might have been found in this prince." Henry VIII. was the first king of England who brought ladies to the block, and who caused the tender female form to be distorted with tortures and committed a living prey to the flames. He was the only king who sought consolation for the imagined offences of his wives against his honour by plundering their relatives of their plate and money.[1] Shame, not humanity, prevented him from staining the scaffold with the blood of the aged duchess of Norfolk; he released her, after long imprisonment.[2]

George Cavendish introduces the sorrowful shade of the unfortunate Howard queen among his metrical visions. A few lines may bear quotation. As written by her contemporary they are very curious:—

"Thus as I sat (the tears within my eyen)
Of her the wreck, whiles I did debate,
Before my face me-thought I saw this queen,
No whit, as I her left, God wot, of late,
But all be-wept in black and poor estate,
Which prayed me that I would ne forget
The fall of her within my book to set."

Notwithstanding the rudeness of the measure, there is something very pathetic in the piteous imagery of the fallen queen, "all be-wept, in black, and poor estate," petitioning for her place in the melancholy train of contemporary victims, of which the shadowy *dramatis personæ*

[1] Henry's next victim of the Howard blood was the most accomplished nobleman in his dominions, "Surrey of the deathless lay," who was cousin-german to the two murdered queens, Anne Boleyn and Katharine Howard. He was brought to the scaffold on the most frivolous pretext. Warton, the poet, thinks that the fair Geraldine, whose name is immortalised in Surrey's graceful verse, was maid of honour to queen Katharine Howard.

The king had signed the death-warrant of Katharine's uncle, the duke of Norfolk, but the timely death of the tyrant preserved the hoary head of that old and faithful servant, who had spent a long life in his service, from being pillowed for its last repose on the block.

[2] In the possession of his grace the duke of Norfolk, there is a pardon under the privy seal, granted to Agnes, duchess of Norfolk, for all treasons committed before the 14th day of February, in the thirty-third year of his reign. The pardon is dated at Westminster, 5th of May, in the thirty-fourth year of his reign.

of George Cavendish's book is made up. She is not much beholden to his report after all, for he violates history by making her confess that which she denied before God and his holy angels, namely, violation of her marriage vows. Cavendish speaks of her as very young, and extols her great beauty, which he makes her lament as the occasion of her fall:—

"To be a queen Fortune did me prefer,
Flourishing in youth with beauty fresh and pure,
Whom nature made shine equal with the *steere* (stars),
And to reign in felicity with joy and pleasure,
Wanting no thing that love might me procure,
So much beloved far, far beyond the rest,
With my sovereign lord, who lodged me in his nest."

Our poet makes the young queen bewail her loss of the royal obsequies, and that no one would wear mourning for her, in the following quaint lines.

"Now I know well," quod she, "among my friends all
That here I left the day of my decay,
That I shall get no pompous funeral,
Nor of my black, no man the charge shall pay;
Save that some one perchance may hap to say,
'Such one there was, alas! and that was *ruth* (pity)
That she herself distained with such untruth.'"

Culpepper is also compelled by our poet to make a ghostly confession of a crime there is no evidence to believe he ever committed, and which he denied on the rack and on the scaffold.

It is however to be observed, that Cavendish makes all Henry's victims suffer justly, except the countess of Salisbury, though the view he has taken of both Katharine Howard and her predecessor, Anne Boleyn, is afterwards contradicted very fully, by the admission he describes Henry as making in the midst of his death-bed remorse:

'After I forsook my first most lawful wife,
And took another, my pleasure to fulfil,
I changed often, so inconstant was my life,
Death was the meed of some that did none ill,
Which only was to satisfy my will;
I was so desirous of new * * *"

A high tribute to the virtues of Henry's first queen, Katharine of Arragon, follows.

It was in consequence of the discovery of Katharine Howard's early misconduct that the memorable act of parliament was passed, making it high treason for any person to know of a flaw in the character of any lady whom the king might propose to marry without revealing it, and also subjecting the lady to the penalty of death, if she presumed to deceive her sovereign on that point.

Nikander Nucius, a Greek attaché of the imperial ambassador at the court of Henry VIII, in the year 1546, tells us, that Katharine Howard, whom he places as the fourth, instead of the fifth, in his catalogue of Henry's wives, "was esteemed the most beautiful woman of her time."

He records her tragic fate, but has so little idea of the real state of the facts, that he says, "she had fallen in love with a noble youth of the court, and the king himself detected their guilt, and commanded their heads to be cut off with those who were the accessories to their passion. And the heads, except that of the queen, he caused to be elevated on spears, and fixed on one of the turrets of the bridge, and the skulls are even at this time to be seen denuded of flesh." A strange confusion of truth and falsehood pervades this statement, but it is curious, because from the pen of a contemporary, and denoting the precise spot occupied by the heads of Culpepper and Derham. These Nikander had himself seen. His ignorance of the English language caused him to make a few mistakes in the history attached to these ghastly relics of the royal matrimonial tragedy which occurred in 1541–2.[1]

[1] The Travels of Nikander Nucius, translated from the original Greek, in the Bodleian Library, by the Rev. J. Fidler, and edited by Dr. Cramer, is the last publication of the Camden Society. It is a great literary curiosity, but the account with which the Greek attaché favours his friends and countrymen of the history, religion, manners, and customs of England in the reign of Henry VIII, strongly reminds us of that which Hajji Baba boasts of having compounded for the information of the schah of Persia.

KATHARINE PARR,

SIXTH QUEEN OF HENRY VIII.

CHAPTER I.

Katharine Parr the first Protestant queen of England—Her ancestry—Royal descent—Relationship to Henry VIII.—Her parents—Her birth at Kendal Castle—Death of sir Thomas Parr, her father—His will—Prudent conduct of lady Parr—Katharine's learned education—Her royal destiny predicted—Her dislike of needlework—Sought in marriage for the heir of lord Scroop—Her mother's letters—The treaty broken off—Katharine weds lord Borough—His family—Katharine a widow at fifteen—Her residence at Sizergh Castle with lady Strickland—The queen's chamber at Sizergh—Description of Katharine Parr's embroidery at Sizergh—She marries lord Latimer—Her rich dower—Her husband joins the pilgrimage of Grace—His peril—Katharine's influence with the king—She intercedes for her aunt's husband—Cromwell's disgrace attributable to Katharine Parr—Death of lord Latimer—Katharine a second time a widow—She embraces the reformed faith—Religious assemblies at her house—Courted by sir Thomas Seymour—Her attachment to Seymour—Compelled to relinquish him for the king—Her reluctance to the royal marriage—Cranmer's license for king Henry's nuptials with Katharine Parr—She is married to the king at Hampton Court—Her attentions to her royal step-children—Presents to the princess Mary—Her friendship with Mary—Fondness of prince Edward for queen Katharine—His letters to her—Description of her queenly dress—Her miniature at Strawberry Hill—Her devotional writings—Henry's hopes of offspring by Katharine Parr—His regard for her—She is appointed queen-regent of England—Her autograph—Her government in king Henry's absence—Her order in council—Return of the king—Painting of the royal family group at Hampton Court.

KATHARINE PARR was the first Protestant queen of England. She was the only one among the consorts of Henry VIII., who, in the sincerity of an honest heart, embraced the doctrine of the Reformation, and imperilled her crown and life in support of her principles. The name of Katharine, which, from its Greek derivation, *Katharos*, signifies pure as a limpid stream, seems peculiarly suited to the characteristics of this illustrious lady; in whom we behold the protectress of Coverdale, the friend of Anne Askew, the learned and virtuous matron who directed the studies of lady Jane Gray, Edward VI., and queen Elizabeth, and who may, with truth, be called the nursing mother of the Reformation.

Katharine Parr was not only queen of England, but an English queen. Although of ancient and even royal descent, she claimed, by birth, no other rank than that of a private gentlewoman. Like Anne Boleyn and

Jane Seymour, Katharine Parr was only the daughter of a knight; but her father, sir Thomas Parr, was of a more distinguished ancestry than either sir Thomas Boleyn or sir John Seymour. From the marriage of his Norman progenitor, Ivo de Tallebois, with Lucy, the sister of the renowned earls Morcar and Edwin, sir Thomas Parr inherited the blood of the Anglo-Saxon kings. Ivo de Tallebois was the first baron of Kendal, and maintained the state of a petty sovereign in the north. His male line failing with William de Lancaster, the seventh in descent, the honour and estates of that mighty family passed to his sisters Helwise and Alice. Margaret, the elder coheiress of Helwise, by Peter le Brus, married the younger son of Robert lord Roos, of Hamlake and Werks, by Isabel, daughter of Alexander II., king of Scotland. Their grandson, sir Thomas de Roos, married Katharine, the daughter of sir Thomas Strickland, of Sizergh Castle, Westmoreland. The fruit of this union was an only daughter, Elizabeth, who brought Kendal Castle and a rich inheritance into queen Katharine's paternal house, by her marriage with sir William de Parr, knight. Sir William Parr, the grandson of this pair, was made knight of the Garter, and married Elizabeth, one of the coheiresses of the lord Fitzhugh, by Alice, daughter of Ralph Neville, earl of Westmoreland, and Joan Beaufort, daughter of John of Gaunt, duke of Lancaster. Alice Neville was sister to the king's great grandmother, Cicely Neville, duchess of York; and, through this connexion, Katharine Parr was fourth cousin to Henry VIII.[1]

From the elder coheiress of Fitzhugh, the patrimony of the Marmions, the ancient champions of England, was transmitted to sir Thomas Parr, father of queen Katharine. Her mother, Matilda, or, as she was commonly called, Maud Green, was daughter and coheiress of sir Thomas Green, of Boughton and Green's Norton, in the county of Northamptonshire. This lady was a descendant of the distinguished families of Talbot and Throckmorton. Her sister, Anne, wedded sir Nicolas Vaux, afterwards created lord Vaux of Harrowden; and, dying childless, the whole of the rich inheritance of the Greens of Boughton centred in Matilda.[2] At the age of thirteen, Matilda became the wife of sir Thomas Parr. This marriage took place in the year 1508. The date generally assigned for the birth of Katharine Parr is 1510; but the correspondence between her mother and lord Dacre, in the fifteenth year of Henry VIII., in which her age is specified to be *under* twelve,[3] will prove that she could not have been born till 1513. Her father, sir Thomas Parr, at that time held high offices at court, being master of the wards and comptroller of the household to Henry VIII. As a token of royal favour, we find that the king presented him with a rich gold chain, value £140—a very large sum in those days.[4] Both sir Thomas and his lady were frequent residents in the court; but the child who was destined hereafter to share the throne of their royal master, first saw the light at Kendal Castle, in Westmoreland, the time-honoured fortress which had

[1] Dugdale. [2] Baker's Northamptonshire, corrected from Dugdale.
[3] Hopkinson's MSS. Whittaker's Richmondshire.
[4] See sir Thomas Parr's will in Testamenta Vetusta.

been the hereditary seat of her ancestors from the days of its Norman founder, Ivo de Tallebois.

A crumbling relic of this stronghold of feudal greatness is still in existence, rising like a grey crown over the green hills of Kendal. It is situated on a lofty eminence, which commands a panoramic view of the town, and the picturesque and ever-verdant vale of the Kent, that clear and rapid stream, which, night and day, sings an unwearied song, as it rushes over its rocky bed at the foot of the castle-hill. The circular tower of the castle is the most considerable portion of the ruins; but there is a large enclosure of ivy-mantled walls remaining, with a few broken arches. These are now crowned with wild flowers, whose peaceful blossoms wave unnoted, where the red cross banner of St. George once flaunted, on tower and parapet of the sternly guarded fortress that, for centuries, was regarded as the most important defence of the town of Kendal and the adjacent country.

The warlike progenitors of Katharine had stern duties to perform, at the period when the kings of Scotland held Cumberland of the English crown, and were perpetually harassing the northern counties with predatory expeditions. Before the auspicious era when the realms of England and Scotland were united under one sovereign, the lord of Kendal Castle, like his feudal neighbour of Sizergh, was compelled to furnish a numerous quota of men-at-arms, for the service of the crown, and the protection of the border. The contingent consisted of horse and foot, and above all, of those bowmen, so renowned in border history and song, the Kendal archers. They are especially noted by the metrical chronicler of the battle of Flodden—

> "These are the bows of Kentdale bold,
> Who fierce will fight and never flee."

Dame Maud Parr evinced a courageous disposition, in venturing to choose Kendal Castle for the place of her *accouchement*, at a time when the northern counties were menaced with an invasion from the puissance and flower of Scotland, headed by their king in person. Sir Thomas Parr was, however, compelled to be on duty there, with his warlike *meinè*, in readiness either to attend the summons of the lord warden of the marches, or to hold the fortress for the defence of the town and neighbourhood; and his lady, instead of remaining in the metropolis, or seeking a safer abiding-place at Green's Norton, her own patrimonial domain, decided on sharing her husband's perils in the north, and there gave birth to Katharine. They had two other children, William, their son and heir, afterwards created earl of Essex and marquis of Northampton, and Anne, the wife of William Herbert, the natural son of the earl of Pembroke, to which dignity he was himself raised by Edward VI

Sir Thomas Parr died in the year 1517, leaving his three infant children to the guardianship of his faithful widow, who is said to have been a lady of great prudence and wisdom, with a discreet care for the main chance.

The will of sir Thomas Parr is dated November 7th, the 9th of Henry VIII. He bequeathed his body to be interred in Blackfriar's church

London. All his manors, lands, and tenements, he gave to his wife, dame Maud, during her life. He willed his daughters, Katharine and Anne, to have eight hundred pounds between them, as marriage-portions, except they proved to be his heirs or his son's heirs, in which case that sum was to be laid out in copes and vestments, and given to the monks of Clairveaux, with a hundred pounds bestowed on the chantry of Kendal. He willed his son William "to have his great chain, worth one hundred and forty pounds, which the king's grace gave him." He made Maud, his wife, and Dr. Tunstall, Master of the Rolls, his executors.

Four hundred pounds, Katharine's moiety of the sum provided by her father for the nuptial portions of herself and her sister, would be scarcely equal to two thousand pounds in these days, and seems but an inadequate dowry for the daughters of parents so richly endowed with the gifts of fortune as sir Thomas and lady Parr. It was, however, all that was accorded to her who was hereafter to contract matrimony with the sovereign of the realm.

Sir Thomas Parr died in London, on the 11th of November, four days after the date of his will, in the parish of the Blackfriars, and there can be no doubt but he was interred in that church, according to his own request; yet, as lately as the year 1628, there is record of a tomb, bearing his effigies, name, and arms, in the chapel or family burying-place of the Parrs,[1] in the south choir of Kendal church.

It has been generally said, that Katharine Parr received a learned education from her father; but as she was only in her fifth year when he died, it must have been to the maternal wisdom of lady Parr that she was indebted, for those mental acquirements which so eminently fitted her to adorn the exalted station to which she was afterwards raised. Katharine was gifted by nature with fine talents, and these were improved by the advantages of careful cultivation. She both read and wrote Latin with facility, possessed some knowledge of Greek, and was well versed in modern languages. How perfect a mistress she was of her own, the elegance and beauty of her devotional writings are a standing monument.

"I have met with a passage concerning this queen," says Strype, "in the margin of Bale's Centuries, in possession of a late friend of mine, Dr. Sampson, which showed the greatness of her mind and the quickness

[1] This monument is thus described in Dr. Whittaker's History of Richmond shire:—"On a tomb a man in armour kneeling, on his breast two bars argent, within a bordure sable, for Parr, on his wife's breast quartering Greene and Mapleloft, and about it was written, 'Pray for the soul of Thomas Parr, knight, squire of the king's body, Henry 8th, master of his wards, who deceased the 11th day of Nov., in the 9th year of our said sovereign lord, at London, ... in the . . . . Fryers, as his tomb doth record.' In the window over this tomb was emblazoned the arms of Katharine's ancestor, sir William Parr, who married the heiress of Roos. The large black marble tomb still remaining in the Parr chapel is supposed to cover the remains of her grandfather, sir William Parr, K. G., for it bears the paternal shield of Parr, quartered with Roos, Brus, and Fitzhugh, encircled with the garter. The ladies whose arms are engraven on this monument were all heiresses; therefore the property accumulated by these marriages in the family of Parr must have been considerable."

of her wit, while she was yet a young child. Somebody skilled in prognostication, casting her nativity, said that she was born to sit in the highest seat of imperial majesty, having all the eminent stars and planets in her house. This she heard and took such notice of, that when her mother used sometimes to call her to work, she would reply—

"My hands are ordained to touch crowns and sceptres, and not spindles and needles."[1]

This striking incident affords one among many instances, in which the prediction of a brilliant destiny has insured its own fulfilment, by its powerful influence on an energetic mind. It is also an exemplification, at how precocious an age the germ of ambition may take root in the human heart. But, however disposed the little Katharine might have been to dispense with the performance of her tasks, under the idea of queening it hereafter, lady Parr was too wise a parent to allow vain dreams of royalty to unfit her child for the duties of the station of life in which she was born, and, notwithstanding Katharine's early repugnance to touch a needle, her skill and industry in its use became so remarkable, that there are specimens of her embroidery at Sizergh Castle, which could scarcely have been surpassed by the far-famed stitcheries of the sisters of king Athelstan.

Though dame Maud Parr had scarcely completed her twenty-second year at the time of her husband's death, she never entered into a second marriage, but devoted herself entirely to the superintendence of her children's education. In the year 1524, she entered into a negotiation with her kinsman, lord Dacre, for a marriage between his grandson, the heir of lord Scroop, and her daughter Katharine, of which the particulars may be learned from some very curious letters preserved among the Scroop MSS.[2] The first is from dame Maud Parr to Lord Dacre, and refers to a personal conference she had had with his lordship, at Greenwich, on the subject of this alliance :—

"Most honourable and my very good lord,

"I heartily commend me to you. Whereas it pleased you at your last being here to take pains in the matter in consideration of marriage between the lord Scroop's son and my daughter Katharine, for the which I heartily thank you, at which time I thought the matter in good furtherance. Howbeit, I perceive that my lord Scroop is not agreeable to that consideration. The jointure is little for 1100 marks, which I will not pass, and my said lord will not repay after marriage had; and 200 marks must needs be repaid if my daughter Katharine dies before the age of sixteen, or else I should break Master Parr's will (meaning the will of her husband sir Thomas), which I should be loth to do, and there can be no marriage until my lord's son (lord Scroop) comes to the age of thirteen, *and my daughter to the age of twelve*, before which time, if the marriage should take none effect, or be dissolved either by death, wardship, disagreement, or otherwise, which may be before that time notwithstanding marriage solemnised, repayment must needs be had of the whole, or else I might fortune to pay my money for nothing. The conversation I had with you at Greenwich, was that I was to pay at desire 1100 marks, 100 on hand—and 100 every year, which is as much as I can spare, as you know, and for that my daughter Katharine is to

[1] Strype's Mems., vol. ii. part. 1, p. 206.
[2] Quoted in Whittaker's History of Richmondshire.

have 100 marks jointure, whereof I am to have 50 marks for her finding till they live together, and then they are to have the whole 100 marks, and repayment to be had if the marriage took not effect. My lord, it might please you to take so much pain as to help to conclude this matter, if it will be, and if you see any defect on my part, it shall be ordered as ye deem good, as knoweth Jesu, who preserve your good lordship.

"Written at the Rye, the 13 day of July.

"Your cousin, MAUD PARR."

Lord Scroop of Bolton Castle did not choose to submit to the refunding part of the clause, and was unwilling to allow more than forty marks per annum for the board or *finding* of the young lady till the heir of Scroop came to the age of eighteen.

Lord Dacre, after some inconsequential letters between him and dame Maud, proved his sincerity in the promotion of the wedlock, by the following pithy arguments, contained in an epistle to lord Scroop, his son-in-law.

"My lord,

"Your son and heir is the greatest jewel that ye can have, seeing he must represent your own person after your death; unto whom I pray God grant many long years. And if ye be disposed to marry him, I cannot see, without you marry him to an heir of land (which would be right costly[1]), that ye can marry him to so good a stock as my lady Parr, for divers considerations — first, in remembering the wisdom of my said lady, and the good, wise stock of the Greens, whereof she is coming, and also of the wise stock of the Parrs of Kendale, for all wise men do look, when they do marry their child, to the wisdom of the blood they do marry with. I speak not of the possibility of the lady Parr's daughter Katharine, who has but one child[2] between her and 800 marks yearly to inherit thereof.

"My lord, the demands you have and my lady's demands are so far asunder, that it is impossible ye can ever agree. I think it is not convenient nor profitable that so large a sum as 100 marks should go yearly out of your land to so young a person as my lady's eldest daughter Katharine, if it fortune, as God defend, that your said son and mine die. Also, I think it good (but I would not have it comprised in the covenant) that, during the time of three years, that he should be with my said lady Parr, if she keep her widowhood, and ye to find him clothing and a servant to wait upon him, and she to find him meat and drink; for I assure you he might learn with her as well as in any place—that I know, as well nurture, as French, and other languages, which *me seems* were a commodious thing for him.

"At Morpeth, 17 day of December, 15 year Henry 8th"

These letters certify us that Katharine Parr was under twelve years of age in the year 1524; she could not, therefore, have been born *before* 1513. We also learn that lord Dacre was anxious that his youthful grandson should participate in the advantages of the liberal education lady Parr was bestowing on her children, and that he placed due importance on the fact that the lady came of a family celebrated for sound sense and good conduct, a point little regarded now in the marriages of the heirs of an illustrious line. Lady Parr and all her lineage had a great reputation for wisdom, it seems; but the wisdom of this world

[1] For the consent of parents or guardians had to be bought.

[2] Her brother, afterwards marquess of Northampton. In fact, the youngest sister, Anne Parr, inherited the Parr estate.

formed so prominent a feature in the matrimonial bargain which the sagacious widow and the worthy lord Scroop were attempting to drive, in behalf of their children, that the affair came to nothing.

Lord Dacre tells lady Parr, "that lord Scroop must needs have money, and he has nothing whereof to make it but the marriage of his said son;"[1] and dame Maud, in a letter from the court of Greenwich, dated the 15th of the following March, laments to my lord Dacre that, the custom of her country, and the advice of her friends, will not permit her to submit to lord Scroop's way of driving a bargain.

Lord Dacre, who seems some degrees less acquisitive than his son and the lady Parr, replies:—

"Madam,

"For my part, I am sorry that ye be thus converted in this matter, seeing the labour I have had in it, which was most for the strength of my friendship for my cousin Katharine, your daughter, assuring you that ye shall not marry Katharine in any place that be so good and comfortable to my said cousin, your daughter. And concerning my lord Scroop's demands, he *demandit* nothing but that ye were content to give, which was 1100 marks. And concerning his offer, which was 100 marks jointure, it is not far from the custom of the country; for, from the highest to the lowest, it is the custom to give for every 100 marks of dower ten marks jointure.

"But finally, madame, seeing ye are thus minded (whereat I am sorry, as nature constraineth me to be), as it doth please you in this business, so it shall please me. And thus, heartily, fare ye well.

"At Morpeth, 25th day of May, 16 anno."

Thus ended the abortive matrimonial treaty for the union of Katharine Parr and the heir of Scroop, who was her kinsman, by the maternal connexion of both with the great northern family of Dacre. Katharine must have been still of very tender age, when she was given in marriage to her first husband, Edward, lord Borough of Gainsborough,[2] a mature widower, with children who had arrived at man's estate. Henry, the second of these sons, after his father's marriage with Katharine Parr, espoused her friend and kinswoman, Katharine Neville, the widow of

[1] One of the very worst abuses of feudality was the sale of marriages of wards by their guardians in their childhood. To such a pitch of corruption had this custom arrived, that fathers and mothers bought and sold their consents for the marriages of their infants, if such children were heirs to any kind of property.

[2] This nobleman was the second peer of the family of Borough, anciently written de Burgh. He was of the same lineage as the famous Hubert de Burgh, earl of Kent and justiciary of England, the favourite of Henry III. His father, sir Thomas Borough, was made knight of the Garter at the coronation of Henry VII. He was afterwards called to the peerage by the title of lord Borough of Gainsborough; and Edward, the husband of Katharine, succeeded his father in the year 1495–6. He had married Anne, the daughter and heiress of sir Thomas Cobham, of Sterborough, Kent, by whom he had a family before he succeeded to his father's honours, for his eldest son is mentioned in the first lord Borough's will. That son was probably as old as the mother of Katharine Parr By his mother, Alianor, the daughter of lord Roos of Hamlake, and the daughter of Richard Beauchamp, earl of Warwick, he was distantly related to the family of Parr; and, by the second marriage of his grandmother, Alice Beauchamp, with Edmund Beaufort, afterwards duke of Somerset, he was allied to the royal family

sir Walter Strickland, of Sizergh;[1] and this lady, though only twenty nine at the time of her union, was fourteen years older than her husband's stepmother.

The principal family seat of Katharine's first husband was his manor-house of Gainsborough, situated about seventeen miles from Lincoln, and here, no doubt, he resided with his young bride. His father had expended considerable sums in enlarging and improving this mansion, which was sold a century afterwards, by one of his descendants, to a wealthy London citizen. Lord Borough had a fine mansion at Catterick, in Yorkshire, and probably at Newark, likewise, where his arms, impaled with those of his first wife, Alice Cobham, were painted on a window which his father presented to the parish church.

In Gainsborough Church, on the tomb of the first lord Borough, father to Katharine Parr's husband, the arms of Borough were quartered with Tallebois, Marmion, and Fitzhugh,[2] which afford sufficient proof of the ancestral connexion of this nobleman with the Parrs. He appears to have been related to Katharine somewhere about the fourth degree. He died in 1528–9.[3] Katharine, therefore, could not have exceeded her fifteenth year at the period of her first widowhood. She had no children by lord Borough. Soon after the death of her husband, Katharine was bereaved of her last surviving parent. From a passage in the will of lady Parr, it appears as if that lady had sacrificed the interests of her daughter, in order to purchase a marriage with a kinswoman of the sovereign, for her son, sir William Parr. This strange document, which is utterly devoid of perspicuity and common sense, commences thus:—

"Dame Maud Parr, widow, late wife of sir Thomas Parr, deceased 20th of May, 21st Henry VIII., 1529. My body to be buried in the church of the Black-friars, London. Whereas, I have indebted myself for the preferment of my son and heir, William Parr, as well to the king for the marriage of my said son, as to my lord of Essex for the marriage of my lady Bourchier, daughter and heir-apparent to the said earl, Ann, my daughter, sir William Parr, knt., my brother, Katharine Borough, my daughter, Thomas Pickering, esq., my cousin, and steward of my house."[4]

Great difficulties were probably encountered by the executors of lady Parr's will, as it was not proved till December 14th, 1531, more than two years after her death. Like many of the marriages based on parental pride and avarice, the union of Katharine's brother with the heiress of the royally descended and wealthy house of Bourchier, proved a source of guilt and misery to both parties. The young lady Parr was the sole

[1] Catherine Neville was the co-heiress of sir Ralph Neville, of Thornton Briggs, in Yorkshire. She married Sir Walter Strickland, who died 19th year of Henry VIII., January 1527; and lady Strickland married, the *year after*, 1528, to Henry Borough, entailing her inheritance of Thornton Briggs on her only son, Walter Strickland. She afterwards married William Knyvet. She was twenty-two years old in 1521, when Katharine Parr was about eight.—Plumpton Papers, 260. Strickland Family Papers, third folio, Sizergh Castle.

[2] Haile's MSS., British Museum.

[3] His son and heir, Thomas, third lord Borough, received summons to attend parliament, 3d Nov. 21 Henry VIII.

[4] Testamenta Vetusta.

descendant of Isabel Plantagenet, sister to the king's great-grandfather, Richard, duke of York.

This alliance increased the previous family connexion of the Parrs with the sovereign lineage, on the female side. Some degree of friendly intercourse appears to have been kept up between the king and his cousin, and the young lady Parr; and we observe that, in the year 1530, she sent him a present of a coat of Kendal cloth.[1] Both the brother and the uncle of Katharine were now attached to the royal household; but many reasons lead us to suppose that Katharine became an inmate of Sizergh Castle about this period. She was a lovely, noble, and wealthy widow, in her sixteenth year, when deprived of the protection of her last surviving parent. Her only near female relations were an unmarried sister younger than herself, and her aunt, lady Throckmorton, who resided in a distant county. As heiress-presumptive to her brother William, it was desirable to remain in the vicinity of Kendal Castle, and the family estates in that neighbourhood; therefore, the most prudent and natural thing she could do was to take up her abode with her kinswoman and friend, lady Strickland. That lady, though she had, by her marriage with Katharine's step-son, Henry Borough, become her daughter-in-law, was quite old enough to afford matronly countenance to the youthful widow of lord Borough, whom, according to the quaint custom of the time, she called "her good mother."

Katharine Parr and lady Strickland were alike descended from the Nevilles of Raby; and sir Walter Strickland, the deceased husband of the latter, was also a relative of the Parrs; and as lady Strickland held of the crown the wardship of her son, young Walter Strickland's person and estates, she remained mistress of Sizergh Castle, even after her marriage with Henry Borough.[2]

At no other period of her life than the interval between her mother's death and her own marriage with Neville, lord Latimer, could Katharine Parr have found leisure to embroider the magnificent counterpane and toilet-cover, which are proudly exhibited at Sizergh Castle, as trophies of her industry, having been worked by her own hands, during a visit to her kinsfolk there.

As the ornamental labours of the needle have become once more a source of domestic enjoyment to the ladies of England, and even the lords of the creation appear to derive some pleasure, as lookers on, in tracing the progress of their fair friends at the embroidering-frame, a brief description of these beautiful and well-preserved specimens of Katharine Parr's proficiency in that accomplishment, may not be displeasing.

The material on which both counterpane and toilet-cover are worked is the richest white satin, of a fabric with which the production of no modern loom can vie. The centre of the pattern is a medallion, surrounded with a wreath of natural flowers, wrought in twisted silks and bullion. A spread eagle, in bold relief, gorged with the imperial

[1] Privy Purse Expenses of Henry VIII.
[2] Strickland Papers at Sizergh Castle, folio 3.

crown, forms the middle. At each corner is a lively heraldic monster, of the dragon class, glowing with purple, crimson, and gold. The field is gaily beset with large flowers, in gorgeous colours, highly embossed and enriched with threads of gold.

The toilette is *en suite*, but of a smaller pattern. The lapse of three centuries has scarcely diminished the brilliancy of the colours, or tarnished the bullion; nor is the purity of the satin sullied, though both these queenly relics have been used, on state occasions, by the family in whose possession they have remained, as precious heirlooms and memorials of their ancestral connexion with queen Katharine Parr. The apartment which Katharine occupied in Sizergh Castle is still called "the queen's room." It is a fine state chamber in that ancient portion of the castle, the Deincourt tower. It opens through the drawing-room, and is panelled with richly carved black oak, which is covered with tapestry of great beauty. The designs represent hunting in all its gradations, from a fox-chase up to a lion-hunt; varied with delineations of trees and flowers, and surrounded with a very unique border, in which young tigers are fighting and brandishing their claws at each other, in the manner of enraged kittens. The most splendid patterns for modern needlework might be taken from these spirited devices. Over the lofty carved chimney-piece are the arms of England and France, supported between the lion and the Tudor dragon, with the motto "*Vivat Regina.*" The date, 1569, proves they were put up some years after the death of Katharine Parr, though doubtless intended to commemorate the fact that this apartment was once honoured by her use.[1] The bed, with its hangings of costly crimson damask, is shown as the veritable one in which she reposed; but the fashion of the bedstead is too modern to favour the tradition, which, we think, more probably belongs to one of the elaborately carved and canopied oaken bedsteads coeval with the days of the Plantagenets, which are to be seen in other chambers of this venerable mansion.

How long Katharine continued the widow of lord Borough is uncertain; but she was probably under twenty years of age when she became, for the second time, the wife of a mature widower, and again undertook the office of a stepmother. It is not unlikely that her residence at Sizergh Castle might lead to her marriage with John Neville, lord Latimer, as lady Strickland was a Neville, of Thornton Briggs, and would naturally afford her kinsman every facility for his courtship to their fair cousin. Lord Latimer was related to Katharine in about the same degree as her first husband, lord Borough.[2] The date of her marriage with

[1] The arms of Deincourt, quartering Strickland, Roos, and Parr, are painted in the upper part of the antique window of the apartment in Sizergh Castle, called the Inlaid Chamber, which, from that circumstance, has been mistaken for the Queen's Room by Mr. Allom, in his "Beauties of Westmoreland."

[2] The maternal ancestors of Katharine's second husband were the Latimers, lords of Corby and Shenstone, afterwards of Braybrooke and Danby. The heiress of this family, marrying John, lord Neville, of Raby and Middleham, became the mother of Ralph Neville, earl of Westmoreland, whose fifth son, by Joanna Beaufort, daughter of John of Gaunt, duke of Lancaster, took the title of lord

this nobleman is not known. He had been previously married twice; first, to Elizabeth, daughter of sir Richard Musgrave, who died without issue;[1] secondly, to Dorothy, daughter of sir George de Vere, and sister and co-heiress to John de Vere, fourteenth earl of Oxford, by whom he had two children, John and Margaret.[2] The second lady Latimer died in 1526–7.

After Katharine became the wife of lord Latimer, she chiefly resided with him and his family, at his stately mansion of Snape Hall, in Yorkshire, which is thus described by Leland: "Snape, a goodly castel in a valley belonging to the lord Latimer, with two or three good parks well wooded about it. It is his chief house, and standeth about two miles from Great Tanfield." The manors of Cumberton, Wadborough, and several other estates in Worcestershire, which he inherited from Elizabeth Beauchamp, were settled on Katharine Parr, at her marriage with this wealthy noble.

The ancestors of Katharine Parr, the Marmions, had formerly held sway at Tanfield; and through the marriage of her grandfather, sir William Parr, with Elizabeth Fitzhugh, the grand-daughter of the heiress of sir Robert Marmion, the castle and manor of Tanfield descended to the father of Katharine, and was now the property of her brother, young William Parr. He was at that time childless; and as Katharine was his heiress-presumptive, there was a contingency, by no means remote, of this demesne, which was so desirably contiguous to her husband's estates, falling to her. It would be too much to say that lord Latimer had an eye to this contingency when he sought the hand of Katharine Parr; for she was young, lovely, accomplished, learned, and virtuous; and, to a man who had enjoyed the opportunity of becoming acquainted with the perfections of a mind like hers, the worldly advantages that might accrue from a matrimonial alliance with her, must have been considerations of a very secondary nature. Fortunate, indeed, must lord Latimer have felt himself, in being able to obtain so charming a companion for his latter days, and at the same time one so well qualified to direct the studies and form the minds of his children. The amiable temper and sound sense of Katharine, taught her to perform the difficult duties that devolved upon her, in the character of a step-mother, with such conscientious and endearing gentleness, that she ensured the love and esteem of all the families with whom she was connected in that capacity. During the first years of her marriage with lord Latimer, she pursued the noiseless tenour of her way, in the peaceful routine and privacy of domestic life, to which those talents and acquirements which afterwards rendered her the admiration of the most learned men in Europe, and the

Latimer, and married the third daughter and co-heiress of Richard Beauchamp, earl of Warwick. From this pair John Neville, lord Latimer, Katharine's husband, was the fourth in descent. He was the eldest son of a family of thirteen children.—Hopkinson's MSS.

[1] Lord Latimer was united to this lady July 20th, 1518, in the chapel of his manor of Snape, during his father's life, being then only a knight.—Wolsey's Register, p. 94. Unpublished History of the Family of Neville, by Daniel Rowland, esq.

[2] Rev. T. Nash, Archæologia, vol. ix. p. 6.

intellectual model of the ladies of England, were calculated to lend a charm.

Lord Latimer was so strenuous a catholic that he became one of the leaders of the Northern insurrection, on account of the suppression of the monasteries, and the sequestration of the church property by Cromwell, in 1536. This revolt, though chiefly proceeding from the miseries of a starving population, who found themselves suddenly deprived of the relief of conventual alms in seasons of distress, assumed the tone of a domestic crusade against the enemies of the olden faith, and was called the Pilgrimage of Grace. Forty thousand rustics in Yorkshire alone appeared in arms, bearing white banners with the image of the Saviour on the cross, and the chalice and host depicted thereon. Their nominal general was Robert Aske, a gentleman of mean condition, and a mysterious personage entitled the earl of Poverty; but an enthusiastic junto of nobles, knights, and ecclesiastics, at the head of whom was the archbishop of York, lord Neville, lord d'Arcy, and the husband of Katharine Parr, were allied with these adventurers.[1] They were knit together with oaths of compact, and they compelled the inhabitants of every village or town to take this oath, and to join the Pilgrimage. They became so formidable in a short time, that the duke of Norfolk, who was empowered by the king to put down the rebellion, considered it more desirable to negotiate than to fight; and a peaceable conference was appointed, between the royal commissioners, and a chosen number of the leading men among the insurgents at Doncaster. Lord Latimer was one of the delegates nominated by the pilgrims, for the perilous service of laying their grievances before the sovereign, and stating their demands.[2] Four pledges were given by the duke, for the safe return of the delegates.[3]

They demanded, among other things, the restoration of the monastic establishments and the papal supremacy; the suppression of heretical books, especially the writings of Wycliff, Luther, Melancthon, and others whom they specified; and that the heretical bishops might be condemned to the flames, or else compelled to do battle in single combat with certain valiantly disposed pilgrims, who would take upon themselves the office of champions for the church militant. There were also many legal and statistical reforms required; but the most extraordinary demand of the northern democracy was, "that the king should expel from his council all men of *vileyn* blood, especially Cromwell, Rich, and others, who had risen from a humble station in society."[4]

In every era of our history it may be noted, that the lower classes have disliked the elevation of persons of their own degree, to the exercise of authority in the state. Such is the inconsistency of popular pride.

The king was much offended at the manifesto of the pilgrims, and took upon himself the task of compounding a reply, in which he expressed his astonishment, "that ignorant people should go about to instruct him in matters of theology, who somewhat had been noted to be learned in what the true faith should be."[5] In this, his majesty, with

[1] Speed. [2] Speed; Lord Herbert. [3] Ibid. [4] Ibid.
[5] Speed; Herbert; Lingard.

all the pride of authorship, evidently designed to recall to the memory of the more polite members of the confederacy, his own book against Luther, which had procured for him from the pope the title of "defender of the faith." He also angrily complains "of their presumption in wanting to mend his laws, as if, after being their king eight-and-twenty years, he did not know how to govern the realm. He rejected all their petitions, but offered to pardon them for appearing in arms against him, if they would give up their ringleaders; and concluded by bidding them admire the benignity of their sovereign."

The pilgrims declined the royal grace under such conditions, recalled their delegates, and made them ready for battle. The wise and conciliating policy of the duke of Norfolk prevented the collision which appeared almost inevitable. He prevailed upon the insurgents to lay down their arms, on condition of receiving free pardon from the king, with a promise that their grievances should be discussed in parliament; and with some difficulty he induced the king, who was very peevish with him about it, to publish the amnesty without exceptions.

The general pardon was dated December 9th, 1536. In February the insurrection broke out again, but lord Latimer did not join it. The prudent counsels of Katharine possibly deterred her lord from involving himself a second time in so rash an enterprise. It is certain that, by remaining quiescent he escaped the tragic fate of his northern neighbours and late confederates, the lord D'Arcy, sir Robert Constable, sir Stephen Hamerton, and upwards of seventy others, on whom the royal vengeance inflicted the extreme penalty of the law. The only daughter of sir Stephen Hamerton was betrothed to Katharine's youthful kinsman, Walter Strickland; and not only this family connexion, but the execution of several of the Nevilles after the second rising, must have rendered this period a season of fearful anxiety to lord and lady Latimer. It was probably about this time that sir John Russell, the lord privy seal, took the opportunity of requesting a very inconvenient favour, for one of his friends, of lord Latimer; namely, that his lordship should oblige this person with the loan of his fine mansion in the churchyard of the Chartreux, now called the Charterhouse. Latimer did not venture to refuse, but his extreme reluctance to comply with the request may be seen in the following letter written in reply:[1]—

"Right honourable and my especial good lord.

"After my most hearty recommendations had to your good lordship. Whereas your lordship doth desire .... of your friends my house within Chartreux Churchyard beside so .... I assure your lordship the getting of a lease of it cost me 100 marcs, besides other *pleasures* (improvements) that I did to the house, for it was much my desire to have it, because it stands in good air, out of press of the city. And I do alway lie there when I come to London, and I have no other house to lie at. And, also, I have granted it to farm to Mr. Nudygate (Newdigate), son and heir to serjeant Nudygate, to lie in the said house in my absence. And he to void whensoever I come up to London. Nevertheless, I am contented, if it can do your lordship any pleasure for your friend, that he

[1] Vespasian, F. xiii., 183 folio 131; an original document in the same volume of the Cottonian MSS., containing letters of Katharine Parr and other persons of her era.

lie there forthwith. I seek my lodgings at this Michaelmas term myself. And as touching my lease, I assure your lordship it is not here, but I shall bring it right to your lordship at my coming up, at this said term, and then and alway I shall be at your lordship's commandment, as knows our Lord, who preserve your lordship in much honour to his pleasure. From Wyke, in Worcestershire, the last day of September.

"Your lordship's assuredly to command,

"JOHN LATIMER.[1]

"To the right honourable and very especial good lord, my Lord Privy Seal."

From this letter we may gather, that the household arrangements of the second husband of Katharine Parr, were of the same prudential character which induces many of the nobles of the present age to let their mansions, ready furnished, to wealthy commoners, when they retire to their country-seats; with this difference—lord Latimer's arrangement with the heir of serjeant Newdigate was a perennial engagement, by which the tenant was to vacate the house when his duties in parliament, or other business, called his lordship to town. It must have been a serious annoyance to all parties, for the friend of my lord privy seal to take an impertinent fancy of occupying lord Latimer's town house under these circumstances; and yet, because the minister prefers the suit, the noble owner of the mansion is compelled to break his agreement with his tenant, and to seek for other lodgings for himself against the ensuing session of parliament, in order to accommodate a person who has evidently no claim on his courtesy. But a man who had been once in arms against the sovereign would, in that reign, be careful how he afforded cause for offence to one of the satellites of the crown. After his name had been connected with the Pilgrimage of Grace, lord Latimer had a delicate game to play, and it was well for him that his wife was related to the king, and the niece of a favoured member of the royal household, William Parr. Katharine's sister, lady Herbert, had an appointment in Jane Seymour's court, and assisted at the christening of Edward VI.

That Katharine Parr was not only acquainted with Henry VIII., but possessed a considerable influence over his mind, some years before there was the slightest probability of her ever becoming the sharer of his throne, is certified by the history of the Throckmorton family, to which we are principally indebted for the following details. Sir George Throckmorton, the husband of Katharine Parr's aunt, having incurred the ill-will of lord Cromwell, in consequence of some disputes arising from the contiguity of their manors of Coughton Court and Oursley, Cromwell endeavoured to compass the ruin of his aristocratic neighbour, by accusing him of having denied the king's supremacy.[2] The

[1] The Latimers were lords of Wyke Burnell, near Pershore, in Worcestershire, which was derived from the alliance of the Nevilles with the Beauchamps, earls of Warwick. Lord Latimer was evidently staying there when he wrote this letter.

[2] MS. Throckmorton, collated by Brown Willis. Among the incipient proofs of Cromwell's seizure of the Throckmorton property is his possession of a house in Throgmorton Street, where his oppression of his poor neighbours is commemo-

charge was peculiarly alarming to Throckmorton, because his brother Michael was in the service of cardinal Pole, and had taken an active part in opposing the king's divorce from Katharine of Arragon, as we are told by his kinsman in the following lines, from a metrical chronicle of the Life of sir Nicholas Throckmorton :—

"For after that resolved stood the king
To take a new, and leave his wedded wife,
My uncle was the means to work the thing,
By Reynold Poole, who brewed all the strife,
And then at Rome did work the contrary,
Which drave the king at home to tyranny."
Throckmorton MS.[1]

The subject of sir George Throckmorton's imprisonment, and the distress of his family, is introduced in these quaint lines :—

"My father's foes clapt him, through cankered hate,
In Tower fast, and gaped to joint his neck;
They were in hope for to obtain a *mate*,
Who heretofore had laboured for a *check*;
Yea, Grevills grieved him ill without a cause!
Who hurt not them, nor yet the prince's laws.

"Thus every thing did run against the hair;
Our name disgraced, and we but witless boys,
Did deem it hard such crosses then to bear—
Our minds more fit to deal with childish toys·
But troubles are of perfect wit the schools,
When life at will feeds men as fat as fools."

After drawing rather a ludicrous picture of their tribulations, and comparing lady Throckmorton in her tears to a drowned mouse he introduces the family of Parr on the scene :—

"While flocking foes to work our bane were bent,
While thunder-claps of angry Jove did last,
Then to lord Parr my mother[2] saw me sent,
So with her brother I was safely placed;

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rated by Stow, whose father was a sufferer. That the Throckmortons had a city house there is proved by the MS. quoted above, where it mentions, that, after the death of Edward VI., the four sons of that family met there for a consultation,

"In London, in a house that bore our name."

Throgmorton house was evidently one of Cromwell's spoils, seized for a time from that family.

[1] This curious literary treasure belongs to the Throckmorton MS., and contains some of the most remarkable passages in the life of sir Nicholas Throckmorton (the son of sir George and Katharine Parr's aunt), arranged in verse by his nephew, sir Thomas Throckmorton. The poem consists of 229 stanzas, of six lines each. The near relationship between queen Katharine Parr and the Throckmorton family renders it a valuable addition to the scanty records of this period of her life.

[2] This lady was the daughter of Katharine's grandmother, widow of sir William Parr, K. G., by a second marriage with sir Nicholas Vaux; consequently, lady Throckmorton was sister, by the half-blood, to Katharine Parr's father and uncle. Lord Vaux of Harrowden, the younger brother of lady Throckmorton, married Elizabeth Green, sister to lady Parr, and both these ladies were the

Of alms he kept me in extremity,
Who did misdoubt a worse calamity.

"Oh, lucky looks that fawned on Katharine Parr!
A woman rare like her but seldom seen,
To Borough first, and then to Latimer,
She widow was, and then became a queen;
My mother prayed her niece with watery eyes,
To rid both her and hers from endless cries.

"She, willing of herself to do us good,
Sought out the means her uncle's life to save;
And when the king was in his pleasing mood
She humbly then her suit began to crave;
With wooing times denials disagree,
She spake and sped—my father was set free."

In his rapturous allusion to the good offices of Katharine Parr, the poet, by mentioning her subsequent marriage with the king, a little confuses the time when her intercession was successfully employed for the deliverance of sir George Throckmorton. The date of this event is clearly defined, in the prose documents of the Throckmorton family, to have taken place in the year 1540, by the statement "that sir George was released through the influence of his kinswoman, the lady Katharine Parr, and advised with by the king, at her suggestion, about Cromwell, immediately before the arrest of that minister," which was in the June of that year.[1] This fact throws a new light on the fall of Cromwell, and leads us to infer that his ruin was caused, not by the enmity of Katharine Howard, but of her unsuspected successor, Katharine Parr, at that time the wife of a zealous catholic peer, and herself a member of the church of Rome. It was probably from the eloquent lips of this strong-minded and intrepid lady, when pleading for the life of her uncle, that Henry learned the extent of Cromwell's rapacity, and the real state of the public mind as to his administration; and thus we may, perhaps, account for the otherwise mysterious change in the royal mind, when the monarch, after loading his favourite with honours and immunities, suddenly resolved to sacrifice him to popular indignation, as a scapegoat, on whose shoulders the political sins of both king and council might be conveniently laid. Sir George Throckmorton took an active part in bringing his former persecutor to the block, and instead of being stripped by him of his fair domain of Coughton Court, was enabled to purchase

grand-daughters of Matilda Throckmorton, whose stately monument is to be seen in the church of Green's Norton. Thus we see the connexion of Katharine Parr with the family of Throckmorton was threefold.—Baker's Northamptonshire; Throckmorton Papers.

[1] This important incident is recorded in Brown Willis's History of the ancient family of Throckmorton, drawn up from the archives of that house in the year 1730. By the courtesy of the late venerable and lamented sir Charles Throckmorton, Bart, I have been favoured with some interesting and valuable extracts connected with the history of Katharine Parr, from that work and other family documents, which were kindly transcribed by our mutual friend, Miss Jane Porter, the accomplished author of Thaddeus of Warsaw, and many other works, illustrative of the *beau idéal* of heroism and virtue.

Cromwell's manor of Oursley, on advantageous terms, of the crown, and to transmit it to his descendants, in whose possession it remains at the present day.[1]

Few things, perhaps, tend more importantly to the elucidation of historical mysteries, than the study of genealogies. It is by obtaining an acquaintance with the family connexions of the leading actors in any memorable era, that we gain a clue to the secret springs of their actions, and perceive the wheel within a wheel which impelled to deeds otherwise unaccountable.

The brother of Katharine Parr was the husband of the heiress of the last earl of Essex, of the ancient line of Bouchier; but on the demise of that nobleman, those honours, which in equity ought to have been vested in his descendants, were, to the indignation of all the connexions of the Bouchiers and Parrs, bestowed on Cromwell. The death of that rapacious minister smoothed the way for the summons of William Parr to the house of lords, as earl of Essex, in the right of his wife.[2] Katharine herself came in for a share of the spoils of the enemy of her house, for his manor of Wimbledon was settled on her. Tradition says that she resided at the mansion at some period of her life. A portion of this ancient edifice, which is still called by her name, is in existence.[3]

Cromwell was the third great statesman of Henry VIII.'s cabinet, within the brief period of ten years, whose fall is attributable to female influence. Wolsey and More were the victims of Anne Boleyn's undisguised animosity, and the secret ill-will of Katharine Parr appears to have been equally fatal to Cromwell, although her consummate prudence in avoiding any demonstration of hostility has prevented her from being recognised as the author of his ruin, save in the records of the house of Throckmorton.

The execution of the unfortunate queen, Katharine Howard, in February 1542, preceded the death of Katharine Parr's second husband, lord Latimer, about twelve months. The will of lord Latimer is dated September 12, 1542, but as it was not proved till the 11th of the following March,[4] it is probable that he died early in 1543.

In this document, lord Latimer bequeaths to the lady Katharine, his wife, the manors of Nunmonkton and Hamerton. He bequeaths his body "to be buried on the south side of the church of Well, where his ancestors were buried, if he should die in Yorkshire; appointing that the master of the hospital, and vicar of the church of Well, should take and receive all the rents and profits of the parsonage of Askham Richard, in the county of the city of York, as also of the parsonage of St. George's church, in York, for the time of forty years, wherewith to endow a grammar-school at Well, and to pray for him the founder."[5] The latter clause affords evidence that lord Latimer died as he had lived,

[1] MS. Throckmorton. This statement is confirmed by Pollino, who says that Henry had secret consultations with a noble cavalier, called *Roberto Trogmorton*, in order to bring about the fall of Cromwell.

[2] Mill's Catalogue of Honour. Dugdale. [3] Manning's History of Surrey.

[4] Testamenta Vetusta. Sir H. Nicolas.

[5] Testamenta Vetusta. Whittaker's Richmondshire

a member of the church of Rome. There is, however, neither monument nor memorial of him in the church of Well, for he died not in Yorkshire, but in London, and was interred in St. Paul's Cathedral.[1]

The conversion of Katharine to the principles of the reformed religion, did not, in all probability, take place till after the decease of lord Latimer, when, unbiassed by the influence of that zealous supporter of the ancient system, she found herself at liberty to listen to the impassioned eloquence of the apostles of the Protestant faith—men who were daily called upon to testify the sincerity of their profession, through tortures and a fiery death. The house of the noble and learned widow soon became the resort of such men as Coverdale, Latimer, and Parkhurst; and sermons were daily preached in her chamber of state, by those who were desirous of restoring the practice of the Christian religion in its primitive simplicity.[2]

Katharine was not only pious, learned, and passing fair, but possessed of great wealth as the mistress of two ample jointures, both unencumbered. With these advantages, and connected as she was, either by descent or marriage, with some of the noblest families in England, even with royalty itself in no very remote degree, it is not to be supposed that she was left unwooed. At an early stage of her widowhood, she was sought in marriage by sir Thomas Seymour, the brother of the late queen Jane, and uncle to the infant heir of England. Sir Thomas Seymour enjoyed the favour of his royal brother-in-law in a high degree, and was the handsomest and most admired bachelor of the court. He was gay, magnificent, and brave, excelling in all the manly exercises of that age, and much distinguished by the richness of his dress and ornaments, in which his fashions were implicitly followed by the other courtiers; and with the ladies he was considered irresistible. How it happened that the grave, learned, and devout lady Latimer should be the one to fix the wandering heart of this gay and reckless gallant, for whom the sprightliest beauties of the court had sighed in vain, has never been explained, nor is it always possible to account for the inconsistencies of love. As the Seymours were among the political leaders of the anti-papal party, it is, however, probable that sir Thomas might be induced to attend the religious assemblies that were held at the house of this noble and distinguished convert to the reformed religion, from motives of curiosity in the first instance, till a more powerful interest was insensibly excited in his mind, by her charms and winning deportment. Be this as it may, it is certain that Katharine fully returned his passion, as she herself subsequently acknowledges, "and had determined to become his wife at that time if her will had not, for wise purposes, been overruled by a higher power."[3]

A more important destiny was reserved for her, and while she delayed her union with the man of her heart, till a proper interval from the death of her husband should have elapsed, her hand was demanded by a third widower, in the decline of life, and the father of children by

[1] History of the House of Neville. [2] Echard.
[3] Letters of queen Katharine Parr to the lord-admiral, sir Thomas Seymour.

former marriages. This widower was no other than her sovereign, who had remained in a state of gloomy celibacy since the execution of his last queen, apparently wearied out by the frequent disappointments and mistakes that had attended his ventures in the matrimonial lottery. His desire for conjugal companionship was, however, unabated, and rendered, perhaps, wiser by experience, he determined in his selection of a sixth wife, not to be guided by externals only.

The circumstances that led to Henry's marriage with Katharine Parr, are quaintly glanced at by her poet cousin, sir Thomas Throckmorton, who dates the advancement of his family from that event:—

> But when the king's fifth wife had lost her head,
> Yet he mislikes the life to live alone,
> And once resolved the sixth time for to wed,
> He sought outright to make his choice of one—
> That choice was chance, right happy for us all,
> It brewed our bliss, and rid us quite from thrall."
>
> Throckmorton MS.

When the celebrated act of parliament was passed, which rendered it a capital offence for any lady who had ever made a lapse from virtue, to contract matrimony with her sovereign, without first apprising him of her fault, it had been shrewdly observed, that his majesty had now no other alternative than to marry a widow. No spinster, however pure her conduct might have been, it was presumed, would venture to place herself within the peril of a penalty, which might be inflicted on the most innocent woman in the world, the moment she ceased to charm the unprincipled tyrant, whose fickleness was only equalled by his malice and cruelty.

When Henry first made known to lady Latimer that she was the lady whom he intended to honour with the sixth reversion of his hand, she was struck with dismay, and in the terror with which his cruel treatment of his matrimonial victims inspired her, she actually told him "that it was better to be his mistress than his wife."[1] A few months after marriage, such a sarcasm on his conduct as a husband might have cost Henry's best-loved queen her head. As it was, this cutting observation, from the lips of a matron of Katharine's well-known virtue, though it must have afforded him a mortifying idea of the estimation in which the dignity of queen-consort was regarded by the ladies of his court, had no other effect than to increase the eagerness of his suit to the reluctant widow.

Fear was not, however, her only objection to become the wife of Henry; love was for a while victorious over ambition, in the heart of Katharine. Her affection for Seymour rendered her very listless about the royal match, at first;[2] but her favoured lover presumed not to contest the prize, with his all-powerful brother-in-law and sovereign. A rival, of Henry's temper, who held the heads of wives, kinsmen, and favourites, as cheaply as tennis-balls, was not to be withstood. The Adonis of the court vanished from the scene, and the bride-elect, accommodating her mind, as she best might, to the change of bridegroom.

[1] Leti. [2] Strype's Memorials, vol. ii., part 1, p. 206.

prepared to assume, with a good grace, the glittering fetters of a queenly slave. The arrangements for the royal nuptials were made with a celerity truly astonishing; barely three months intervened between the proving of lord Latimer's will, and the day on which Cranmer grants a license "for the marriage of his sovereign lord, king Henry, with Katharine Latymer, late the wife of the lord de Latymer, deceased, in whatever church, chapel, or oratory he may please, without publication of banns, dispensing with all ordinances to the contrary, for reasons concerning the honour and advancement of the whole realm."[1] Dated July 10th, 1543.

Two days afterwards, Katharine exchanged her briefly worn weeds of widowhood, for the bridal robes of a queen of England—robes that had proved fatal trappings to four of her five predecessors in the perilous dignity to which it was the pleasure of her enamoured sovereign to advance her. The nuptials of Henry VIII. and Katharine Parr, instead of being hurried over secretly, in some obscure corner, like some unhallowed mystery (as was the case in his previous marriages with Anne Boleyn and Katharine Howard), were solemnised much in the same way as royal marriages are in the present times, without pageantry, but with all suitable observances. The ceremony was performed by Gardiner, bishop of Winchester, in the queen's closet at Hampton Court; and the high respect of the monarch for his bride was proved, by his permitting the princesses Mary and Elizabeth, his daughters and his niece, the lady Margaret Douglas, to assist at these nuptials.[2] The queen was also supported by her sister Mrs. Herbert, afterwards countess of Pembroke; her beloved friend, Katharine Willoughby, duchess of Suffolk; Anne, countess of Hertford,[3] and Joanna, lady Dudley. The king was attended by his brother-in-law, the earl of Hertford, lord John Russell, privy seal, sir Anthony Browne, master of the pensioners, Henry Howard, Richard Long, Thomas d'Arcy, Edward Baynton, the husband of the late queen's sister, Anthony Denny and Thomas Speke, knights, and William Herbert, the brother-in-law of his bride.[4]

It is scarcely possible but the cheek of Katharine must have blanched when the nuptial ring was placed on her finger, by the ruthless hand that had signed the death-warrant of two of his consorts within the last seven years. If a parallel might be permitted, between the grave facts of history, and the creations of romance, we should say that the situation of Henry's sixth queen greatly resembled that of the fair Scheherazade in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, who voluntarily contracted matrimony with sultan Schriar, though aware that it was his custom to marry a fresh wife every day, and cut off her head the next morning.

The sound principles, excellent judgment, and endearing qualities of Katharine Parr, and, above all, her superlative skill as a nurse, by rendering her necessary to the comfort of the selfish and irritable tyrant who had chosen her as a help meet for him in the season of premature old

[1] Chronological Catalogue of Papers for New Rymer, p. 238.
[2] Notarial certificate in the Chapter House.
[3] Afterwards the duchess of Somerset, wife to the Protector, and Katharine Parr's bitterest enemy
[4] Notarial certificate.

age and increasing disease, afforded her best security from the fate of her predecessors. But of this hereafter.

Among the unpublished MSS. in the State Paper Office, we find the following paragraph, in a letter from sir Thomas Wriothesley, relating to the recent bridal of the sovereign: "I doubt not of your grace knowing by the fame and otherwise, that the king's majesty was married on Thursday last to my lady Latimer, a woman in my judgment, for certain wisdom and gentleness, most meet for his highness; and sure I am, his majesty had never a wife more agreeable to his heart than she is. The Lord grant them long life, and much joy together." [1]

On the day of her marriage, queen Katharine presented her royal step-daughter and bridemaid, the princess Mary, with a magnificent pair of gold bracelets set with rubies, and the yet more acceptable gift in money of 25*l.*[2] Of course, the princess Elizabeth, who also assisted at the bridal, was not forgotten. The pecuniary present to Mary was repeated on the 26th of September.[3]

Katharine Parr had now for the third time undertaken the office of a step-mother—an office at all times of much difficulty and responsibility, but peculiarly so with regard to the children of Henry VIII., who were the offspring of queens so fatally opposed as Katharine of Arragon, Anne Boleyn, and Jane Seymour, had successively been. How well the sound sense and endearing manners of Katharine Parr fitted her to reconcile the rival interests, and to render herself a bond of union between the disjointed links of the royal family, is proved by the affection and respect of her grateful step-children, and also by their letters after king Henry's death. Whether a man who had so glaringly violated the duties of a father to his daughters, as Henry had done, deserves any credit for paternal care in his choice of his sixth queen, it would be difficult to say; but it was scarcely possible for him to have selected a lady better qualified to conduce to the happiness of his children, to improve their minds, and to fit them, by the inculcation of virtuous and noble sentiments, to adorn the high station to which they were born.

The union of the sovereign with the pious and learned lady Latimer, was the cause of great joy to the university of Cambridge, where the doctrines of the Reformation had already taken deep root. The opinions of this erudite body, on the subject, are eloquently expressed, in their congratulatory address to Henry on his marriage.

Katharine Parr, while queen-consort of England, continued to correspond with the university of Cambridge, in the name of which the celebrated Roger Ascham thanks her for her royal benefactions, and the suavity of her letters. "Write to us oftener," says the enthusiastic scholar, "*eruditissima regina*, and do not despise the term erudition, most noble lady; it is the praise of your industry, and a greater one to your talents than all the ornaments of your fortune. We rejoice vehemently in your happiness, most happy princess, because you are learn-

[1] No. 400; date, July 1543. This letter seems to be written to the duke of Norfolk.

[2] Privy Purse Expenses of Princess Mary. Sir F. Madden. [3] Ibid.

ing more amidst the occupations of your dignity, than many with us do in all our leisure and quiet."[1]

The dignity of the scholar and the queen are beautifully blended with the tenderness of the woman and the devotedness of the Christian, in the line of conduct adopted by Katharine Parr, after her elevation to a throne. Her situation at this period is not unlike that of Esther in the house of Ahasuerus. Her attachment to the doctrines of the Reformation naturally rendered her an object of jealous ill-will to Gardiner, bishop of Winchester, the leader of the anti-papal Catholic party;[2] and as early as the second week after her marriage, this daring ecclesiastic ventured to measure his power against that of the royal bride, by an attack on an humble society of reformers at Windsor. Anthony Persons, a priest, John Marbeck, a chorister, Robert Testwood, and Henry Filmer, were the leading persons attached to this community; but it was suspected that they received encouragement from members of the royal household. Dr. London, one of the most unprincipled agents of Cromwell in the spoliation of the abbeys, had, since the fall of his patron, changed his tack, and was employed by the triumphant faction, in preparing a book of informations, denouncing every person in Windsor who was suspected of holding opinions at variance with the six articles. This book was presented to Gardiner, who moved the king in council, that a commission should be granted, for searching all the houses in Windsor, for books written in favour of the new learning.[3] Henry acceded to this measure, as regarded the town, but excepted the castle, his own royal residence, having doubtless shrewd reasons to suspect, that more works, of the kind objected to, would be found in the closets and chambers of those nearest and dearest to him, than among the poor and unlearned inhabitants of Windsor.

A few MS. notes on the Bible, and a Latin Concordance in progress of arrangement, which were found in the house of Marbeck, furnished an excuse for the arrest, trial, and condemnation of himself and his three friends. Nothing could induce them to betray any person in the royal household, to save themselves from the fiery death with which they were menaced. Marbeck found an intercessor sufficiently powerful to represent his case to the king. This was most probably either the queen, or some person encouraged by her. Henry was shown the Latin Concordance, of which several hundred pages were completed—"Poor Marbeck!" exclaimed he, with an unwonted burst of sympathy, "it would be well for thine accusers if they had employed their time no worse."[4] A reprieve was granted to Marbeck; but Persons, Testwood, and Filmer, were sent to the stake, July 26th, two days after their condemnation.

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[1] Ascham's Epistles, 303.

[2] It is difficult to find any other name by which to describe persons who upheld the ceremonies of the Romish church, and rejected the supremacy of the pope, unless we style them Henricans, from their royal founder, Henry VIII. It is the most vulgar of mistakes to call Gardiner and his colleagues *papists*, they having adopted Henry VIII. for the head of their church, in opposition to the pope, from whom they were *then* in a state of separation. [3] Burnet.

[4] Soame's History of the Reformation.

Though the flames of their martyrdom were kindled almost in the sight of Henry's Protestant queen, she was unable to avert the fate of the victims; and well aware was she that the blow which produced this fell sacrifice of human life was aimed at herself, and would be followed by an attack on persons in her immediate confidence. The murder of these humble reformers was, indeed, but the preliminary move in the cold yet subtle game which Gardiner was playing, against the more elevated individuals professing the same religion with the queen.

Dr. Haines, the dean of Exeter, and a prebendary of Windsor, sir Philip Hoby and his lady, sir Thomas Carden, and other members of the royal household, were denounced by Dr. London and Symonds, as persons encouraging the new learning, and were placed under arrest.[1] The only evidence against them, that could be produced, was contained in certain inferences and false statements, which Dr. London had suborned Ockham, the clerk of the court, to introduce into the notes he had taken at the trials of the recent victims.[2] The queen, having obtained full information of these proceedings, sent one of her most trusty and courageous servants into court, to expose the iniquity of this plot. Ockham was arrested and his papers seized, which afforded full proof of the base conspiracy into which he had entered; and the whole transaction was laid before the king The tables were now completely turned. London and Symonds were sent for and examined on oath, and, not being aware that their letters were intercepted, fully committed themselves, were found guilty of perjury, and were sentenced to be placed on horseback with their faces to the horses' tails, with papers on their foreheads, setting forth their perjury. They were then set in the pillory at Windsor, where the king and queen then were. Katharine sought no further vengeance; and the mortification caused by this disgraceful punishment is supposed to have caused Dr. London's death.[3]

Such were the scenes that marked the bridal month of Katharine Parr, as queen of England—that month which is generally styled the honeymoon. Her elevation to the perilous dignity of queen-consort afforded her, however, the satisfaction of advancing the fortunes of various members of her own family. She bestowed the office of lord-chamberlain on her uncle, lord Parr of Horton; she made her sister, lady Herbert, one of her ladies of the bedchamber; and her step-daughter, Margaret Neville, the only daughter of her deceased husband, lord Latimer, one of her maids of honour. Her brother William Parr, was created earl of Essex,[4] in right of his wife, having been previously made baron Parr of Kendal.

[1] Burnet. [2] Burnet, Hist. Ref., vol. i. p. 312. Rapin. Hall. [3] Burnet, vol. i.

[4] This gentleman enjoyed not only the favour but the esteem of king Henry, who honoured him with the name of "his Integrity." The young prince, afterwards Edward VI., always called him "his honest uncle." He was finally advanced to the title of marquess of Northampton. Like his sister, queen Katharine, he possessed an elegant and cultivated mind, and delighted in poetry and music. His marriage with the heiress of Essex was a miserable one, and was dissolved in consequence of the incontinence of the lady. The portrait of the marquess, among the Holbein heads in her majesty's collection, represents him as a model of manly beauty.

The preferment which queen Katharine's cousins of the house of Throckmorton obtained, through her powerful patronage, is thus quaintly described by the poetical chronicler of that family:—

"Lo, then! my brethren, Clement, George, and I,
Did seek, as youth doth still, in court to be;
Each other state as base we did defy,
Compared with court, the nurse of dignity!
'Tis truly said, no fishing to the seas—
No serving but a king—if you can please!
* * * * * * * *
"First in the court my brother Clement served;
A fee he had, the queen her cup to bring,
And some supposed that I right well deserved,
When sewer they saw me chosen to the king.
My brother George, by valour in youth rare,
A pension got and gallant halbert bare."

One of the first fruits of queen Katharine's virtuous influence over the mind of the king, was the restoration of his daughters, the persecuted Mary and the young neglected Elizabeth, to their proper rank in the court, and recognition in the order of succession to the crown. The privy purse expenses of the princess Mary bear evidence of many little traits of kindness and friendly attentions, which she from time to time received from her amiable step-mother. When Mary was taken ill, on her journey between Grafton and Woodstock, the queen sent her own litter to convey her to Ampthill, where she was herself residing with the king. On the New-year's day after her marriage,[1] queen Katharine sent her footman, Jacob, with the present of a cheese for the princess Mary, who guerdoned the bearer with seven and sixpence.

A rich night-gown, or evening dress, is on another occasion sent by queen Katharine to Mary, by Fritton, the keeper of the royal robes. Mary's reward to Fritton was fifteen shillings. Mary embroidered a cushion with her own hands, as an offering for the queen, and paid seven and sixpence to John Hayes for devising the pattern.[2] Katharine, on her marriage, received into her household one Mrs. Barbara, undoubtedly at the request of the princess Mary, who had kindly supplied this person with money, clothes, food, and medical attendance, during a long illness. An item occurs at the time of Katharine Parr's marriage, in the accounts of the princess, of money presented to Mrs. Barbara, when she was sworn queen's woman; and, being thus honourably provided for, her name no longer occurs on the list of Mary's pensioners.

Notwithstanding the great difference in their religious tenets, a firm friendship ever subsisted between Katharine Parr and Mary. They were near enough in age to have been sisters, they excelled in the same accomplishments, and the great learning and studious pursuits of these royal ladies rendered them suitable companions for each other. The more brilliant talents of the young Elizabeth were drawn forth and fostered, under the auspices of her highly gifted step-mother. Katharine Parr took also an active part in directing the studies of the heir of

[1] Privy Purse Expenses of princess Mary, by sir F. Madden. [2] Ibid.

England, and her approbation appears to have been the greatest encouragement the prince could receive.

In a letter, written in French, to queen Katharine, Edward notices the beauty of her penmanship. "I thank you," says he, "most noble and excellent queen, for the letters you have lately sent me; not only for their beauty, but for their imagination. For when I see your *belle écriture* (fair writing), and the excellence of your genius, greatly surpassing my invention, I am sick of writing. But, then, I think how kind your nature is, and that whatever proceeds from a good mind and intention will be acceptable; and so I write you this letter."[1]

A modern author has noticed the great similarity between the handwriting of Edward VI. and Katharine Parr, and from this circumstance it has been conjectured, that Katharine superintended the education of one or other of the juvenile members of the royal family, previous to her marriage with king Henry. No official evidence of her appointment to any office of the kind has been discovered, but her great reputation for wisdom and learning renders the tradition not improbable. Certain it is, that after she became queen, she took great delight in directing the studies of her royal step-children. It is evident that Edward VI., queen Elizabeth, and their youthful cousins, lady Jane and lady Katharine Gray, all imbibed her taste for classic literature, and her attachment to the principles of the Reformation. She induced not only Elizabeth, but Mary, to translate passages from the Scriptures. Each of these princesses compiled a little manual of devotions, in Latin, French, and English, dedicated to their accomplished step-mother.[2]

Katharine Parr's celebrity as a scholar and a theologian, did not render her neglectful of the feminine accomplishment of needlework, in which, notwithstanding her early resistance to its practice, she much delighted. Like Henry's first excellent queen, Katharine of Arragon, she employed her hours of retirement in embroidering among her ladies. It is said that a portion of the hangings which ornamented the royal apartments of the Tower, before they were dismantled or destroyed, were the work of this queen; the only specimens, however, that are now to be found of her skill and industry in this pleasing art, are those preserved at Sizergh Castle.

Her taste in dress appears to have been excellent, uniting magnificence of material with a simplicity of form. In fact, the costume of Katharine Parr, as shown in her miniature, might be worn with perfect propriety in any courtly circle of the present age.

Katharine Parr enacted the queen, with as much royal state and splendour as the loftiest of her predecessors. She granted an interview to the Spanish duke de Nejara, at Westminster Palace, Feb. 17th, 1544. This Spanish grandee visited England on his return from the army of Charles V., and was admitted to pay his respects to the queen, and her

[1] Ellis, p. 132.

[2] See the succeeding Biographies of queen Mary and queen Elizabeth, for a description of these books.

daughter-in-law, the princess Mary. The queen permitted him to kiss her hand. Pedro de Gante, secretary to the grandee, has described her dress, with the zeal of a man-milliner. She wore a kirtle of brocade, and an open robe of cloth of gold, the sleeves lined with crimson satin, and trimmed with three piled crimson velvet, the train more than two yards long. Suspended from the neck were two crosses, and a jewel of very rich diamonds, and in her head-dress were many rich and beautiful ones. Her girdle was of gold, with very large pendants.

The original miniature of this queen, which has recently attracted much interest during the sale of Horace Walpole's collection at Strawberry Hill, represents her with very small and delicately marked features, hazel eyes, and golden hair, folded in simple Madonna bands. Her forehead is lofty and serene, indicative of talent and sprightly wit. She wears a round crimson velvet hood, or cap of state, edged with pearls, and surmounted with a jewelled band of goldsmith's work, set with rubies and pearls, which confines a long black veil, that flows from the back of the head-dress over the shoulders. The boddice and sleeves of the dress are made of rich gold brocade, and set tight to the shape. The boddice is cut square across the bust, like the corsage of a modern dress, and is edged with a row of pearls, between pipes of black and crimson velvet. She wears a double row of large pearls about her neck, from which depends a ruby cross, finished with one fair pendant pearl. Her boddice is ornamented with a large ruby brooch, set in filigree gold. The miniature is a small oval, on a deep smalt-blue back-ground. Her age is stated, in gilt figures in front of the picture, to be xxxii., so that the likeness must have been taken in the year 1545, about two years after her marriage with Henry VIII.

Perhaps this was the veritable miniature which the admiral, sir Thomas Seymour, obtained from Katharine, when he subsequently entreated her "to send him one of her little pictures, if she had not given them all away;"—a proof that several original miniatures of this queen were painted, although they are now almost as rare, and difficult to identify as those of Katharine Howard.

The engraving, usually stated to be from an original painting, of Katharine Parr,[1] possesses none of her characteristics. It is a shrewd, sordid-looking female, of rather large proportions, with dark complexion and hair. Katharine Parr was *petite* in form, with remarkably small and delicately cut features, and her complexion was that of a genuine Westmoreland beauty, brilliantly fair and blooming, with hazel eyes, and hair of a golden auburn, realising the beau-ideal of Petrarca, when he exclaims—

> Love, from what precious mine of gold didst thou
> Bring the rich glories of her shining hair;
> Where plucked the opening roses, fresh and fair,
> Which on her cheeks in tender blushes glow?"

Katharine Parr's celebrated work, "The Lamentations of a Sinner," was written after her marriage with the king. This little volume, next

[1] In Lodge.

to the writings of sir Thomas More, affords one of the finest specimens of English composition of that era. It is a brief but eloquent treatise, on the imperfection of human nature in its unassisted state, and the utter vanity of all earthly grandeur and distinction. Within the limited compass of about 120 miniature pages, it comprises the elements of almost all the sermons that have been levelled against papal supremacy. The royal writer does not forget to compliment king Henry, for having emancipated England from this domination:—

"Thanks be given to the Lord that he hath now sent us such a godly and learned king, in these latter days, to reign over us, that, with the force of God's word, hath taken away the veils and mists of errors, and brought us to the knowledge of the truth by the light of God's word, which was so long hid and kept under, that the people were well-nigh famished and hungered for lack of spiritual food—such was the charity of the spiritual curates and shepherds. But our Moses, and most godly wise governor and king, that hath delivered us out of the captivity and spiritual bondage of Pharaoh—I mean by this Moses king Henry VIII., my most sovereign favourable lord and husband, one (if Moses had figured any more than Christ), through the excellent grace of God, meet to be another expressed verity of Moses' conquest over Pharaoh (and I mean by this Pharaoh the bishop of Rome), who hath been, and is a greater persecutor of all true Christians than ever was Pharaoh of the children of Israel."

The gross flattery offered up to her husband in this passage, is somewhat atoned for by the pure morality which generally pervades the precepts of this little treatise. The zeal with which it is written is extremely ardent, her aspiration for martyrdom frequent; the tenets inculcated are simply, that all good works arise from the inspiration of the Spirit of God, vouchsafed through belief in Christ, derived from prayer and diligent perusal of the Scriptures. She is nearly as severe on those who call themselves gospellers, and separate faith and works, as she is on the pope; and she evidently considers them in equal or greater error. Here are her words, and it must be owned, that if she considered her two last lords, Henry VIII. and Thomas Seymour, exceptions from her description, conjugal partiality must have strangely blinded her:—

"Now I will speak with great dolour and heaviness of heart of a sort of people which be in the world, that be called professors of the gospel, and by their words do declare and show that they be much affected to the same. But I am afraid some of them do build on the sand, as Simon Magus did, making a weak foundation: I mean they make not Christ their chiefest foundation. But either they would be called *gospellers*, and procure some credit and good opinion of the true and very favourers of Christ's doctrines, either to find out some carnal liberty, either to be contentious disputers, finders, or rebukers of other men's faults, or else, finally, to please and flatter the world. Such gospellers be an offence and slander to the word of God, and make the wicked to rejoice and laugh, saying—'Behold, I pray you, their fair fruits.' What charity, what discretion, what goodness, holiness, and purity of life, is amongst them? Be they not great avengers, foul gluttons, backbiters, adulterers, swearers, and blasphemers? yea, do they not wallow and tumble in all manner of sins? These be the fruits of their doctrine, and yet the word of God is all holy, sincere, and godly, being the doctrine and occasion of all pure living."

She then, with great earnestness, applies the parable of the sower and his seed, and that of the barren fig-tree.

Her precepts to her own sex are as follow:—

"If they be women married, they learn of St. Paul to be obedient to their husbands, and to keep silence in the congregation, and to learn of their husbands at home. Also that they wear such apparel as becometh holiness and comely usage, with soberness; not being accusers or detractors; not given to much eating of delicate meats and drinking of wine, but that they teach honest things; to make the young women sober-minded, to love their husbands, to love their children, to be discreet, housewifely, and good, that the word of God may not be evil spoken of."

Katharine evidently approved of clerical celibacy. The passage in her work, from which this inference is drawn, is curious, because it shows that she still professed the church established by her husband, which insisted on this point of discipline:—

"The true followers of Christ's doctrine hath always a respect and an eye to their vocation. If they be called to the ministry of God's word, they preach and teach it sincerely to the edifying of others, and show *themselves* in their living followers of the same. If they be *married men*,[1] having children and family, they nourish and bring them up without all bitterness and fierceness in the doctrine of the Lord in all godliness and virtue, committing (that is the married men) the instruction of others, *which appertaineth not to their charge*, to the reformation of God and his ministers."[2]

The most remarkable passage in the book is perhaps that in which Katharine deplores her former attachment to the ceremonials of the church of Rome, some of her biographers having erroneously asserted that she was brought up in the principles of the reformation. Those principles were abhorrent to the king, for it was the government, not the essentials of the Roman Catholic church, that he was labouring to overthrow. In such low esteem, indeed, was Henry held by the fathers of the Reformation, that, on his rupture with the princes of the Smalcaldick league, Luther publicly returned thanks to God "for having delivered the Protestant church from that offensive king of England. The king," says he, on another occasion, "is still the same old *Hintz*,[3] as in my first book I pictured him. He will surely find his judge."[4]

The adulation of a woman of superior intellect was necessary to Henry's happiness. Katharine presently discovered his weak point, and, by condescending to adapt herself to his humour, acquired considerable influence over his mind.

Early in the year 1544, king Henry gave indubitable tokens of the favour with which he regarded queen Katharine, by causing his obedient parliament to settle the royal succession on any children he might have by her, in case of the decease of prince Edward without issue.

[1] *Laymen* is the marginal word appended to the sentence—"If they be married men."

[2] The black-letter copy, from which we draw these extracts, was printed at London, "at the long shop adjoining St. Michael's Church, Poultry, 1563, at the instant desire of that right gracious lady, Katharine, duchess of Suffolk, and the earnest request of lord William Parr, marquess of Northampton, brother to queen Katharine Parr."

[3] A German abbreviation, meaning the same as "Old Harry."

[4] Luther's Familiar Discourses. Sect. On the Princes of Europe.

The wording of the first clause of this act[1] is very curious, inasmuch as Henry treats four of his marriages as absolute nullities, and out of his six queens only condescends to acknowledge two,—namely, Jane Seymour and Katharine Parr. "Forasmuch," says the record, "as his majesty, sithence the death of the late queen Jane, hath taken to wife Katharine, late wife to sir John Neville, knight, lord Latimer, deceased, by whom as yet his majesty hath none issue, but may full well when it shall please God," &c. &c. In failure of heirs by his most entirely beloved wife queen Katharine, or any other his lawful wife, Henry, by the same act,[2] entails the succession on his daughter Mary, and, in failure of her line, to his daughter Elizabeth; but who their mothers were he does not think proper to notice, lest he should, by word as well as by deed, contradict his previous decisions, as to the unlawfulness of his marriages with Katharine of Arragon and Anne Boleyn. It was, however, too late for Henry VIII. to think of making sacrifices to consistency, in his old age, after having followed no other guide than passion or caprice for nearly a quarter of a century.

The record further explains, that this act for settling the succession, was made preparatory to the sovereign "undertaking a voyage-royal, in his most royal person, into the realm of France against the French king."[3] Previous to his departure on this expedition, king Henry testified his confidence in Katharine's wisdom and integrity, by appointing her to govern the realm in his absence, by the style and title of queen-regent of England and Ireland.[4] "The queen," observes lord Herbert, "was constituted general-regent of the realm, yet not so much that her soft sex was thought less capable of ambition, as that of the Roman Catholics, of whom the king was mistrustful, would take no dependence from her, she being observed to incline a little to the reformed." The reformers certainly had the ascendancy, in the council appointed by Henry to assist his consort with their advice. Among the Minutes of Council of July 7, 36 Henry VIII., we have the following entry, connected with Katharine Parr's appointment to this important trust:—

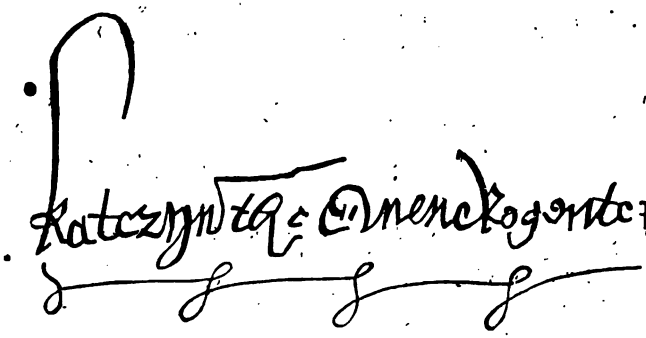
"First, touching the queen's highness and my lord prince. The king's majesty hath resolved, that the queen's highness shall be regent in his grace's absence, and that his highness's process shall pass and bear test in her name, as in like cases heretofore hath been accustomed."

The earl of Hertford was ordered to be ever attendant on the person of Katharine, and resident in her court; but, if he could not conveniently be there, then Cranmer was for the time to remain with her grace, and with them sir William Petre, and lord Parr,[5] of Horton, were to sit in council. Wriothesley and the bishop of Winchester were in this junto.

In the queen's commission of regency, Hertford was to be her lieutenant, if she needed such assistance.

[1] Royal Acts, 37th Henry VIII. Herbert's Hist. Henry VIII. [2] Ibid. Herbert.
[3] Royal Acts, 37th Henry VIII. Herbert.
[4] State Paper MSS. Acts of Privy Council.
[5] Queen Katharine's uncle, and lord-chamberlain.

Several of the queen-consorts of England have exercised vice-regal power, either by usurpation, or by the consent of the sovereign; but Katharine Parr was the first and only one on whom the style and title of queen-regent was formally conferred, and who signed herself as such, as the facsimile from her official autograph witnesses:



The initials K. P., for Katharine Parr, which are attached to all her regal signatures, prove that neither her elevation to a throne, nor the distinction of the highest title of honour that had ever been borne by a female in England, had rendered her unwilling to remember her simple patronymic.

In the true spirit of a Christian, queen Katharine entered upon her high office, by imploring the Divine protection for her royal husband and his realm, in the following prayer, which she composed for their use:[1]—

"O Almighty King and Lord of Hosts; which by thy angels thereunto appointed dost minister both war and peace, who didst give unto David both courage and strength, being but a little one, unversed and inexpert in feats of war, with his sling to set upon and overthrow the great huge Goliath, our cause now being just, and being enforced to enter into war and battail, we most humbly beseech thee, O Lord God of Hosts, so to turn the hearts of our enemies to the desire of peace, that no Christian blood be spilt. Or else grant, O Lord, that with small effusion of blood and little damage of innocents, we may to thy glory obtain victory, and that the wars being soon ended, we may all, with one heart and mind, knit together in concord and amity, laud and praise Thee who livest and reignest world without end.—Amen."

On the 14th of July, 1544, king Henry crossed the seas, from Dover to Calais, in a ship with sails of cloth of gold.[2] On the 25th he took the field in person, armed at all points, mounted on a great courser, and so rode out of Calais with a princely train, attended by sir William

[1] This beautiful aspiration for the restoration of peace is taken from a little volume, entitled "Prayers or Meditations, wherein the mind is stirred patiently to suffer all afflictions here, to set at nought the vaine prosperite of this world, and always to long for the everlasting felicity, collected out of certaine holy workes by the most vertuous and gracious princesse Katharine, queen of England, France, and Ireland. Printed by John Wayland, 12mo. 1545."

[2] Herbert. Hall

Herbert, the queen's brother-in-law, bearing his head-piece and spear, and followed by the henxmen, bravely horsed and appointed. Katharine's brother, the earl of Essex, was chief captain of the men-at-arms, in this expedition. On the 26th Henry appeared before Boulogne, and took the command of his puissance there. The duke of Albuquerque, the general of the allied Spanish forces, encamped on the other side the town, and acted in conformity to the directions of the English monarch, who was the leader of the siege.[1]

The following very loving and dutiful letter appears to have been written by queen Katharine to the king, very soon after his departure from England:[2]—

"Although the distance of time and account of days neither is long nor many of your majesty's absence, yet the want of your presence, so much desired and beloved by me, maketh me that I cannot quietly pleasure in any thing until I hear from your majesty. The time, therefore, seemeth to me very long, with a great desire to know how your highness hath done since your departing hence; whose prosperity and health I prefer and desire more than mine own. And whereas I know your majesty's absence is never without great need, yet love and affection compel me to desire your presence.

"Again the same zeal and affection forceth me to be best content with that which is your will and pleasure.

"Thus love maketh me in all things to set apart mine own convenience and pleasure, and to embrace most joyfully his will and pleasure whom I love. God, the knower of secrets, can judge these words not to be written only with *ynke*, but most truly impressed on the heart. Much more I omit, lest it be thought I go about to praise myself or crave a thank. Which thing to do I mind nothing less—but a plain, simple relation of the love and zeal I bear your majesty, proceeding from the abundance of the heart. Wherein I must confess I desire no commendation, having such just occasion to do the same.

"I make like account with your majesty as I do with God, for his benefits and gifts heaped upon me daily (*somewhat idolatrous this*), acknowledging myself a great debtor to him, not being able to recompense the least of his benefits. In which state I am certain and sure to die; yet I hope in his gracious acceptation of my good will. Even such confidence have I in your majesty's gentleness; knowing myself never to have done my duty as were requisite and meet for such a noble prince, at whose hands I have found and received so much love and goodness, that with words I cannot express it.

"Lest I should be too tedious to your majesty, I finish this my scribbled letter, committing you to the governance of the Lord, with long and prosperous life here, and after this life to enjoy the kingdom of his elect.

"From Greenwich, by your majesty's humble and obedient wife and servant,

"KATERYN THE QUEEN, K. P."

A grateful and loyal spirit pervades this letter. That the queen had both felt and expressed much anxiety for the safety of her royal husband, as well as for the success of his expedition, may be gathered from the following hypocritical passage in one of Wriothesley's letters to her majesty: "God is able to strength his own against the devil, and therefore let not the queen's majesty in any wise trouble herself, for God shall turn all to the best; and sure we be that the king's majesty's person is out of all danger."[3]

A fragment of one of king Henry's letters to queen Katharine Parr

[1] Herbert. Hall. [2] Strype's Mems., vol. ii. pp. 331, 332. [3] State Paper MSS.

has been preserved, in which he details, with soldierlike plainness, to his fair regent at home, the auspicious progress of his campaign on the hostile shores of France. The manner in which he names his family to Katharine, is very interesting, considering their relative positions, and implies much for the amiable conduct of the royal step-mother. Henry VIII., with all his faults, wrote very pleasant letters, and this is one of his best:—

"At the closing up of these our letters this day, the castle before named with the dyke is at our command, and not like to be recovered by the Frenchmen again (as we trust), not doubting, with God's grace, but that the castle and town shall shortly follow the same trade, for as this day, which is the eighth of September, we begin three batteries, and have three more going, beside one which hath done his execution, in shaking and tearing off one of their greatest bulwarks. No more to you at this time, sweetheart, but for lack of time and great occupation of business, saving we pray you to give in our name our hearty blessings to all our children, and recommendations to our cousin Marget,[1] and the rest of the ladies and gentlewomen, and to our council also. Written with the hand of your loving husband, "HENRY R."

During the absence of the king in France, queen Katharine and her royal step-children appear to have resided together as one family. In September, the young Edward and his sisters were under her careful guardianship at Oking, whence, in consequence of the pestilence then raging, she issued her mandate to the mayor and sheriffs:—

"To make proclamation that, since, on account of the plague, great danger might arise to her, the prince, and the king's other children, no person in whose house the plague had been, or who may have been with any infected person, or may have lived near any place where the infection had been, should go to court, or suffer any attendants on the court to enter his house where the infection is, under the queen's indignation and further punishment at her pleasure. From Okinge."[2]

If aught but good had befallen the dearly prized heir of England, during the absence of the king, a fearful reckoning would have awaited queen Katharine from her jealous and unreasonable lord, on his return. No wonder that her anxiety for the safety of this precious trust, impelled her to the use of arbitrary measures, to preserve the royal household from the danger of infection.

Among the few existing documents connected with the regency of Katharine Parr, there is in the Cottonian Collection an inedited letter to her council, headed "Katharine, queen-regente, K. P." in favour of her trusty and well-beloved servant, Henry Webbe, gentleman usher of her privy chamber, requesting that the king's grant of the nunnery and demesne of Holywell, which had been given to him at the surrender of the said nunnery, but only in part fulfilled, might be carried into effect, on the modified terms of allowing him to purchase that portion of the demesne which had been withheld from him. Her majesty concludes in the following persuasive strain:—

"We shall heartily desire and pray you to be favourable to him at this our earnest request . . . and in declaring whereof, your kind and loving friendship

[1] His niece, the lady Margaret Douglas.

[2] See MS. Harl., 442, fol. 207.

towards him effectually, at the contemplation of these our letters, we shall gratefully accept it, and also thankfully remember it whensoever occasion shall serve us to do you pleasure.[1]

"Given under our signet at my lord the king's majesty's honour of Hampton Court, the 23rd of July, and the thirty-sixth of his highness's most noble reign."

Boulogne surrendered to the arms of Henry VIII. after a fierce siege, he made his triumphant entry into the town September 18. His council, in England, by command of the queen-regent, issued a general order, September 19, "that a public thanksgiving should be offered up to Almighty God, in all the towns and villages throughout England, for the taking of Boulogne."[2] This was one of the last acts of queen Katharine Parr's regency, for the king returned to England October 1st, finding it impossible to follow up his victorious career in France, because his Spanish allies had made a separate peace with Francis I. Katharine had governed with such prudence, during the brief period in which the sovereign power of the crown had been confided to her administration, as to leave no cause of complaint to either party.

It was in all probability, after Henry's return from this victorious campaign, that the interesting family group, in her majesty's collection at Hampton Court, was painted by Hans Holbein. In this splendid picture, the design of which appears to have been intended to introduce all the members of the royal house of Tudor, as a united family, Henry is enthroned beneath his canopy of state, with his consort at his left hand; but instead of Katharine Parr a pale spectral resemblance of Jane Seymour occupies the place at Henry's side. The attitude and expression of the dead queen's face and figure, are as rigid and inanimate, as if it had been the intention of the painter to represent her as a corpse, newly taken from the grave, clad in royal robes, and seated in jewelled pomp among the living. There is little doubt but that the delineation was made from the wax effigy[3] which was carried at her funeral. She bears a mournful and almost startling likeness to her son, prince Edward, a beautiful boy of eight years old, who leans on his father, in a caressing attitude. With his right arm, the king embraces his son, and his hand rests on his shoulder. The princesses Mary and Elizabeth are entering on opposite sides, as if to offer filial homage to the royal pair. The scene appears to be on the dais of Wolsey's hall, with a view of one of the turrets through a side window.

The picture is richly emblazoned with gold, and the costumes are peculiarly gorgeous, and characteristic of the time. Henry's gown, of scarlet and gold brocade, is girded to his waist, with a white satin sash, in which the hilt of his jewelled dagger is seen. The skirts of the gown are short, very full, and edged with gold. It is slashed on the breast, in five or six longitudinal rows, with puffs of white satin, confined with gold clasps. Over this he wears a magnificent collar of twisted pearls, with ruby medallions; a dalmatica with hanging sleeves, lined with sables, and edged with pearls, is thrown on his shoulder. His hat is of

[1] MS. Cott. Vespas. F. iii. fol. 17. [2] Lingard.
[3] See its description, 2nd edition of vol. iv., Life of Jane Seymour.

black velvet adorned with pearls, and edged with the drooping white feather, which is always characteristic of the costume of this monarch, and also of his son. Henry's hose and shoes are of white satin, and he wears on his breast a large medallion jewel, having the appearance of a watch. The prince wears a crimson velvet cap, jewelled and plumed, but his hair is so arranged as to have the unpicturesque effect of a brown silk skull-cap, or a little bob-wig. He has a gold chain about his neck, and is dressed in a gown of dark red damask, striped with gold, and arranged in heavy plaits, from the throat to the waist, where it is confined by a narrow belt. The skirt is full, and descends below the knees; his garment is much padded and stiffened; it has hanging sleeves, open to the shoulders, beneath which are very full sleeves of white satin, fantastically slashed with scarlet velvet. His hose and shoes are of scarlet. The faded statuelike representation of his dead mother, appears in the pointed cloth-of-gold hood, edged with pearls, precisely like that worn by Jane Seymour in life, but which had been superseded by the pretty low French hood introduced by Katharine Howard, and adopted by Katharine Parr and her ladies. The two princesses are each represented in the same picture, in the round hood, according to the prevailing fashion of their royal step-mother's court, of crimson volvet, edged with pearls, similar to that worn by queen Katharine Parr in the Strawberry Hill miniature, only not surmounted with so rich a coronal band of jewels. This peculiarity of the costume marks the miniature of Katharine to have been painted at the same period as the Holbein family group, if not by the same artist. The hair of Jane Seymour, and of the two princesses, in this picture, as well as that of Katharine Parr in the Strawberry Hill miniature, are all of the golden tint, which appears the universal colour in all the Holbein portraits of the last three years of Henry VIII.'s reign. A singular freak of nature, we should say, were it not well known that an imitation of the envied *chiome d'oro* was produced by the use of a bright yellow powder, then in vogue. In some instances, folds of amber-coloured velvet were worn by the elder ladies of Henry VIII.'s court, arranged like crossed bands of hair, so as to give a great appearance of breadth to the forehead, under the low French hood.

In Holbein's family group, the princesses Mary and Elizabeth are dressed precisely alike, in kirtles or close-fitting gowns of rich crimson velvet, with long sleeves, finished at the hands with ruffles, and slashed with puffs of white satin, from the wrists to the elbows. Over these they wear flowing robes of gold brocade, with hanging sleeves and sweeping trains. Their boddices fit tightly to the shape, and are cut rather low and square across the bust; they are edged with pearls. Both sisters wear double rows of pearls about their necks, supporting small ruby crosses.

Elizabeth is a tall, full-proportioned, lovely girl, of womanly appearance. Mary is much smaller, and more delicate in form and features; she has the melancholy cast of countenance which sickness and early sorrow had rendered natural to her.

In this painting, contemporary portraits of four Tudor sovereigns—

Henry VIII., Edward VI., queen Mary, and queen Elizabeth, with the posthumous portrait of Henry's favourite queen, Jane Seymour—are assembled together, in the splendid costume of the era described in the fourth and fifth volumes of "The Lives of the Queens of England."

The circumstance of Katharine Parr permitting her deceased predecessor to take her place in the royal tableau, is very remarkable. Few ladies, indeed, there are, who would not have regarded the proposal of being thus superseded, as a decided affront; but Katharine Parr was too generous to be jealous of a compliment offered to the dead queen, and far too prudent to oppose her royal spouse in any of his whims, however unreasonable.

That Katharine Parr was in the full enjoyment of Henry's favour at this period, may be inferred from the consideration with which her kindred were treated; although she was herself cautious of giving cause of disgust to the old nobility, or envy to the climbing courtiers, by obtaining lavish grants of money and lands, or a plurality of offices, for her own family. Just such a meed of patronage was bestowed on her brother, her uncle, and her sister's husband, as evinced her affection, and the respect of the king for her relatives, but no more. Three of her young kinsmen, the Throckmortons, followed the banner of the sovereign, in the French campaign. George was made prisoner, and a thousand pounds was demanded by the captor for his ransom, on account of his consanguinity to her majesty. After he had remained a year in captivity, the queen exerted herself for his redemption. The scene of his return, and the preferment that followed at court, is thus pleasantly described by his nephew, in the Throckmorton MS.:—

"When first in presence-chamber he was come,
The king said to him, 'Welcome to our grace;
I know thou lovest the alarum of a drum,
I see the marks of manhood in thy face.'
He, humbly kneeling, thanked his majesty
That he did see him set at liberty.

"And often after that the king would jest
And call him cousin in his merry mood,
Because, therefore, the Frenchmen had assest
His fine so high, which turned him to good.
His foes did say, in serving he was free,
And for reward the prince gave land in fee.

"Then none of us did unrewarded go,
I had a gift yearly worth fifty pound,
Which I record because thou shouldest know
I hate received benefits to drown;
Besides, I had a stipend for my life,
Who shortly left the court and took a wife.

"And now, because the king and queen did use,
By friendly signs, their liking to display,
What men our company would then refuse?
Our betters then with us did seek to stay.
For lo! it is a path to dignity
With Cæsar's friend to be in amity.

"Then Pembroke and his wife, who sister was
Unto the queen, their kinsfolk friended much.
And Parr their brother did them both surpass,
Who for to pleasure us did never grutch.
When these did call us cousin, at each word
The other peers would friendly speech afford."

Soon after the king's return from France, the queen's uncle, Parr of Horton, resigned his office of lord chamberlain, and his place in th council, and, though greatly urged by Henry and Katharine to continue to assist them with his experience and advice, he sighed for the quiet of private life, preferring, he said, to the honours that beset him in his niece's court, "the pious, peaceable, hospitable way of the country, where popularity affected him more than he sought it,"—no man being more beloved by the commonalty.[1]

KATHARINE PARR,

SIXTH QUEEN OF HENRY VIII.

CHAPTER II.

Difficult position of queen Katharine with reference to sir Thomas Seymour—Her zeal for the Scriptures—Patronage of Coverdale—Preserves the university of Cambridge from sequestration—Her letter to that university—Her attentions to the king—Prince Edward's letter to her—Wriothesley and Gardiner's jealousy of the queen's influence—Her patronage of Anne Askew denounced—Tortures inflicted on Anne—Her refusal to betray the queen—Plot against the queen—Henry takes umbrage at Katharine's sincerity—Complains of her to Gardiner—He induces the king to have articles of impeachment framed—Katharine discovers the plot—Her terror and dangerous illness—Henry visits her—Her prudent conduct—Reconciliation with the king—His anger against her enemies—King's renewed fondness for queen Katharine—His illness and death—Honourable mention of Katharine in his will—Katharine prayed for as queen-dowager—King Edward's letter of condolence to her—King Henry's funeral—Queen Katharine's residence at Chelsea—Sir Thomas Seymour renews his suit—Their correspondence and meetings—Privately married—Katharine's jewels detained by Somerset—Her anger—Duchess of Somerset disputes precedency with queen Katharine—Seymour's freedom with the princess Elizabeth—Katharine's displeasure—Katharine goes to Sudeley to lie in—Birth of her daughter—Her dangerous illness—Complaints to lady Tyrwhitt—Agitating scene in her chamber—Her will—She dies—Her funeral—Lady Jane Gray chief mourner—Her epitaph—Seymour's proceedings after

[1] Fuller. In Horton Church, Northampton, is a fine monument to William, lord Parr, 1546, a recumbent statue in armour, in alabaster, with another of his lady, Mary Salusbury. He obtained this manor by his marriage.

her death—His attainder and execution—Destitution of queen Katharine's infant—Sent to the duchess of Suffolk—Her letters—Traditions—Relics of queen Katharine Parr—Exhumation of her remains—Present state of her grave.

One great trial, we may add, peril, of Katharine Parr's queenly life, was the frequent presence of her former lover, sir Thomas Seymour, who was one of the gentlemen of the king's privy chamber. The contrast between him and her royal lord, must have been painfully apparent, at times, to Katharine. She was surrounded with invidious spies withal, who would have been only too happy to be able to report a word, a look, or even a sigh, to the king, as evidence of her preference for the handsome Seymour; but the high principles and consummate prudence of the queen carried her triumphantly through an ordeal, which some princesses might not have passed without loss of life and fame. The conduct of Seymour was rash, inconsistent, and selfish. He was the most restless, and at the same time the most blundering, of intriguers. He had shared in the spoils of the sequestered abbeys, though in a lesser degree than his brother, the earl of Hertford, and was one of those who would have tempted the king to appropriate the revenues of the bishops. It was, however, necessary to find some cause of complaint with that body; and, according to Fox, he began at the fountain-head. "Sir Thomas Seymour," says our author, "who waited on the king, not much favouring Cranmer, accused him of wasting his revenues, and retrenching all hospitality, in order, to gather riches for his wife and children,[1] and that such stipends would be no small profit to his majesty." About a fortnight afterwards, one day, the king having washed before going to dinner, and sir Thomas Seymour holding the basin, he said to him, "Go you out of hand to my lord of Canterbury, and bid him be with me at two o'clock, and fail not."

When Seymour went to Lambeth, he found the great hall set out for dinner, and the usual hospitality going forward; and being invited by Cranmer to dine, at which meal all proceeded with the usual state of the former archbishops, sir Thomas Seymour presently divined that he had been sent on purpose, and, after delivering his message, went back to the king in great haste.

"Ho!" said Henry, when he saw him, "dined you not with my lord of Canterbury?"

Sir Thomas Seymour spied a portentous cloud on the royal brow as he replied, "That I did, your majesty, and he will be with your highness forthwith;" then, falling on his knees, he added, "I beseech your majesty to pardon me, for I have of late told you an untruth concerning my lord of Canterbury's housekeeping; but I will never henceforth believe the knave which did put that vain tale in my head, for never did I see in my life so honourable a hall set in the realm, except your majesty's, or so well furnished, according to each degree, and himself also most honourably served." "Ah! sir," quoth the king, "have you now spied the truth? But I perceive which way the wind bloweth. There are a

[1] Fox. Folio, book ii. 524, 525.

sort of you whom I have liberally given of suppressed monasteries, which, as you have lightly gotten, so you have unthriftily spent—some at dice,[1] other some in gay apparel, and otherways worse, I fear; and now all is gone, you would fain have me make another *chevisance* (gratuity) of the bishop's lands, to satisfy your greedy appetites."

Far different from this worldly, self-seeking spirit was the disinterested devotion of the queen to the cause of the Reformation. With nothing to gain, and every thing to lose, by her religion, she courageously maintained the opinions to which she had become a convert; and, in her zeal for the translation of the Holy Scriptures, left no means untried for the accomplishment of that good work. She appointed Miles Coverdale to the office of her almoner,[2] and rendered him every assistance in his labour of love. Even that determined pillar of the olden faith, the princess Mary, her step-daughter, was won upon by Katharine, to co-operate partially in the undertaking, as will be shown in the memoir of that queen—a circumstance which proves how resistless in their gentleness must have been the manners of the royal matron, whom the Protestant church may well regard as its glory.

The learned Nicholas Udal, master of Eton School, was employed by Katharine Parr to edite the translations of Erasmus's Paraphrases on the Four Gospels; in the labour of which the princess Mary was induced, by her royal step-mother, to take an active share.

The queen thus addresses the princess Mary, on the expediency of appending her name to her translation:—

"I beseech you to send me this beautiful and *useful* work, when corrected by Mallet, or some other of your household; and at the same time let me know whether it shall be published under your own name or anonymously? In my own opinion, you will not do justice to a work in which you have taken such infinite pains for the public (and would have still continued to do so, as is well known, had your health permitted it), if you refuse to let it descend to posterity under the sanction of your name. For, since every body is aware what fatigue you have undergone in its accomplishment, I do not see why you should refuse the praise that all will deservedly offer you in return."[3]

The first edition of these paraphrases (of which so important a use

[1] The king himself lost 300*l.* at a sitting with Edward Seymour, elder brother to this man. The Seymours seem the greatest gamblers at court. See Privy Purse expenses of Henry VIII., many items.

[2] Miles Coverdale was an Augustinian monk, of Danish family, converted to the Protestant faith. He was patronised by Cromwell, and appointed by Katharine Parr as her almoner, and he was such when she died. He was bishop of Exeter, but ejected from his see by queen Mary, who, by an act of council, in 1554, allowed him to pass to Denmark, with two servants and bag and baggage. He returned to England during Elizabeth's reign, but refused to assume his bishopric, and died peaceably at the age of eighty-one, and was buried in St. Bartholomew's Church. A search for his bones took place August 1840; his coffin was found, and transferred to St. Magnus's Church, London Bridge, his original cure.

[3] Translated by sir F. Madden, from the original Latin. Katharine Parr's letter is dated from Hanworth, September 20th, 1544. The original is in MS Cottonian Faustina, F. 111.

was afterwards made by Cranmer and Somerset) was published, according to Strype, in 1545, at the sole expense of queen Katharine Parr.

In this dedication to his royal patroness, Udal remarks, "on the great number of noble women at that time in England given to the study of devout science and of strange tongues. It was a common thing," he quaintly adds, "to see young virgins so nouzled and trained in the study of letters, that they willingly set all other pastimes at nought for learning's sake. It was now no news at all to see queens and ladies of most high estate and progeny, instead of courtly dalliance, to embrace virtuous exercises, reading and writing, and with most earnest study, early and late, to apply themselves to the acquiring of knowledge."

Fortunately for Katharine Parr, and those fair and gentle students, who were encouraged by the example of that learned queen to seek the paths of knowledge, they flourished in days when the acquirements of ladies were regarded as their glory, not their reproach. Learning in women was then considered next unto holiness; and the cultivation of the female mind was hailed by the wise, the good, the noble of England, as a proof of the increasing refinement of the land. In later centuries, invidious ignorance has succeeded in flinging the brand of vulgar opprobrium on such women as sir Thomas More, Erasmus, Udal, and Ascham, all but deified. Margaret Roper, Katharine Parr, and the divine lady Jane Gray, would inevitably have been stigmatised as *blue-stockings*, if they had lived in the nineteenth instead of the sixteenth century.

When Katharine Parr was first called to the unenviable distinction of sharing the throne of Henry VIII., the poverty of the crown precluded the king from indulging his love of pomp and pageantry, in any of the public fêtes and rejoicings which had been so frequent in the first thirty years of his reign. The expense of a coronation for the new queen was out of the question; and, though she was dowered in the same proportion as her predecessors had been, it must have been a source of comfort to Katharine, that she enjoyed a fine income, as the widow of lord Borough and lord Latimer, independently of her royal allowance as queen-consort of England. Henry's pecuniary distresses had led him to the fallacious expedient, of raising the nominal value of the currency of the realm, and afterwards of issuing a fresh coinage, in which the proportion of alloy exceeded that of the silver. This purblind proceeding gave the death-blow to trade, by ruining the national credit, and involving himself, his subjects, and successors in tenfold difficulties.[1]

In the autumn of 1545, Henry claimed the assistance of parliament, but the subsidy granted not satisfying the rapacious and needy sovereign, the revenues of all the hospitals and colleges in England were placed at his disposal, by the time-serving and venal legislators of whom it was composed.[2] The university of Cambridge, dreading the spoliation with which it was threatened, implored the protection of their learned queen.[3] Katharine, who was not forgetful of the affection and respect which had been ever manifested for her person and character, by this erudite body, exerted her utmost influence with her royal hus-

[1] Herbert. Stow. [2] Herbert. Hall. [3] Strype.

band to avert the storm that impended over that ancient nursery of learning and piety. The letter in which her majesty informs the members of the university of the success of her intercession with the king, in their behalf, is exceedingly curious; and the advice she offers, as to the nature of their studies, is equally creditable to her head and heart.

LETTER FROM QUEEN KATHARINE PARR.[1]

To our right trusty, dear, and well-beloved the chancellor and vice-chancellor of my lord the king's majesty's university of Cambridge, and to the whole said university there.

"Your letters I have received, presented on all your behalfs, by Mr. Dr. Smythe, your discreet and learned advocate.[2] And as they be *Latinly* written, which is *singnyfyed* unto me by those that be learned in the Latin tongue, so (I know) you could have uttered your desires and opinions familiarly in your vulgar tongue, aptest for my intelligence, albeit you seem to have conceived, rather partially than truly, a favourable estimation both of my going forward and dedication to learning, which to advance, or at least conserve, your letters move me."

This passage must not be considered by the reader as any contradiction of her attainments as a Latin scholar, because, notwithstanding her denial of learning, the queen meant not to be taken at her word, as ignorant of the language in which the university has addressed her; for she uses, in the course of the letter, a very apt Latin quotation.

"You show me how agreeable it is to me, being in this worldly estate, not only for mine own part to be studious, but also a maintainer and cherisher of the learned state, bearing me in hand (insisting) that I am endowed and perfected with those qualities which *ought to be in a person of my station.*

"Truly this your discreet and politic document I as thankfully accept as you desire that I should embrace it. And forasmuch (as I do hear) all kind of learning doth flourish among you in this age as it did amongst the Greeks at Athens long ago, I desire you all not so to hunger for the exquisite knowledge of profane learning, that it may be thought that the Greek university was but transposed, or now in England revived, *forgetting our Christianity;* since their excellency did only attain to moral and natural things. But rather, I gently exhort you to study and apply those doctrines, as means and apt degrees, to the attaining and setting forth Christ's reverent and sacred doctrine, that it may not be laid against you in evidence, at the tribunal of God, how you were ashamed of Christ's doctrine; for this *Latin lesson*[3] I am taught to say of St. Paul, *Non me pudet evangelii*, to the sincere setting forth whereof (I trust) universally in all your vocations and ministries you will apply; and conform your sundry gifts, arts, and studies, in such end and sort, that Cambridge may be accounted rather an university of divine philosophy than of natural and moral, as Athens was. Upon the confidence of which your accomplishment of my expectation, zeal, and request, I (according to your desires) have *attempted* my lord the king for the establishment of your livelihood and possessions, in which (notwithstanding his majesty's property and interest, through the consent of the high court of parliament), his highness being such a patron to good learning, doth tender you so much, that he would rather advance learning and erect new occasion thereof than confound

[1] Quoted by Strype: to be found at length in Statutes of Cambridge, by H. J Heywood, F. R. S., vol. i. p. 211.

[2] The university of Cambridge addressed their letters to queen Katharine Parr, by Dr. Smith, afterwards sir Thomas Smith, the learned secretary to Edward VI.

[3] Here the queen displays, much in the style of her daughter-in-law, Elizabeth, the learning that she has so elaborately disclaimed.

your ancient and godly institutions, so that such learning may hereafter ascribe her very original whole conservation to our sovereign lord the king, her only defence and worthy ornament, the prosperous estate and princely government of whom long to preserve, I doubt not but every one of you will in the daily invocation call upon Him, who alone and only can dispose to every creature. Scribbled with the rude hand of her that prayeth to the Lord and immortal God to send you all prosperous success in godly learning and knowledge. From my lord the king's majesty's manor of Greenwich, the 26 Feb.

"KATHARINE THE QUEEN, K. P."[1]

The triumph which Katharine Parr's virtuous influence obtained, in this instance, over the sordid passions of Henry and his greedy ministers, ought to endear the name of the royal patroness of learning to every mind capable of appreciating her magnanimity and moral courage. The beauty, the talents, and rare acquirements of Katharine Parr, together with the delicate tact which taught her how to make the most of these advantages, enabled her to retain her empire over the fickle heart of Henry for a longer period than the fairest and most brilliant of her predecessors. But these charms were not the most powerful talismans with which the queen won her influence. It was her domestic virtues, her patience, her endearing manners, that rendered her indispensable to the irritable and diseased voluptuary, who was now paying the severe penalty of bodily tortures and mental disquiet, for the excesses of his former life. Henry had grown so corpulent and unwieldy in person, that he was incapable of taking the slightest exercise, much less of recreating himself with the invigorating field-sports, and boisterous pastimes, in which he had formerly delighted. The days had come unexpectedly upon him, in which he had no pleasure. His body was so swollen and enfeebled by dropsy, that he could not be moved to an upper chamber, without the aid of machinery. Hitherto, the excitement of playing the leading part in the public drama of royal pomp and pageantry, had been, with sensual indulgences, the principal objects of his life. Deprived of these, and with the records of an evil conscience to dwell upon in the weary hours of pain, his irascibility and impatience would have goaded him to frenzy, but for the soothing gentleness and tender attentions of his amiable consort. Katharine was the most skilful and patient of nurses, and shrunk not from any office, however humble, whereby she could afford mitigation to the sufferings of her royal husband. It is recorded of her, that she would remain for hours on her knees beside him, applying fomentations and other palliatives to his ulcerated leg, which he would not permit any one to dress but her. She had already served an apprenticeship to the infirmities of sickness, in her attendance on the death-beds of her two previous husbands, and had doubtless acquired the art of adapting herself to the humours of male invalids. A royally born lady might have been of little comfort to Henry, in the days of his infirmity; but Katharine Parr had been educated in the school of domestic life, and was perfect in the practice of its virtues and its duties. She sought to charm the *ennui* which oppressed the once magnificent and active sovereign, in the unwelcome quiet of his sick chamber, by

[1] MS. Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, 206. This letter is quoted by Strype.

inducing him to unite with her, in directing the studies, and watching the hopeful promise, of his beloved heir, prince Edward. The following letter, addressed to Katharine by her royal step-son, bears witness to the maternal kindness of the queen, and the affection of the precocious student:—

PRINCE EDWARD TO KATHARINE PARR.

"Most honourable and entirely beloved mother,

"I have me most humbly recommended to your grace with like thanks, both for that your grace did accept so gently my simple and rude letters, and also that it pleased your grace so gently to vouchsafe to direct unto me your loving and tender letters, which do give me much comfort and encouragement to go forward in such things, wherein your grace beareth me on hand that I am already entered. I pray God I may be able to satisfy the good expectation of the king's majesty, my father, and of your grace, whom God have ever in his most blessed keeping!

"Your loving son,

"E. PRINCE."

There is extant a Latin and a French letter addressed to the queen, in the same filial style.

The arrival of the plenipotentiaries, to negociate a peace between England and France, in the commencement of the year 1546, caused the last gleam of royal festivity and splendour that was ever to enliven the once magnificent court of Henry VIII. Claude d'Annebaut, the admiral who had a few months previously attempted a hostile descent on the Isle of Wight, and attacked the English fleet, was the ambassador extraordinary on this occasion. He was received with great pomp at Greenwich, where he landed, and on Hounslow Heath he was met by a numerous cavalcade of nobles, knights, and gentlemen, in king Henry's service, headed by the young heir of England, prince Edward, who, though only in his ninth year, was mounted on a charger, and performed his part in the pageant, by welcoming the admiral and his suite, in the most graceful and engaging manner. Annebaut embraced and kissed the princely boy, and all the French nobles were loud in their commendations of the beauty and gallant bearing of this child of early promise. Prince Edward then conducted the embassy to Hampton Court, where, for ten days, they were feasted and entertained with great magnificence, by the king and queen. Henry, on this occasion, presented Katharine Parr with many jewels, of great value, that she might appear with suitable *éclat*, as his consort, to the plenipotentiaries of France. He also provided new and costly hangings and furniture for her apartments, as well as plate, which she naturally regarded as her own property; but a long and vexatious litigation took place, with regard to these gifts, after the death of the king; as will be shown in its proper place.

The increasing influence of Katharine with king Henry, and the ascendancy she was acquiring over the opening mind of the future sovereign, were watched with jealous alarm, by the party most inimical to the doctrines of the Reformation. Wriothesley, the lord-chancellor, who had been the base suggester to Henry VIII. of a breach of faith to Anne of Cleves, and afterwards pursued that monarch's fifth unhappy queen with the zest of a bloodhound,[1] till her young head was laid upon

[1] See the Biographies of Anne of Cleves and Katharine Howard. Vol. IV.

the block, waited but for a suitable opportunity, for effecting the fall of Katharine Parr.

Gardiner, bishop of Winchester, was his confederate in this intention; but so blameless was the conduct, so irreproachable the manners, of the queen, that, as in the case of Daniel, it was impossible for her deadliest foes to find an occasion against her, except in the matter of her religious opinions. In these she was opposed to Henry's arbitrary notions, who was endeavouring to erect the dogma of his own infallibility, on the ruins of papacy. Every dissent from his decisions, in points of faith, had been visited with the most terrible penalties. In his last speech to parliament, he had bitterly complained of the divisions in religion, which distracted his realm, for which he "partly blamed the priests, some of whom," he sarcastically observed, "were so stiff in their old *mumpsimus*, and others so busy with their *sumpsimus*, that, instead of preaching the word of God, they were employed in railing at each other;[1] and partly the fault of the laity, whose delight it was to censure the proceedings of their bishops, priests, and preachers. If you know," continued the royal polemic, "that any preach perverse doctrine, come and declare it to some of our council, or to us, to whom is committed, by God, authority to reform and order such cases and behaviours; and be not judges yourselves of your own fantastical opinions, and vain expositions. And, although you be permitted to read Holy Scriptures, and to have the Word of God in your mother tongue, you must understand it is licensed you so to do only to inform your conscience, your children, and families, and not to dispute, and to make Scripture a railing, and taunting stock against priests, and preachers. I am very sorry to know, and hear how irreverently that precious jewel, the Word of God, is disputed, rhymed, sung, and jangled in every alehouse and tavern, contrary to the true meaning and doctrine of the same."[2]

This speech was a prelude to the rigorous enforcement of the six articles. The most interesting victim of the fiery persecution that ensued, in the spring and summer of 1546, was the young, beautiful, and learned Anne Askew.[3] She was a lady of honourable birth and ancient lineage, and, having become a convert to the new faith, was for that cause violently driven from her home, by her husband, Mr. Kyme, of Lincolnshire. She then resumed her maiden name, and devoted herself to the promulgation of the religious opinions she had embraced. It was soon known that the queen's sister, lady Herbert, the duchess of Suffolk, and other great ladies of the court, countenanced the fair gospeller—nay, more—that the queen herself had received books from her, in the

[1] Hall. [2] Journals of Parliament.

[3] We think it probable that she was the daughter of sir Hugh Askew, who had been long an officer of the royal household. He was a reformer, having the grant of convent-lands near Kendal; he was a native of that neighbourhood, and being a relative of the Penningtons and Stricklands (see Burns' Westmoreland), in all probability queen Katharine Parr considered Anne Askew her cousin, and hence her mysterious confidential intercourse with this beautiful and ill-fated girl.

presence of lady Herbert, lady Tyrwhit, and the youthful lady Jane Gray, which might bring her majesty under the penalty of the statute against reading heretical works. The religious opinions of a young and beautiful woman might, perhaps, have been overlooked by men, with whom religion was a matter of party, not conscience; but the supposed connexion of Anne Askew with the queen, caused her to be singled out, for the purpose of terrifying, or torturing her into confessions, that migh furnish a charge of heresy or treason against her royal mistress. The unexpected firmness of the Christian heroine baffled this design; she endured the utmost inflictions of Wriothesley's vindictive fury, without permitting a syllable to pass her lips that might be rendered subservient to this purpose.

Anne Askew had been supported, in prison, by money which had been conveyed to her, from time to time, by persons supposed to be in the service of the ladies of the queen's bedchamber; and the lord-chancellor's inquisitorial cruelty was especially exercised, in his attempts to extort, from the hapless recipient of this charity, the names of her secret friends.[1]

It is well known, that when sir Anthony Knevet, the lieutenant of the Tower, endeavoured, by his directions to the gaolor, to modify the ferocious, and it seems illegal, requisition of chancellor Wriothesley, to inflict severer agonies on the tender, but unshrinking victim, his lordship threw off his gown, and, with the assistance of his pitiless accomplice, Rich, worked the rack, till, to use Anne's own words, they well nigh plucked her joints asunder. When the lieutenant of the Tower found his authority thus superseded, he promptly took boat, and, proceeding to the king, indignantly related to him the disgusting scene he had just witnessed.

Henry affected to express great displeasure that a female should have been exposed to such barbarity, but he neither punished the perpetrators of the outrage, nor interposed his authority to preserve Anne Askew from a fiery death. Indeed, if the contemporary author, quoted by Speed, is to be credited, "Henry had himself ordered Anne Askew to be stretched on the rack, being exasperated against her for having brought prohibited books into his palace, and imbued his queen, and his nieces, Suffolk's daughters, with her doctrine."

The terrible sentence, which consigned the dislocated frame of the young and lovely Anne Askew, a living prey to the flames, shook not the lofty self-devotion of the victim.[2] Several persons professing the reformed doctrine, were condemned to die at the same time, among whom were two gentlemen of the royal household, William Morice, the king's gentleman usher, and sir George Blagge, of the privy chamber. The following touching particulars of their last meeting have been recorded by a survivor:—

"I, being alive," narrates John Loud (tutor to sir Robert Southwell,

[1] Fox's Martyrology.

[2] In the letter of Otwell Johnson, a merchant of London, dated July 2, 1546 the writer notices the report that Anne Askew was racked after her condemnation. Ellis' Letters, 2d series, vol. ii. p. 177.

and a gentleman of Lincoln's Inn), "must needs confess of her departed to the Lord." There was a sad party of victims, and their undaunted friends, gathered in the little parlour by Newgate. Sir George Blagge was with Lascells (a gentleman of a right worshipful house in Nottinghamshire, at Gatford, near Worksop) the day before his execution and that of Anne Askew, "who had," says the narrator, "an angel's countenance, and a smiling face." Lascells was in the little parlour by Newgate; "he mounted up in the window-seat, and there sat; he was merry and cheerful in the Lord, and sir George Blagge sat by his side: one Belenian, a priest, likewise burnt, was there. Three of the Throckmortons were present, sir Nicholas being one of them. By the same token a person unknown to me said, 'Ye are all marked men that come to them. Take heed to your lives.'"[1]

The Throckmortons were, be it remembered, the near kinsmen of the queen, and confidential members of her household. They were her élèves, and converts, withal, to the faith of which she was the nursing mother. Undismayed by the warning they had received, when they came to comfort Anne Askew, and her fellow-captives in prison, these heroic brethren ventured to approach her, when she was borne to her funeral pile, in Smithfield, for the purpose of offering her sympathy, and encouragement; but they were again warned "that they were marked men," and compelled to withdraw.[2] In a far different spirit came Wriothesley, Russell, and others of the ruthless clique, to witness the last act of the tragedy,[3] and to tempt the weakness of woman's nature by offering her the king's pardon on condition of her recanting. She treated the proposal with the scorn it merited, and her fearless demeanour encouraged and strengthened the resolution of the three men, who shared with her the crown of martyrdom.

The male victims were not subjected to torture. They appear to have suffered on matters of faith unconnected with politics. Anne Askew may be regarded as a sacrifice to the malignity of the party who failed in making her an instrument in their machinations against the queen.

The terror and anguish which must have oppressed the heart of the queen at this dreadful period may be imagined. Not only was she unable to avert the fate of the generous Anne Askew, and the other Protestant martyrs, but she was herself, with some of her nearest and dearest connexions, on the verge of the like peril.

Sir George Blagge, who was involved in the same condemnation, with Anne Askew, and those who suffered with her, was a great favourite with the king, who was wont to honour him, in moments of familiarity, with the endearing appellation of his "pig." Henry does not appear to have been aware of Blagge's arrest till informed of his condemnation. He then sent for Wriothesley, and rated him "for coming so near him, even to his privy chamber," and commanded him to draw out a pardon.

[1] Strype, Mems, p. 599.

[2] Aikin's Elizabeth.

[3] This amiable junto were seated on a bench by St. Bartholomew's Church, and expressed some alarm, lest their persons should be endangered by the gunpowder, among the fagots exploding. Russell reassured his colleagues, by informing them that it was only intended for the condemned prisoners.

Blagge, on his release, flew to thank his master, who, seeing him, cried out, "Ah! my pig, are you here safe again!" "Yes, sire," said he, "and, if your majesty had not been better than your bishops, your pig had been *roasted* ere this time."[1] Notwithstanding this rebuff, Wriothesley and his coadjutors presumed to come somewhat nearer to the king than an attack on members of his household, for they struck at the wife of his bosom.

It was shrewdly observed by a contemporary, "that Gardiner had bent his bow to bring down some of the head deer." Victims of less distinguished note were destined first to fall, but it was plain to all, that it was to compass the disgrace and death of the queen, that the fires of persecution had been rekindled, Wriothesley and Gardiner having masked an iniquitous political intrigue under the name of religion. The queen's sister, lady Herbert, had been secretly denounced to Henry, as an active instrument in controverting his edict touching heretical works This was a subtle prelude for an attack upon the queen herself; for when Henry had reason to suppose she received and read books forbidden by his royal statutes, he was prepared to take every difference in opinion expressed or insinuated by her, in the light not only of heresy, but treason.

Henry's anger was always the most deadly and dangerous, when he brooded over an offence in silence. Queen Katharine had been accustomed, in their hours of domestic privacy, to converse with him on theological subjects, in which he took great delight. The points of difference in their opinions, and the ready wit, and eloquence with which the queen maintained her side of the question, gave piquancy to these discussions.

Henry was at first amused and interested, but controversies between husband and wife are dangerous pastimes to the weaker vessel, especially if she chance to have the best of the argument. On subjects of less importance to his eternal welfare, Katharine might possibly have had tact enough to leave the victory to her lord; but, labouring as she saw him under a complication of incurable maladies, and loaded with a yet more fearful weight of unrepented crimes, she must have been anxious to awaken him to a sense of his accountability to that Almighty Judge, at whose tribunal it was evident he must soon appear.

With the exception of his murdered tutor, Fisher, Henry's spiritual advisers, whether Catholics or Reformers, had all been false to their trust. They had flattered his worst passions, and lulled his guilty conscience, by crying "Peace, peace! when there was no peace." Katharine Parr was, perhaps, the only person, for the last ten years, who had had the moral courage to speak, even in a modified manner, the language of truth in his presence.

Henry, who was neither Catholic nor Protestant, had a "*sumpsimus*" of his own, which he wished to render the national rule of faith, and was, at last, exceedingly displeased that his queen should presume to doubt the infallibility of his opinions. One day she ventured, in the

[1] Ridley's Life of bishop Ridley. Tytler.

presence of Gardiner, to remonstrate with him on the proclamation, he had recently put forth, forbidding the use of a translation of the Scriptures, which he had previously licensed. This was at a time when his constitutional irascibility was aggravated by a painful inflammation of his ulcerated leg, which confined him to his chamber. Perhaps Katharine, in her zeal for the diffusion of the truths of holy writ, pressed the matter too closely, for the king showed tokens of mislike, and cut the matter short. The queen made a few pleasant observations on other subjects, and withdrew. Henry's suppressed choler broke out as soon as she had left the room. "A good hearing it is," said he, "when women become such clerks; and much to my comfort, to come, in mine old age, to be taught by my wife!"[1]

Gardiner, who was present, availed himself of this scornful sally to insinuate things against her majesty, which a few days before he durst not, for his life, have breathed to the king. "For," says a contemporary author, "never handmaid sought more to please her mistress than she to please his humour; and she was of singular beauty, favour, and comely personage, wherein the king was greatly delighted. But Gardiner, bishop of Winchester, lord-chancellor Wriothesley, and others of the king's privy chamber, practised her death, that they might the better stop the passage of the Gospel, yet they durst not speak to the king touching her, because they saw he loved her so well."[2] But now that an offence had been given to the royal egotist's self-idolatry, he was ready to listen to any thing that could be said, in disparagement of his dutiful and conscientious wife Her tender nursing, her unremitting attentions to his comfort, together with her amiable and affectionate conduct to his children, were all forgotten. Gardiner flattered him, to the top of his bent, on his theological knowledge and judgment, in which he declared "that his majesty excelled the princes of that, and every other age, as well as all the professed doctors of divinity, insomuch, that it was unseemly for any of his subjects to argue with him so malapertly, as the queen had just done. That it was grievous for any of his counsellors to hear it done, since those who were so bold in words would not scruple to proceed to acts of disobedience;" adding, "that he could make great discoveries, if he were not deterred by the queen's powerful faction. In short, he crept so far into the king at that time," says Fox, "and he, and his fellows, so filled Henry's mistrustful mind with fears, that he gave them warrant to consult together about drawing of articles against the queen, wherein her life might be touched. Then they thought it best to begin with such ladies as she most esteemed, and were privy to all her doing,—as the lady Herbert, afterwards countess of Pembroke, her sister; the lady Jane, who was her first cousin; and the lady Tyrwhit, all of her privy chamber; and to accuse them of the six articles, and to search their closets and coffers, that they might find somewhat to charge the queen; which being found, the queen should be taken, and carried by night, in a barge, to the Tower, of which advice the king was made privy by Gardiner. This

[1] Fox. Herbert. Lingard. [2] Fox.

purpose was so finely handled, that it grew within few days of the time appointed, and the poor queen suspected nothing, but, after her accustomed manner, visited the king, still to deal with him touching religion, as before." At this momentous crisis, when the life of the queen might be said to hang on a balance so fearfully poised that the descent of a feather would have given it a fatal turn, the bill of articles that had been framed against her, together with the mandate for her arrest, were dropped by Wriothesley from his bosom, in the gallery at Whitehall, after the royal signature of the king had been affixed. Fortunately, it happened that it was picked up by one of the attendants of the queen, and instantly conveyed to her majesty,[1] whose sweetness of temper, and gracious demeanour had endeared her to all her household.

It is impossible but that shuddering recollections of the fell decree, which doomed Henry's second queen, Anne Boleyn, to be either burned or beheaded, at the king's pleasure, and of the summary proceedings by which his last queen, Katharine, was hurried to the block, without even the ceremony of a trial, must have pressed upon her mind, as she glanced at these appalling documents. Her virtue, it is true, could not be impugned, as theirs had been, but she had disappointed the expectation, so confidently stated by the king in the act for settling the succession to the crown, "that their union might be blessed with offspring." In that very act there was an ominous clause (in case of failure of issue by her), which secured a precedency over his daughters "to the children he *might* have by any *other* queens." She had been Henry's wife three years, and was still childless, and, as she had not brought a family to either of her former husbands, the reproach of barrenness might, not unreasonably, be ascribed to her by the king. It was doubtless to the full as great a crime, in his sight, as her heresy, and it is not improbable that it was even cited in the list of her misdemeanours, as the untimely death of Katharine of Arragon's sons had been impiously construed into evidences that the marriage was displeasing in the sight of God, when Henry was desirous of another wife.

When Katharine Parr became aware from the perusal of the paper, so providentially brought to her, that a bill for her attainder was prepared, and saw that the king had treacherously given his sanction to the machinations of her foes, then she concluded that she was to be added to the list of his conjugal decapitations, and fell into an hysterical agony.[2] She occupied an apartment, contiguous to that of the sick and froward monarch; and as she fell from one fit into another, her shrieks and cries reached his ears. Finding they continued for many hours, either moved with pity, or, as Dr. Lingard shrewdly suggests, "incommoded by the noise," he sent to inquire what was the matter. Katharine's physician, Dr. Wendy, having penetrated the cause of her majesty's indisposition, informed the royal messenger that the queen was dangerously ill, and that it appeared that her sickness was caused by distress of mind."[3] When the king heard this, he was either moved with

[1] Fox's Acts and Monuments. Speed. Tytler.
[2] Fox. Speed. Herbert. Lingard. Tytler.

unwonted feelings of compassion for the sufferings of his consort, or reminded, by his own increasing infirmities, which had confined him, for the last two days, to his bed, of her unrivalled skill as a nurse; and feeling, perhaps, for the first time, how much he should miss her in that capacity if death deprived him of her services, he determined to pay her a visit. This act of royal condescension was the more remarkable, because it was attended with great personal inconvenience to himself, for he was carried in a chair into queen Katharine's apartment, being at that time unable to walk.[1] He found her heavy and melancholy, and apparently at the point of death, at which he evinced much sympathy as if really alarmed at the idea of losing her. Perhaps he had not, till then, discovered that she was dearer to him than her fairer and more passionately, but briefly loved, predecessors, Anne Boleyn, and Katharine Howard. The hysterical agonies of those unhappy ladies had produced no such relentings in his vindictive breast, though they had been duly reported to him; but then, to be sure, he was out of hearing of their cries. Katharine Parr had, besides, been twice married before, and, being a woman of great sense and observation, had acquired more experience, in adapting herself to the humour of a froward lord, than either the gay, reckless coquette, Anne Boleyn, or the young, unlettered Howard. On this occasion she testified a proper degree of gratitude for the honour of his visit, "which," she assured him, "had greatly revived and rejoiced her." She also adroitly offered an opening for an explanation of the cause of Henry's displeasure, by expressing herself much distressed at having seen so little of his majesty of late, adding, that her uneasiness at this was increased by her apprehensions of having been so unhappy as to have given him some unintentional offence.[2] Henry replied only with gracious and encouraging expressions of his good-will. During the rest of this critical interview, Katharine behaved in so humble and endearing a manner, and so completely adapted herself to the humour of her imperious lord, that, in the excitement caused by the reaction of his feelings, Henry betrayed to her physician the secret of the plot against her life. The physician, being both a good and a prudent person, acted as a mediator with his sovereign, in the first instance, and is said to have suggested to the queen the proper means of securing a reconciliation with Henry.[3]

The next evening the queen found herself well enough to return the king's visit in his bedchamber. She came attended by her sister, lady Herbert, and the king's young niece, lady Jane Gray,[4] who carried the candles before her majesty. Henry welcomed her very courteously, and appeared to take her attention in good part, but presently turned the conversation to the old subject of controversy, for the purpose of beguiling her into an argument. Katharine adroitly avoided the snare by observing, "that she was but a woman, accompanied with all the imperfections natural to the weakness of her sex; therefore, in all mat-

[1] Fox. [2] Fox. Herbert. Speed. [3] Soames' Hist. Tytler.

[4] Lady Jane Gray, though only nine years old at that time, held some office of state in the chamber of queen Katharine Parr. The fact is from Speed's Chronicle.

ters of doubt and difficulty, she must refer herself to his majesty's better judgment, as to her lord and head; for so God hath appointed you," continued she, "as the supreme head of us all, and of you, next unto God, will I ever learn."

"Not so, by St. Mary," said the king; "ye are become a doctor, Kate, to instruct us, and not to be instructed of us, as oftentime we have seen." "Indeed," replied the queen, "if your majesty have so conceived, my meaning has been mistaken, for I have always held it preposterous for a woman to instruct her lord; and if I have ever presumed to differ with your highness on religion, it was partly to obtain information for my own comfort, regarding certain nice points on which I stood in doubt, and sometimes because I perceived that, in talking, you were better able to pass away the pain and weariness of your present infirmity, which encouraged me to this boldness, in the hope of profiting withal by your majesty's learned discourse." "And is it so, sweetheart?" replied the king; "then are we perfect friends." He then kissed her with much tenderness, and gave her leave to depart.

On the day appointed for her arrest, the king, being convalescent, sent for the queen to take the air with him in the garden. Katharine came, attended, as before, by her sister, lady Jane Gray, and lady Tyrwhit. Presently, the lord-chancellor Wriothesley, with forty of the guard, entered the garden, with the expectation of carrying off the queen to the Tower, for he had not received the slightest intimation of the change in the royal caprice. The king received him with a burst of indignation, saluted him with the unexpected address of "Beast, fool, and knave," and, sternly withdrawing him from the vicinity of the queen, he bade him "avaunt from his presence." Katharine, when she saw the king so greatly incensed with the chancellor, had the magnanimity to intercede for her foe, saying, "she would become a humble suitor for him, as she deemed his fault was occasioned by mistake."

"Ah! poor soul," said the king, "thou little knowest, Kate, how evil he deserveth this grace at thy hands. On my word, sweetheart, he hath been to thee a very knave!"[1]

Katharine Parr treated the authors of the cruel conspiracy against her life, with the magnanimity of a great mind, and the forbearance of a true Christian. She sought no vengeance, although the reaction of the king's uxorious fondness would undoubtedly have given her the power of destroying them, if she had been of a vindictive temper. But though Henry was induced, through the intercession of Katharine, to overlook the offence of Wriothesley, he never forgave Gardiner the part he had taken in this affair, which proved no less a political blunder, than a moral crime. It was the death-blow of his credit with the king, who not only struck his name out of his council-book, but forbade him his presence. Gardiner, notwithstanding this prohibition, had the boldness to present himself before the sovereign on the terrace at Windsor, among his former colleagues. When Henry observed him, he turned

[1] Speed. Herbert. Fox. Rapin.

fiercely to his chancellor, and said, "Did I not command you that *he* should come no more among you?"

"My lord of Winchester," replied Wriothesley, "has come to wait upon your highness with the offer of a benevolence from his clergy."[1] This was touching the right chord, for money never came amiss to the rapacious and needy monarch, from any quarter. Henry condescended to receive the address, and to accept the bribe, but took no further notice of the bishop, than to strike his name out of the list of his executors. Henry cancelled that of Thirlby, bishop of Westminster, also, "because," he said, "the latter was schooled by Gardiner."[2] So careful was the king to leave neither power nor influence, in the council of his successors to the man who had tempted him to close his reign with the murder of his innocent wife.

Henry is said to have exhibited many public marks of coarse, but confiding fondness for queen Katharine Parr, in his latter days. He was accustomed to call her "sweetheart," and to lay his sore leg on her lap before the lords, and ladies-in-waiting; and sometimes, it is said, he so far forgot the restraints of royalty as to do so in the presence of the whole court. The queen, who was still a very pretty little woman, and quite young enough to have been his daughter, was careful to receive these rude endearments, as flattering marks of the favour of her royal lord. Yet, after the fearful warning she had received of the capricious nature of his love, and the treachery of his disposition, she must have regarded herself as a "poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour." How indeed could the sixth wife of Henry pillow her head on his cruel bosom, without dreaming of axes and flames, or fearing to see the curtains withdrawn by the pale spectres of his former matrimonial victims?

Her wifely probation, as queen-consort of England, was, however, near its close; for Henry's own tragedy was rapidly drawing to a termination. Its last act was to be stained with the blood of the most accomplished nobleman in his dominions, the gallant Henry Howard, earl of Surrey, the cousin of his two beheaded queens, Anne Boleyn, and Katharine Howard; and the friend, and brother-in-law of his passionately loved son, Henry Fitzroy, duke of Richmond. Surrey has generally been regarded as the victim of the Seymour party, who had obtained a great ascendancy in the council, since Gardiner had committed the false step of practising against the life of the queen.

Katharine Parr, though she had laboured, at the peril of being sent to the scaffold, to obtain toleration and liberty of conscience for those of her own religion, had hitherto carefully abstained from implicating herself with the intrigues of either party. Now she naturally threw the weight of her quiet influence into the scale of those who supported the doctrine of the Reformation. With this party, which was headed by the Seymours, her only brother, the earl of Essex, and her sister's husband, lord Herbert, were allied. A mortal hatred subsisted between the newly aggrandised family of Seymour, and the house of Howard. The

[1] By the testification as well of master Denny as of sir Henry Neville, who were present. Fox.

[2] Lingard. Soames.

high-spirited heir of Norfolk, in whose veins flowed the blood of Charlemagne, and the Plantagenets, was known to look with contempt on the new nobility, and had rashly expressed his intention af avenging the insolence, with which he had been treated by the earl of Hertford, when a convenient season should arrive. The precarious state of the sovereign's health warned the Seymours to make the most of the power which they had got into their hands. Among the absurd charges that were brought against Surrey, one must have been artfully framed to cause disquiet to queen Katharine, which was, that he had conceived the monstrous project of marrying his beautiful sister, the duchess-dowager of Richmond, to the king, although she was the widow of that monarch's reputed son Henry, duke of Richmond. Stranger still, the young lady herself, out of revenge, as it is supposed, to her noble brother, for having prevented her father from bestowing her in marriage on the admiral sir Thomas Seymour, of whom she was deeply enamoured, came forward as a witness against him, and deposed, "that he had instructed her how to behave herself, that she might obtain private interviews with the king, and so endear herself in his favour, that she might rule as others had done." As Henry had already married two fair ladies of the Howard lineage,[1] through whose influence the blanche lion had for a brief period triumphed over all rivals in the court, the foes of Surrey, and his aged father, calculated that this odious accusation might possibly obtain sufficient credit, to excite the indignation of the people, and the jealousy of the queen; so far, at any rate, as to deter her from interceding in behalf of the victims of their murderous policy.

The unmerited fate of the gallant and accomplished Surrey has been ever considered as one of the darkest blots of the crime-stained annals of Henry VIII It is somewhat remarkable that this monarch, who had received a learned education, made pretensions to authorship, and affected to be a patron of the belles-letters, sent the three most distinguished literary characters of his court—sir Thomas More, lord Rochford, and Surrey—to the block, from feelings of private and personal malice, and in so illegal a manner, that the executions of all three deserve no gentler name than murder. Surrey was beheaded on the 19th of January, 1547. Henry then lay on his death-bed, and his swollen and feeble hands having been long unequal to the task of guiding a pen, a stamp, with the fac-simile of the initials "H. R.," was affixed to the death-warrant in his presence.[2] In like manner, was that for the execu-

[1] Anno Boleyn, and Katharine Howard. In one of the state papers, in the handwriting of Wriothesley, that portion of the charge against Surrey is thus commented upon, and placed in a still coarser point of view:—

"If a man, compassing *with himself to govern the realm, do actually go about to rule the king, and should, for that purpose, advise his daughter or sister* to become his harlot, *thinking thereby to bring it to pass, and so would rule both father and son, as by this next article doth more appear.*"

The words in italics are written by Henry himself, in a tremulous character.

[2] On August 31st, 1546, Henry appointed A. Denny, J. Gate, and W. Clere, to sign all instruments requiring his signature, from that day to the 10th of May, 1547, in the following manner:—Two of them were to impress a dry stamp upon the instrument, and the third to fill up the impression with pen and ink. Rymer.

tion of the duke of Norfolk signed. This aged nobleman claimed a three-fold relationship to the king, as the husband of his maternal aunt, the princess Anne Plantagenet, and as the uncle of two of Henry's queens, Anne Boleyn and Katharine Howard. According to the custom of those times, he had no doubt been occasionally called by the king his uncle Norfolk. Yet the last act of Henry's life was to despatch a messenger to the lieutenant of the Tower, with an order for the execution of the unfortunate duke, early on the following morning. This was on the evening of the 26th of January. A more irrevocable fiat had, however, gone forth against the relentless tyrant, and, ere that morning dawned which was to have seen the hoary head of Norfolk fall on the scaffold, he was himself a corpse.[1]

When the physicians announced to those in attendance on the sovereign that the hour of his departure was at hand, they shrunk from the peril of incurring the last ebullition of his vindictive temper by warning him of the awful change that awaited him.[2] The queen, worn out, with days and nights of fatiguing personal attendance on her wayward lord, during the burning fever which had preyed upon him for more than two months, was in all probability unequal to the trial of witnessing the last fearful scene; for she is not mentioned as having been present on that occasion. Sir Anthony Denny was the only person who had the courage to inform the king of his real state. He approached the bed, and, leaning over it, told him "that all human aid was now vain, and that it was meet for him to review his past life, and seek for God's mercy through Christ." Henry, who was uttering loud cries of pain and impatience, regarded him with a stern look, and asked, "What judge had sent him to pass this sentence upon him?" Denny replied, "Your physicians." When these physicians next approached the royal patient to offer him medicine, he repelled them in these words: "After the judges have once passed sentence on a criminal, they have no more to do with him; therefore begone!"[3] It was then suggested that he should confer with some of his divines. "I will see no one but Cranmer," replied the king; "and not him as yet. Let me repose a little, and as I find myself so shall I determine." After an hour's sleep he awoke, and, becoming faint, commanded that Cranmer, who had withdrawn to Croydon, should be sent for with all haste. But the precious interval had been wasted; and before the archbishop entered, Henry was speechless. Cranmer besought him to testify by some sign his hope in the saving mercy of Christ. The king regarded him steadily for a moment, wrung his hand, and expired.[4] Thévet bears testimony to the dying monarch's remorse of conscience for the murder of Anne Boleyn, in particular, and of his other crimes in general. Harpsfield describes him

[1] The duke was reprieved from the execution of his sentence by the providential death of the king. It is therefore evident that it was from Henry himself that sentence proceeded, since the Seymours might easily have had the warrant executed, if they had chosen, before the death of the sovereign was made public. It was his last order, and it must have cost some trouble to prevent it from being carried into effect.

[2] Burnet. Tytler. Lingard. [3] Leti. [4] Goodwin.

as afflicted with visionary horrors at the hour of his departure; for that he glanced with rolling eyes and looks of wild import towards the darker recesses of his chamber, muttering to himself, "Monks—monks!" But whether this ejaculation implied that his disordered fancy had peopled vacancy with cowled figures, or that he was desirous of summoning monks to assist at his last orisons, must for ever remain a mystery. "Warned of the moment of approaching dissolution," says another writer, "and scorched with the death-thirst, he craved a cup of white wine, and, turning to one of his attendants, he exclaimed, 'All is lost!' These words were his last." The same author avers that Henry was preparing an accusation against his queen, on the old charge of heresy, which was only prevented by his death.

If this were indeed the case, it would sufficiently account for the silence of contemporaries touching Katharine Parr's proceedings at the time of her royal husband's death. This throws some light, too, on the general remark of the historians of that period, that Katharine's life was providentially preserved by the decease of Henry at a critical period for her; and that it was only by especial good luck, that she was the survivor.

The only notice of the queen which occurs at this period, is contained in a letter, addressed to her on the 10th of January, by prince Edward, in which he thanks her for her New-year's gift, the pictures of herself and the king his father; "which will delight him," he says, "to contemplate in their absence." He calls her "illustrious queen, and dearest mother." The youthful heir of England was at Hertford, with his preceptors, at the time of the last illness of his royal father.

Henry VIII. expired at two o'clock in the morning of January 28th, 1547, at his royal palace of Westminster, in the thirty-eighth year of his reign, and the fifty-sixth of his age.

This important event was kept secret, till the earl of Hertford had obtained possession of the person of his royal nephew, the young king Edward VI., and arranged his plans for securing the government of England in his name. The parliament met on the 29th, according to an adjournment, which had been moved during the life of the sovereign, and received no intimation of his demise till Monday, the last day of January,[1] when Wriothesley, the chancellor, announced, to the assembled peers and commons, the death of their late dread lord—"which," says the deceitful record, "was unspeakably sad, and sorrowful to all hearers, the chancellor himself being almost disabled, by his tears, from uttering the words." A part of Henry's will was then read by sir William Paget, secretary of state; and the parliament was declared by the chancellor to be dissolved by the demise of the crown.

When the will of Henry VIII. was opened, the queen expressed the utmost surprise on learning that she was not appointed to the regency of the realm, and the care of the person of the young king. She complained bitterly of the counsellors, and executors of king Henry; and of those persons, under whose influence his last testament had been made; but they paid no attention to her displeasure.[2]

[1] Lingard. Macintosh. Tytler. Rapin. [2] Leti.

In this will, Henry places the children he may have by his queen Katharine Parr, in the order of succession immediately after his only son, prince Edward, giving them precedency of the princesses Mary, and Elizabeth. If, therefore, the queen had borne a posthumous daughter to Henry, a civil war would unquestionably have been the result. The words are,

"And per default of lawful issue of our son, prince Edward, we will that the said imperial crown, and other the premises, after our two deceases, shall fully remain and come to the heirs of our entirely beloved wife, queen Katharyne, that now is, or of any other our lawful wife that we shall hereafter marry."[1]

The last sentence seems ominous enough to the childless queen, implying that Henry meant to survive her, and was seriously providing for the contingency of his issue by a seventh queen. The preamble to the legacy he bequeaths to Katharine Parr contains, however, a very high testimony to her virtues:—

"And for the great love, obedience, chastity of life, and wisdom being in our forenamed wife and queen, we bequeath unto her for her proper life, and as it shall please her to order it, three thousand pounds in plate, jewels, and stuff of household goods, and such apparel as it shall please her to take of such as we have already. And further, we give unto her one thousand pounds in money, and the amount of her dower and jointure according to our grant in parliament."

This legacy, when the relative value of money is considered, as well as the destitution of the exchequer at the time, will not be thought so inadequate a bequest as it appears. Katharine Parr was amply dowered by parliament, and by the king's patents; and she had two dowers besides, as the widow of the lords Borough, and Latimer. She was supposed to have made great savings while she was queen-consort. After the death of the king, she received all the honours due to his acknowledged widow—he left two, be it remembered; but *she* was prayed for, as queen-dowager, in the presence of the young king, by her old enemy, Gardiner, in the following prayer for the royal family;—"I commend to God queen Katharine, dowager,[2] my lady Mary's grace, and my lady Elizabeth's grace, your majesty's dear sisters." On the 7th of February, after Henry VIII.'s death, king Edward VI. wrote a Latin letter of condolence to his widowed step-mother, superscribed "Reginæ Katharinæ," calling her his dear mother, and concluding, "Farewell, venerated queen."

The news of Henry's death was received with exultation at Rome. The pope asked cardinal Pole "why he did not rejoice with the rest at the death of this great enemy of the church?" Pole replied, "that nothing would be gained by that event, for the young king Edward had been educated by preceptors of Lutheran and Zuinglian principles; that the council of regency was composed of persons of the same class;

[1] Chapter House Royal MS. This will was dated December 30th, 1546. It is generally said to have been stamped with the royal initials, not signed; but, from the tremulous appearance of the upstrokes of the initials, the author is induced to believe that they were formed by the hand of the king himself: it is difficult to imagine how a stamp could produce a tremulous stroke. [2] Fox.

and, to complete all, his uncles, and the queen-mother (Katharine Parr) were more obstinate in their heresies than all the rest."[1]

While Henry's body lay in state, Gardiner held a controversy with lord Oxford's players, who were located at Southwark, his own diocese. These players chose to act a splendid play. Gardiner thought it more decent, as he said, "to perform a solemn dirge for his master, as beseemeth, whilst he laid unburied." He applied to the justice of peace against the players, "who mean," says he, "to see which shall have most resort, them or I;" adding, that, "if he could not prevent the acting of the play, he could and would prevent the people from going to see it, while the king's body was above ground."[2]

The following account of the pompous, and certainly very catholic obsequies of Henry VIII., is taken from a book in the College of Arms:—"The chest wherein the royal corpse was laid stood in the midst of the privy chamber, with lights, and divine service was said about him, with masses, obsequies, and continual watch made by the chaplains and gentlemen of the privy chamber, in their course and order, night and day, for five days, till the chapel was ready, where was a goodly hearse, with eighty square tapers, every light containing two feet in length, in the whole 1800 or 2000 weight in wax, garnished with pensils, escutcheons, banners, and bannerols of descents; and, at the four corners, banners of saints, beaten in fine gold upon damask, with a majesty (*i. e.* canopy) over of rich cloth of tissue, and valance of black silk, and fringe of black silk and gold. The barriers without the hearse, and the sides and floor of the chapel, were covered with black cloth to the high altar, and the sides and ceiling set with the banners and standards of St. George and others. The 2d of February, the corpse was removed, and brought into the chapel, by the lord great master, and officers of the household, and there placed within the hearse, under a pall of rich cloth of tissue, garnished with scutcheons, and a rich cloth of gold set with precious stones. It continued there twelve days, with masses and *diriges* sung and said every day, Norroy each day standing at the choir-door, and beginning with these words, in a loud voice—'Of your charity pray for the soul of the high and mighty prince, our late sovereign lord and king, Henry VIII.'" February 14th, the corpse was removed for interment. There is an appalling incident connected with that journey, which we copy from a contemporary MS. among the Sloane collection:—

"The king, being carried to Windsor to be buried, stood all night among the broken walls of Sion, and there the leaden coffin being cleft by the shaking of the carriage, the pavement of the church was wetted with Henry's blood. In the morning came plumbers to solder the coffin, under whose feet—I tremble while I write it," says the author—"was suddenly seen a dog creeping, and licking up the king's blood. If you ask me how I know this, I answer, William Greville, who could scarcely drive away the dog, told me, and so did the plumber also."

It appears certain that the sleepy mourners, and choristers had retired to rest, after the midnight dirges were sung, leaving the dead king to

[1] Leti. [2] Tytler's State Papers, pp. 20, 21.

defend himself, as best he might, from the assaults of his ghostly enemies, and some people might think they made their approaches in a currish form. It is scarcely, however, to be wondered that a circumstance so frightful should have excited feelings of superstitious horror, especially at such a time and place; for this desecrated convent had been the prison of his unhappy queen, Katharine Howard, whose tragic fate was fresh in the minds of men; and by a singular coincidence it happened that Henry's corpse rested there the very day after the fifth anniversary of her execution. There is a class of writers, too, who regard the accident which has just been related as a serious fulfilment of friar Peyto's denunciation against Henry, from the pulpit of Greenwich Church, in 1553, when that daring preacher compared him to Ahab, and told him, to his face, "that the dogs would, in like manner, lick his blood." In a very different light was Henry represented by bishop Gardiner, in the adulatory funeral sermon which he preached at Windsor, on the 16th of February, on the text, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord," in which he set forth the loss both high and low had sustained, in the death of so good and gracious a king.

But to return to the ceremonial. "The corpse, being conveyed with great pomp to St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle, was, when interred, let down into the vault, by means of a vice, with the help of sixteen tall yeomen of the guard; the same bishop (Gardiner), standing at the head of the vault, proceeded in the burial service, and about the same stood all the head officers of the household—as the lord great master, the lord-chamberlain, lord-treasurer, lord-comptroller, sergeant-porter, and the four gentlemen ushers in ordinary, with their staves and rods in their hands, and when the mould was brought, and cast into the grave, by the officiating prelate, at the words *Pulvis pulveri, cinis cineri*, then first the lord great master, and, after him, the lord-chamberlain and all the rest, brake their staves in shivers upon their heads, and cast them after the corpse into the pit, with exceeding sorrow and heaviness, not without grievous sighs and tears. After this, *De profundis* was said, the grave covered over with planks, and Garter, attended by his officers, stood in the midst of the choir, and proclaimed the young king's titles, and the rest of his officers repeated the same after him thrice. Then the trumpets sounded with great melody and courage, to the comfort of all them that were present,"[1] acting as a cordial to the official weepers, it may be presumed, after their hydraulic efforts were concluded

On the banners carried at Henry VIII.'s funeral, the arms of his late wife, queen Jane, were displayed, quartered with his, likewise a banner of the arms of queen Katharine Parr,[2] his widow—these being the only wives he acknowledged out of six.

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[1] MS. in College of Arms.

[2] "In the east window of the hall of Baynard's Castle," Sandford says, "stood the escutcheon of this queen Katharine Parr, which I delineated from the original on the 8th of November, 1664, in which she did bear quarterly of six pieces:—the 1st, argent, on a pile gules, betwixt six roses of the first the roses of the second, which was an augmentation given to her, being queen. 2. Argent, two barrs azure, a border engrailed, sable, *Parr*. 3. Or, three water-bougets, sable,

During the brief period of her royal widowhood, Katharine Parr, now queen-dowager, resided at her fine jointure-house at Chelsea, on the banks of the Thames, with its beautiful and extensive gardens, occupied the pleasant spot now called Cheyne Pier.[1] Some of the noble trees in Mr. Druce's gardens appear coeval with that epoch, and are perhaps the same, under whose budding verdure queen Katharine was accustomed to hold her secret meetings with her adventurous lover, Sir Thomas Seymour, ere royal etiquette would allow her to give public encouragement to his suit. Faulkner assures us that, at the time of Katharine Parr's residence at Chelsea Place, there was but one passable road in the village, which was a private way to the royal residence across the open fields; it crossed a foot bridge, called, in ancient records, Blandel Bridge, afterwards the scene of many murders by highwaymen, which caused the name to be corrupted, in vulgar parlance, to Bloody Bridge. Across this dangerous track, the lord admiral must have taken his nocturnal path to the queen. Seymour renewed his addresses to Katharine so immediately after King Henry's death, that she was wooed and won, almost before she had assumed the widow's hood and barb and sweeping sable pall, which marked the relict of the departed majesty of England. Seymour had opportunities of confidential communication with the widowed queen, even before the funeral of the royal rival, for whom she had been compelled to resign him, when Lady Latimer, for he was a member of the late king's household, and had been appointed by

Roos of Kendal: 4. Varry, argent and azure, a fess, gules, *Marmion*. 5. Three cheverons interlaced in base, and a chief, or, *Fitzhugh*. 6. Vert, three bucks, standing at gaze, or *Green*. These quarterings are ensigned with a royal crown, and are between a K and a P, for Katharine Parr."

Genealogical Hist. of England, fol. ed. p. 460.

One of the badges of Parr, marquess of Northampton, borne by him at a review of the gentlemen pensioners in Greenwich Park, was a maiden's head, crowned with gold.

[1] The following particulars of Katharine Parr's dowager palace may be interesting to the reader, as it is a place so frequently mentioned, both in the personal history of this queen and that of her step-daughter, queen Elizabeth:—

About the year 1536, Henry VIII., being seized of the manors of Chelsea and Kensington, built a capital messuage in Chelsea, called Chelsea Hall, intending it as a nursery for his children, and made sir Francis Bryan keeper of it for life. Dr. King, in his MS. account of Chelsea, quoted by Lysons, says the "old manor-house stood near the church," and adds, "Henry VIII.'s building stood upon that part of Cheyne Walk which adjoins to Winchester House, and extends eastward as far as Don Saltero's coffee-house." The north front of the manor-house is depicted, in a print, in Faulkner's Chelsea. The architecture of the ancient part assimilates somewhat with that of St. James's Palace. Small turrets communicate with the chimneys; the windows are long and high, and one of them has the Tudor arch on the top. The battlements are crenated; the door, situated between two of the chimney turrets, is pointed Gothic. There seemed little ornament, and no royal magnificence, in the structure. The walls of the royal garden were still entire when Mr. Faulkner's valuable history of Chelsea was written. A portion of them still remains in the gardens of Mr. Druce, and also of Mr. Handford, in which is the little stone basin used as a fish-pond in queen Katharine's pleasure-grounds, and marked in the ancient maps of Chelsea as part of that domain.

Henry's will, one of the council of regency, during the minority of the young king. His person and characteristics are thus described by Hayward:—"The lord Sudley" (he had been elevated to that title by his nephew, Edward VI.) "was fierce in courage, courtly in fashion, in personage stately, in voice magnificent, but somewhat empty in matter." He was still in the prime of life, and possessed of the peculiar manners calculated to charm the softer sex. Though he had made more than one attempt to secure a splendid alliance, he had the art to make the queen-dowager believe that he was still a bachelor for her sake. Katharine, after having been the wife of three mature widowers in succession, to the last of whom that joyless bauble, a crown, had tricked her into three years, six months, and fourteen days, of worse than Egyptian bondage, found herself, in her thirty-fifth year, still handsome, and apparently more passionately beloved than ever by the man of her heart. Womanlike, she gave him full credit for constancy and disinterested love, and found it difficult to withstand his ardent pleadings to reward his tried affection, by resigning to him the hand which had been plighted to him, before her marriage with the king. The postscript of the following letter, evidently not the first billet-doux the widowed queen had penned to Seymour, contains an interesting comment on her feelings on the occasion of their previous separation, and the painful struggle it had caused:—

"My lord,

"I send you my most humble and hearty commendations, being desirous to know how ye have done since I saw you. I pray you be not offended with me, in that I send sooner to you than I said I would, for my promise was but once in a fortnight. Howbeit the time is well abbreviated, by what means I know not, except weeks be shorter at Chelsea than in other places.

"My lord your brother hath deferred answering such requests as I made to him till his coming hither, which he saith shall be immediately after the term. This is not the first promise I have received of his coming, and yet unperformed. I think my lady hath taught him that lesson;[1] for it is her custom to promise many comings to her friends, and to perform none. I trust in greater matters she is more circumspect.

"And thus, my lord, I make my end, bidding you most heartily farewell, wishing you the good I would myself.—From Chelsea.

"P. S.—I would not have you to think that this mine honest good-will toward you to proceed of any sudden motion of passion; for, as truly as God is God, my mind was fully bent, the other time I was at liberty, to marry you before any man I know. Howbeit God withstood my will therein most vehemently for a time, and through his grace and goodness made that possible which seemed to me most impossible; that was, made me renounce utterly mine own will, and to follow his will most willingly. It were long to write all the process of this matter; if I live, I shall declare it to you myself. I can say nothing, but as my ady of Suffolk saith, 'God is a marvellous man.'

"By her that is yours to serve and obey during her life,

"KATERYN THE QUENE, K. P."

Indorsed—"The queen's letter from Chelsea to my lord-admiral. The answer to the lord-admiral of her former loves."[2]

[1] It has been affirmed that Sanders is the only authority for the differences between Katharine Parr and Anne Stanhope, duchess of Somerset: but here is an evident indication of the same, under her own hand.

[2] The original of this important document, lately in the Strawberry Hill Col

Seymour, who was determined not to lose Katharine a second time, would brook no delays, not even those which propriety demanded. The following letter was written by queen Katharine, in reply to one of his love-letters, wherein, among other matters, their immediate marriage appears to have been warmly urged by the admiral:

"My lord,

"As I gather by your letter, delivered to my brother Herbert, ye are in some fear how to frame my lord your brother to speak in your favour, the denial of your request shall make his folly more manifest to the world, which will more grieve me than the want of his speaking. I would not wish you to importune for his good-will, if it come not frankly at the first; it shall be sufficient once to require it, and then to cease. I would desire you might obtain the king's letters in your favour, and also the aid and furtherance of the most notable of the council, such as ye shall think convenient; which thing, obtained, shall be no small shame to your brother and loving sister,[1] in case they do not the like.

"My lord, whereas ye charge me with a promise, written with mine own hand, to change the two years into two months, I think ye have no such plain sentence written with my hand. I know not whether ye be a paraphraser or not. If ye be learned in that science, it is possible ye may of one word make a whole sentence, and yet not at all times alter the true meaning of the writer; as it appeareth by this your exposition upon my writing.

"When it shall be your pleasure to repair hither, ye must take some pain to come early in the morning, that ye may be gone again by seven o'clock; and so I suppose ye may come without suspect. I pray you let me have knowledge over-night at what hour ye will come, that your portress may wait at the gate[2] to the fields for you. And thus, with my most humble and hearty commendations, I take my leave of you for this time, giving you, like thanks for your coming to court when I was there.—From Chelsea.

"P. S.—I will keep in store till I speak with you my lord's large offer for Fausterne, at which time I shall be glad to know your further pleasure therein.

"By her that is, and shall be, your humble, true, and loving wife during her life,

"KATERYN THE QUENE, K. P."

Although the precise date of Katharine Parr's fourth nuptials is uncertain, it is evident that the admiral's eloquence prevailed over her punctilio, at a very early period of her widowhood, by persuading her to consent to a private marriage. Leti affirms, that exactly thirty-four days after king Henry's death, a written contract of marriage, and rings of betrothal were exchanged between Katharine and sir Thomas Seymour, but the marriage was not celebrated till some months later. According to Edward VI.'s journal, this event took place in May, but it was certainly not made public till the end of June.

Great censure has been passed on queen Katharine for contracting

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lection of MSS., is an undoubted autograph of queen Katharine Parr, and a very fine specimen of her penmanship. A copy of it has been printed in Hearne's Sylloge, but with one or two verbal errors, and without the descriptive indorsement. The opportunity of taking a perfect transcript from the original was courteously granted by Mr. Robins, but I have modernised the orthography, for publication in this work. The autograph letter realised the enormous price of sixteen guineas at the sale at Strawberry Hill.

[1] Another ironical allusion to the enmity of the duchess of Somerset.

[2] This postern is still in existence, in the garden of Mr. Druce. The antique hinges may be seen imbedded in the old wall.

matrimony again, so soon after the death of her royal husband. But, in the first place, she owed neither love nor reverence to the memory of a consort, who had held a sword suspended over her by a single hair for the last six months of their union; and, in the next, Henry himself had previously led her into a similar breach of widowly decorum, by inducing her to become his wife, within almost as brief a period after the death of her second husband, lord Latimer, as her marriage with Seymour, after his own.

It appears evident, from the tenour of the following reverential letter, dated May 17th, from Seymour to queen Katharine, which we give verbatim, that they had been privately married for some days, and that, at the time it was written, he was doubtful, from the cross-questioning of her sister, lady Herbert, whether the queen had confided the secret to her, or circumstances had been whispered abroad, which had led to unpleasant reports as to the nature of his nocturnal visits to her majesty.

SEYMOUR TO KATHARINE PARR.

"After my humble commendation unto your highness, yesternight I supped at *my* brother Herbert's,[1] of whom, for your sake besides mine own, I received good cheer; and, after the same, I received from your highness, by *my* sister Herbert, your commendations, which were more welcome than they were sent. And after the same, she (lady Herbert) waded further with me touching my lodging with your highness at Chelsea, which I denied lodging with your highness, but that indeed I went by the garden as I went to the bishop of London's house, and at this point stood with her a long time, till at last she told me further tokens, which made me change colour, who, like a false wench, took me with the manner; then remembering what she was, and knowing how well ye trusted her, examined whether those things came from your highness or were feigned. She answered, 'that they came from your highness, and he (lord Herbert) that he knew it to be true,' for the which I render unto your highness my most humble and hearty thanks, for by her company, in default of yours, I shall shorten the weeks in these parts, which heretofore were four days longer in every one of them than they were under the plummet at Chelsea. Besides this commodity, I may also inform your highness, by her, how I do proceed in my matter, although I should take my old friend Walter Errol. I have not as yet attempted my strength, for that I would be first throughly in credit, ere I would move the same; but beseeching your highness that I may not so use my said strength, that they shall think, and hereafter cast in my teeth, that by their suit I sought, and obtained your good-will, for hitherto I am out of all their dangers for any pleasure that they have done for me worthy of thanks, and, as I judge, your highness may say the like; wherefore by mine advice we will keep us, so nothing mistrusting the goodness of God, but we shall be able to live out of their danger, as they shall out of ours; yet I mean not but to use their friendship to bring our purpose to pass, as occasion shall serve. If I knew by what mean I might gratify your highness for your goodness to me, showed at our last lodging ogether, it should not be slack to declare mine lady again, and to that intent that I might be more bound unto your highness, that once in three days I might receive three lines in a letter from you, and as many lines and letters more as shall seem good unto your highness. Also, I shall humbly desire your highness to give me one of your small pictures, if ye have any left, who with *his* silence shall give me occasion to think on the friendly cheer that I shall receive when my suit shall be at an end; and thus, for fear of troubling your highness with

[1] He calls Katharine Parr's brother and sister, lord and lady Herbert, thus, because he was then her husband.

my long and rude letter, I take my leave of your highness, wishing that my hap may be one so good, that I may declare so much by mouth at the same hour that this was writing, which was twelve of the clock in the night, this Tuesday, the 17th of May, at St. James's.

"I wrote your highness a line in my last letter, that my lord of Somerset was going to that shire, who hath been sick, which by the —— thereof, and as I understand, may get thither as to-morrow.

"From him whom ye have bound to honour, love, and in all lawful things obey,

"T. SEYMOUR, &c."

Indorsed,—"The lord-admirall to the queene."[1]

In this loverlike and romantic manner did the fair queen-dowager, and her secretly wedded lord pass the merry month of May, which, according to king Edward's diary, was their bridal month. The oft-repeated assertion, that "Katharine wedded Seymour so immediately after the death of her royal husband, that, had she proved a mother so soon as she might have done, it would have been a doubt whether the child should have been accounted the late king's or the admiral's,"[2] rests wholly on the charge that was brought after her decease, against Seymour in his indictment. Katharine, for her own sake, would scarcely have married till full three months had elapsed, since the death of the king, as her issue, whether male or female, by the tenour of Henry VIII.'s will, would have been heir-presumptive to the crown of England, and she was too prudent, and at the same time too ambitious, to have risked the benefit, and dignity she would have obtained, by a contingency that might have ultimately given her the rank and power of a queen-mother.

May was certainly the earliest period in which she could, with any degree of safety, to say nothing of propriety, contract matrimony with her former lover; and even this, notwithstanding the precedent afforded by the parallel case of the precipitate marriage of Mary, queen of France, with Charles Brandon, was a great breach of royal etiquette.

Seymour at length became impatient of the restraints that attended his clandestine intercourse with his royal bride, and applied to the princess Mary, for her advice and influence in the matter. In her dry and very characteristic reply, the princess commences with allusions to some amplification of her establishment, which the interest of lord Seymour, in the council of guardianship and regency, had expedited:—

"My lord,

"After my hearty commendations, these shall be to declare to you that, according to your accustomed gentleness, I have received six warrants from you by your servant, *this bearer* (the bearer of this), for the which I do give you my hearty thanks, by whom also I received your letter, wherein, as methinketh, I perceive strange news concerning a suit you have in hand to the queen for marriage, for the sooner obtaining whereof you seem to think that my letters might do you a favour.

"My lord, in this case I trust your wisdom doth consider that, if it were so

[1] State Paper MSS., Edward VI., No. 20.

[2] Art. 20 of charge against Seymour. Burnet's Hist. of Ref., p. 11. Records, p. 160.

my nearest kinsman and dearest friend *on lyve* (alive), of all other creatures in the world it standeth least with my poor honour to be a medler in this matter, considering whose wife her grace was of late, and besides that, if she be minded to grant your suit, my letters shall do you but small pleasure. On the other side, if the remembrance of the king's majesty, my father (whose soul God pardon!) will not suffer her to graunt your suit, I am nothing able to persuade her to forget the loss of him, who is, as yet, very rife in mine own remembrance. Wherefore I shall most earnestly require you (the premises considered) to think none unkindness in me, though I refuse to be a medler any ways in this matter, assuring you that (*wooing matters set apart, wherein, being a maid, I am nothing cunning*), if otherways it shall lie in my power to do you pleasure, I shall be as glad to do it as you to require it, both for his blood's sake that you be of,[1] and also for the gentleness which I have always found in you, as knoweth Almighty God, to whose tuition I commit you. From Wanstead, this Saturday, at night, being the 4th of June.

"Your assured friend, to my power,
"MARYE."

The princess Elizabeth was, at that time, residing at Chelsea, with queen Katharine, to whose maternal care she had been consigned by the council of the young king. It is very likely that she was very well acquainted with the whole affair, for even if the queen had not made her a confidante, her acute powers of observation, and natural talent for intrigue, would undoubtedly have enabled her to penetrate the cause of the handsome Seymour's mysterious visits and admissions, through the postern gate of the gardens at Chelsea.

In the latter end of May, queen Katharine was sojourning at St. James's Palace for a few days, and, while there, she wrote the young king a Latin letter on the subject of her great love for his late father Henry VIII. This was rather an extraordinary subject for the royal widow to dilate upon, since she was at the very time married to Seymour. She added to her letter many quotations from Scripture, and expressed an earnest desire that the young monarch would answer the epistle, which he did, in the same learned language. The following is a translation of Edward's letter; that of Katharine Parr is lost, but the answer gives a clear idea of its contents:

"As I was so near to you, and saw you, or expected to see you every day, I wrote no letter to you, since letters are tokens of remembrance and kindness between those who are at a great distance. But, being urged by your request, I would not abstain longer from writing—first, that I may do what is acceptable to you, and then to answer the letter you wrote to me when you were at St. James's. In which, first, you set before my eyes the great love you bear my father the king, of most noble memory, then your good-will towards me, and lastly, your godliness and knowledge, and learning in the Scriptures. Proceed, therefore, in your good course; continue to love my father, and to show the same great kindness to me which I have ever perceived in you. Cease not to love and read the Scriptures, but persevere in always reading them; for in the first you show the duty of a good wife and a good subject, and in the second, the warmth of your friendship, and in the third, your piety to God. Wherefore, since you love my father, I cannot but much esteem you; since you love me, I cannot but love you in return; and, since you love the Word of God, I do love and admire you with my whole heart. Wherefore, if there be any thing wherein

[1] Being uncle to her brother, Edward VI., to whom she here alludes.

I may do you a kindness, either in word or deed, I will do it willingly. Farewell, this 30th of May."[1]

The artless young sovereign was in the end not only induced to recommend his wily uncle to his widowed step-mother for a husband, but led to believe that it was actually a match of his own making. In the innocence of his heart Edward wrote the following letter with his own hand to queen Katharine, in which he expresses himself highly obliged to her for acceding to his wish by marrying his uncle. The dignity with which the monarch, in his tenth year, offers his royal protection to the mature bride and bridegroom is truly amusing.

TO THE QUEEN'S GRACE.

"We thank you heartily, not only for the gentle acceptation of our suit moved unto you, but also for the loving accomplishing of the same, wherein you have declared, not only a desire to gratify us, but to declare the good-will, likewise, that we bear to you in all your requests. Wherefore ye shall not need to *fear any grief to come or to suspect lack of aid in need*, seeing that he, being mine uncle, is of so good a nature that he will not be troublesome any means unto you, and I of such mind, that for divers just causes I must favour you. But even as without cause you merely require help against him whom you have put in trust with the carriage of these letters, so may I merely return the same request unto you, to provide that he may live with you also without grief, which hath given him wholly unto you; and I will so provide for you both, that if hereafter any grief befall, I shall be a sufficient succour in your godly or praiseable enterprises.

"Fare ye well, with much increase of honour and virtue in Christ. From St. James, the five-and-twenty day of June.

"EDWARD."

Indorsed, in an antique hand,—"The king's majesty's letter to the queen *after marriage*, June 25, 1548."

Young Edward, in his journal, notices the anger of the lord-protector, at the marriage of the admiral with the queen-dowager. Somerset, and his council, loudly condemned the presumption of the audacious Seymour, in daring to contract this lofty alliance, without leave or license of those who exercised the authority of the crown. They did what they could to testify their hostility, by withholding from queen Katharine all the jewels that had been presented to her by the late king, under the pretext that they were not personal property, but heir-looms to the crown. This was touching the lady on a very tender point. "Can a bride forget her ornaments?" is a scriptural query, founded on the characteristic attachment of females for these glittering toys. Neither the equanimity, nor the philosophy of this learned queen was proof against such a provocation as the detention of the costly endowments, which had formed a portion of her conjugal wages, during the perilous term of her servitude to her royal husband's caprices.

The indignant remonstrances of the royal dowager were unavailing; her jewels were never restored; and that their detention was no less illegal than vexatious, may be gathered from the following observation of the lord-admiral: "My brother is wondrous hot in helping every man to his right save me. He maketh a great matter to let me have the

[1] Strype's Mems., vol. ii. part 1, p. 59, from archbishop Parker's Collection of MSS.

queen's jewels, which you see by the whole opinion of the lawyers ought to belong to me, and all under pretence that he would not the king should lose so much, as if it were a loss to the king to let me have mine own!".[1]

The loss of her jewels was neither the only affront, nor the only wrong to which the queen-dowager was subjected from her powerful brother-in-law. He had fixed his mind on obtaining a lease of her favourite manor of Fausterne, for a person of the name of Long; and we have seen with what scorn Katharine, in her first letter to the admiral, speaks of his brother's "large offer for Fausterne." The protector, however, strong in the authority of his office, actually caused Long to be admitted as a tenant of her majesty's demesne, in defiance of her wish to retain the property in her own hands. Katharine gives a lively account of her wrath at this outrage in the following letter to her husband.[2] She says—

"My lord,

"This shall be to advertise you that my lord your brother hath this afternoon made me a little warm. It was fortunate we were so much distant; for I suppose else I should have bitten him. What cause have they to fear (*she adds playfully*) having such a wife? To-morrow, or else upon Saturday, at three o'clock in the afternoon, I will see the king, when I intend to utter all my choler to my lord your brother, if you shall not give me advice to the contrary; for I would be loth to do any thing to hinder your matter. I will declare to you how my lord hath used me concerning Fausterne; and after, I shall most humbly desire you to direct mine answer to him in that behalf. It liked him to-day to send my chancellor to me, willing him to declare to me that he had brought master Long's lease, and that he doubted not but I would let him enjoy the same to his commodity, wherein I should do to his succession no small pleasure, nothing considering his honour, which this matter toucheth not a little, for so much as I at sundry times declared unto him that only cause of my repair into those parts was for the commodity of the park, which else I would not have done. He, notwithstanding, hath so used the matter, with giving master Long such courage, that he refuseth to receive such cattle as are brought here for the provision of my house; and so in the meantime I am forced to commit them to farmers. My lord, I beseech you send me word with speed how I shall order myself to my new brother. And thus I take my leave with my most humble and hearty commendations, wishing you all your godly desires, and so well to do as I would myself, and better. From Chelsea, in great haste.

"By your humble, true, and loving wife in her heart,

"KATERYN THE QUENE, K. P."[3]

Whether Katharine enjoyed the satisfaction of telling the protector her mind, in the presence of his royal nephew, does not appear, but she was probably frustrated, in her intention of obtaining an interview with the young king, by the party most interested in keeping them apart. Surely so rich a scene as that which she meditated would have been recorded if it had ever taken place. Somerset is supposed to have been excited to this injurious treatment of the widow of his royal master, and benefactor, Henry VIII., by the malice of his duchess, who had always borne envious ill-will against Katharine Parr.

Many and various are the accounts given by historians of the cause

[1] State Papers. [2] Haynes's Burghley Papers. [3] Haynes's State Papers, p. 61.

of the fatal animosity borne by these ladies towards each other. Open hostility between them broke out after the marriage of Katharine with the admiral, in consequence of the duchess of Somerset refusing any longer to fulfil her office of bearing up the train of the queen-dowager, alleging, "that it was unsuitable for her to submit to perform that service for the wife of her husband's younger brother."[1] According to Lloyd, "the duchess not only refused to bear up the queen's train, but actually jostled with her for precedence; so that," continues he, quaintly, "what between the train of the queen, and the long gown of the duchess, they raised so much dust at court, as at last put out the eyes of both their husbands, and caused their executions."

The pretence on which the duchess of Somerset founded her presumptuous dispute for precedency with the queen-dowager, in the court of Edward VI., was, that as the wife of the protector and guardian of the realm, she had a right to take place of every lady in England. It is possible that, with the exception of the ladies of the royal family, she might; but the act of Henry VIII., whereby it was provided that Anne of Cleves should take precedency after his queen, and the princesses, his daughters, of every other lady in the realm, settled the matter of Katharine Parr's precedency beyond contravention; and the arrogant duchess was compelled to yield, but never forgave the mortification.

According to Heylin, the duchess of Somerset was accustomed to inveigh, in the bitterest manner, against queen Katharine, and actually expressed herself concerning her in the following coarse and detracting language:—"Did not Henry VIII. marry Katharine Parr in his doting days, when he had brought himself so low by his lust and cruelty that no lady that stood on her honour would venture on him? And shall I now give place to her, who, in her former estate was but Latimer's widow, and who is now fain to cast herself for support on a younger brother? If master admiral teach his wife no better manners, I am she that will."[2]

The tender affection which the young king lavished on the queen-dowager, and his reverence for her talents, virtue, and piety, excited, of course, the jealousy and ill-will, not only of the duchess of Somerset, but of her husband also; and the vulgar insolence of the former was systematically exerted to keep so powerful a rival from the court. The king was certainly far more attached to his uncle Thomas Seymour, than to the protector, and Katharine Parr had always been to him in the place of the mother whom he had never known. Allied with them was his best-loved sister, Elizabeth, and his amiable and highly gifted

[1] Camden's Elizabeth.

[2] Hayward, in his Life of Edward VI., speaks of Anne Stanhope, duchess of Somerset, "as a woman for many imperfections intolerable, but for pride monstrous. She was both exceeding violent and subtle in accomplishing her ends, for which she spurned all respects of conscience and shame. This woman did bear such invincible hate to the queen-dowager, first, for light causes and woman's quarrels, and especially because she (queen Katharine) had precedency over her, being the wife of the greatest peer in the land."

cousin, lady Jane Gray, who were both the *élèves* of the queen, and residing in her house.

The project of uniting lady Jane Gray with Edward VI. originated with Katharine Parr, who had directed her education in such a manner as to render her a suitable companion for the royal scholar.

The aspiring protector desired to match king Edward with his own daughter, the learned lady Jane Seymour,[1] and to obtain lady Jane Gray for his son. His plans were, however, frustrated by a private arrangement between the admiral, and the marquess of Dorset, the preliminaries of which were thus arranged. Soon after the death of king Henry, one Harrington, a confidential officer of sir Thomas Seymour, came to the marquess of Dorset's house, at Westminster, and proposed to him to enter into a close friendship, and alliance with his master, who was like to come to very great authority. He advised Dorset to permit his daughter, lady Jane Gray, to reside with sir Thomas Seymour, because he would have the means of matching her much to his comfort.

"With whom will he match her?" asked Dorset.

"Marry," quoth Harrington, "I doubt not you shall see him marry her to the king."[2]

Upon these persuasions, Dorset visited the admiral that day week, at Seymour Place, who gave such explanations of his prospects, that Dorset struck a bargain[3] with him, sent for his daughter, and consigned her to him as an inmate of his house, in which she remained during the life of Katharine Parr.

Queen Katharine's cup-bearer, Nicholas Throckmorton, continued to follow her fortunes from the time of king Henry's decease. The Throckmorton MS. furnishes the following details connected with Katharine's fourth marriage:—

"My sovereign lost, the queen I did attend
The time when widow, mourning she did rest;
And while she married was unto her end,
I willingly obeyed her highness's hest;
Who me esteemed, and thought my service good,
Whereas, in truth, to small effect it stood.

"Her husband, fourth, was uncle to the king,
Lord Seymour, high by office, admiral,

[1] The boy king, with more pride than has generally been attributed to him, revolted at the idea of forming an alliance with a kinswoman, and a subject. He notes, with dignified displeasure, in that depository of his private thoughts, his journal, the presumptuous project of his uncle Somerset to marry him to his cousin, the lady Jane Seymour, observing, that it was his intention to choose for his queen "a foreign princess, well *stuffed and jewelled*," meaning that his royal bride should be endowed with a suitable dower, and a right royal wardrobe.

[2] Those who compare this conversation with the document published by that great historical antiquary, sir Harris Nicolas, in his Memorials of lady Jane Gray, whereby we learn that the marquess of Dorset sold, for five hundred pounds, the wardship of his daughter Jane, to lord Thomas, will be convinced that this bargain (which was by no means a strange one in those detestable times) was struck at this interview.

[3] Tytler's Edward and Mary, vol. i. p. 138

In praise of whom loud peals I ought to ring;
For he was hardy, wise, and liberal;
His climbing high, disdained by his peers,
Was thought the cause he lived not out his years.

"Her house was deemed a second court of right,
Because there flocked still nobility;
He spared no cost his lady to delight,
Or to maintain her princely royalty."

After queen Katharine had been the wife of her beloved Seymour some months, there was a prospect of her becoming a mother. Her raptures at the anticipation of a blessing which had been denied to all her other marriages, carried her beyond the bounds of discretion, and her husband was no less transported than herself; the feelings of paternity with them amounted to passion. During a brief separation, while Seymour was at court, vainly soliciting of his brother the restoration of queen Katharine's property, among which not only the late king's gifts, but those of her mother, were unjustly detained, he writes in a very confidential and loving strain to his teeming consort:

"After my humble commendations and thanks for your letter. As I was perplexed heretofore with unkindness, apprehending I should not have justice in all my causes from those that I thought would have been partial to me, even so, the receiving of your letter revived my spirits; partly for that I do perceive you be armed with patience, howsoever the matter may fall. But chiefest——"

Here he proceeds to exult in fierce hopes that his expected son, "should God give him life to live as long as his father,[1] will revenge his wrongs."

"Now," continues he, "to put you in some hope again. This day, a little before the receiving your letter, I have spoken to my lord (Somerset), whom I have so well handled that he is somewhat qualified; and although I am in no hopes thereof, yet I am in no despair. I have also broken to him for your mother's gift; he makes answer, 'that at the finishing of the matter you shall either have your own again, or else some recompense as ye shall be content withal.' I spake to him of your going down into the country[2] on Wednesday, who was sorry thereof, trusting that I would be here all to-morrow, to hear what the Frenchmen will do. But on Monday, at dinner, I trust to be with you. As for the Frenchmen, I have no mistrust that they shall be any *let* (hindrance) of my going with you this journey, or any of my continuing there with your highness. Thus, till that time, I bid your highness most heartily well to fare, and thank you for your news, which were right heartily welcome to me."

He then expresses his wishes that both the queen, and his expected progeny, whom he insists is to be a boy, may be kept in health, "with good diet and walking;" and concludes in these words:—

"And so I bid my most dear and well-beloved wife most heartily well to fare. From Westminster, this Saturday, the 9th of June.

"Your highness's most faithful loving husband,
"T. SEYMOUR."

[1] Tytler's State Papers, entitled "England, under Edward VI. and Mary," pp. 104–106.

[2] To Sudley. This marks the precise time of the queen's retirement thither, where her confinement was to take place.

The queen was then at Hanworth, one of the royal manors belonging to her dower; from whence Seymour escorted her to his principal baronial residence—Sudley Castle.

The jealousy with which the duke of Somerset regarded his brother the admiral, operated to prevent, as far as he could, the slightest intercourse between him and their royal nephew, the young king. The admiral, however, who was bent on superseding Somerset in the office of protector, contrived to keep up a secret correspondence with Edward, and to supply him with money, of which he was kept almost destitute.[1] One of the agents of this correspondence was John Fowler, a gentleman of Edward's privy chamber. The following letter shows how vigilantly the young king was beset, and the jealous care taken by Somerset, and his satellites, to prevent his writing to that beloved step-mother, to whom his heart yearned with not less than filial tenderness :—

JOHN FOWLER TO MY LORD-ADMIRAL.

"I most humbly thank your lordship for your letter, dated the 15th of this present, which letter I showed to the king's majesty; and whereas, in my last letter to your lordship, I wrote unto you, if his grace could get any spare time, his grace would write a letter to the queen's grace and to you.

"His highness desires your lordship to pardon him, for his grace is not *half a quarter of an hour alone;* but in such leisure as his grace had, his majesty hath written (here inclosed) his commendations to the queen's grace, and to your lordship, that he is so much bound to you that he must needs remember you always; and as his grace may have time you shall well perceive by such *small lines* of recommendations with his own hand."[2]

Enclosed within Fowler's letter are the royal notes alluded to, written by Edward's own hand on torn and shabby scraps of paper, betraying both the scarcity of that article in the royal escritoire, and the stealthy manner in which they were penned. The first is a mysterious request for money, addressed to his uncle :—

"My lord,—Send me, per Latimer, as much as ye think good, and deliver it to Fowler. EDWARD."

The second of "*these small lines*" is :—

"My lord, I thank you, and pray you to have me commended to the queen."[3]

There is in the context of Fowler's letter an allusion to queen Katharine's situation, with a friendly wish for the birth of the son, of whom both parents were so fondly desirous. He says, "My lady of Somerset is brought to bed of a goodly boy, and I trust in Almighty God the queen's grace shall have another." Fowler's letter is dated July 19th, from Hampton, where the young king then was. Seymour's great object was to get a letter written by king Edward, complaining of the arbitrary conduct of the protector, and the restraint in which he was kept by him. Edward had actually consented to write the letter, which the admiral was to lay before the parliament; but before this could be done the plot was betrayed to the protector. The admiral was called before the council to answer for his proceedings. He defied

[1] Haynes's State Papers. Lingard. Tytler. [2] State Paper MSS. [3] Ibid.

them, but when he was threatened with imprisonment in the Tower, he made submissions to his brother, a hollow reconciliation took place for the present, and 800*l.* per annum was added to his appointments by the protector, in the hope of conciliating him.[1]

As long as queen Katharine lived, the admiral was too powerful for his foes; perhaps he did not sufficiently appreciate her value, even in a political and worldly point of view, till it was too late. The residence of the princess Elizabeth under their roof was fatal to the wedded happiness of Seymour and Katharine. The queen, forgetful that a blooming girl in her fifteenth year was no longer a child, had imprudently encouraged the admiral to romp with her royal step-daughter in her presence. Mrs. Ashley, the princess Elizabeth's governess, in her deposition before the privy council, gives a strange picture of the coarse manners of the times, in which such proceedings could be tolerated in a palace, and with royal ladies.

"At Chelsea, after my lord Thomas Seymour was married to the queen, he would come many mornings into the said lady Elizabeth's chamber before she were ready, and sometimes before she did rise, and if she were up he would bid her good morrow, and *ax* how she did, and strike her on the back familiarly, and so go forth to his chamber, and sometimes go through to her maidens and play with them. And if the princess were in bed, he would put open the curtains and bid her good morrow, and she would go further in the bed. And one morning he tried to kiss the princess *in* her bed, and this deponent was there, and bade him go away for shame. At Hanworth, for two mornings, the queen (Katharine Parr) was with him, and they both tickled my lady Elizabeth in her bed. Another time, at Hanworth, he romped with her in the garden, and cut her gown, being black cloth, into a hundred pieces, and when Mrs. Ashley came up and chid lady Elizabeth, she answered, 'she could not strive with all, for the queen held her while the lord-admiral cut the dress.' Another time, lady Elizabeth heard the master key unlock; and knowing my lord-admiral would come in, ran out of her bed to her maidens, and then went behind the curtain of her bed, and my lord tarried a long time in hopes she would come out. Mrs. Ashley could not tell how long. She (Mrs. Ashley) was told these things were complained of, and that the lady Elizabeth was evil spoken of. Then the lord-admiral swore—'God's precious soul! I will tell my lord-protector how I am slandered; and I will not leave off, for I mean no evil.'

"At Seymour Place, when the queen slept there, he did use awhile to come up every morning in his nightgown and slippers; when he found my lady Elizabeth up, and at her book, then he would look in at the gallery-door, and bid her good morrow, and so go on his way; and the deponent told my lord it was an unseemly sight to see a man so little dressed in a maiden's chamber, with which he was angry, but he left it. At Hanworth, the queen told Mrs. Ashley 'that my lord-admiral looked in at the gallery-window, and saw my lady Elizabeth with her

[1] Burnet. Lingard. Tytler

arms about a man's neck.' Upon which, Mrs. Ashley questioned her charge regarding it, and the lady Elizabeth denied it, weeping, and bade them 'ax all her women, if there were any man who came to her excepting Grindall?' my lady Elizabeth's schoolmaster. Howbeit, Mrs. Ashley thought, the queen being jealous did feign this story to the intent that Mrs. Ashley might take more heed to the proceedings of lady Elizabeth and the lord-admiral." The governess added, "that her husband, Mr. Ashley, who, it seems, was a relative of Anne Boleyn, did often give warning, that he feared the princess did bear some affection to the lord-admiral, as she would sometimes blush when she heard him spoken of."[1]

Elizabeth herself told Parry, the cofferer of her household, "that she feared the admiral loved her but too well, and that the queen was jealous of them both; and that, suspecting the frequent access of the admiral to her, she came suddenly upon them when they were alone, he having her in his arms."

Queen Katharine was greatly offended with them both, and very sharply reproved the princess's governess for her neglect of her duty to her royal pupil, in permitting her to fall into such reprehensible freedom of behaviour. Conjugal jealousy apart, Katharine Parr had great cause for anger and alarm; for the princess was under her especial care, and if aught but good befell her at the tender age of fifteen, great blame would, of course, attach to herself, especially if the admiral, for whom she had already outraged popular opinion by marrying with indecorous precipitation, were the author of her young step-daughter's ruin. It is just possible that the actual guilt incurred by the unhappy queen, Katharine Howard, in her girlhood, did not amount to a greater degree of impropriety than the unseemly romping which took place almost every day at Chelsea, between the youthful princess, Elizabeth, and the bold, bad husband of Katharine Parr.

It does not appear that any violent or injurious expressions were used by queen Katharine, but she saw the expediency of separating her household from that of the princess, and acted upon it without delay. There is no reason to believe that she cherished vindictive feelings against Elizabeth; for she continued to correspond with her in a friendly and affectionate manner, as the princess herself testifies in the playful and somewhat familiar letter which is here subjoined:—

LADY ELIZABETH TO THE QUEEN.[2]

"Although your highness's letters be most joyful to me in absence, yet considering what pain it is for you to write, your grace being so sickly, your commendations were enough in my lord's letter. I much rejoice at your health, with the well-liking of the country, with my humble thanks that your grace wished me with you till I were weary of that country. Your highness were like to be cumbered if I should not depart till I were weary of being with you; although it were the worst soil in the world, your presence would make it pleasant. I cannot reprove my lord for not doing your commendations in his letter, for he did it; and although he had not, yet I will not complain on him, for he shall be diligent to give me knowledge from time to time how his busy

[1] Haynes's State Papers.

[2] Hearne's Sylloge.

child doth; and if I were at his birth, no doubt I would see him beaten, for the trouble he hath put you to. Master Denny and my lady, with humble thanks, prayeth most entirely for your grace, praying the Almighty God to send you a most lucky deliverance; and my mistress[1] wisheth no less, giving your highness most humble thanks for her commendations. Written with very little leisure, this last day of July.

"Your humble daughter,

"ELIZABETH."

This letter, dated within six weeks of the queen's death, affords convincing evidence that she was on amicable terms with her royal stepdaughter. She had not only written kindly to Elizabeth, expressing a wish that she were with her at Sudley, but she had even encouraged the admiral to write, when not well enough herself to continue the correspondence—a proof that Katharine Parr, though she had considered it proper to put a stop to the dangerous familiarity, with which her husband had presumed to demean himself towards her royal charge, did not regard it as any thing beyond a passing folly. But even if her heart had been torn with a temporary pang of jealousy, she was too amiable to blight the opening flower of Elizabeth's life, by revealing a feeling so injurious to the honour of the youthful princess. It was not, however, Elizabeth, but the young, and early wise lady Jane Gray, who became the companion of Katharine Parr, at Sudley Castle, when she withdrew thither to await the birth of her child. Lady Jane continued with queen Katharine, till the melancholy sequel of her fond hopes of maternity

Sudley Castle[2] was royal property, that had been granted to the admiral, by the regency, on the death of king Henry. It was suspected that lands thus illegally obtained were held on a doubtful tenure. One day, when queen Katharine was walking in Sudley Park, with her husband and sir Robert Tyrwhitt, she said, "Master Tyrwhitt, you will see the king, when he cometh to full age, will call in his lands again as fast as they be now given away from him." "Marry," said Master Tyrwhitt, "then will Sudley Castle be gone from my lord-admiral." "Marry," rejoined the queen, "I do assure you he intends to offer to restore them, and give them freely back when that time comes." Queen Katharine had a princely retinue in attendance upon her, in her retirement at Sudley Castle, of ladies-in-waiting, maids of honour, and gentlewomen in ordinary, besides the appointments for her expected nursery and lying-in chamber, and more than a hundred and twenty gentlemen of her household, and yeomen of the guard. She had several of the most learned men, among the lights of the Reformation, for her chaplains;[3] and she caused divine worship to be performed twice a-day, or

[1] Katharine Ashley, her governess.

[2] Sudley Castle is situated in Gloucestershire, and was, even in the reign of Henry IV., a noble building; and when one of the Botelers, its lord, was arrested by Henry IV., he suspected the king of coveting his castle, and, looking back at it, said, "Ah! Sudley Castle, thou art the traitor, not I."

[3] Strype, when discussing the anabaptist tenets of an officer of the court, named Robert Cooke, declares, that when Parkhurst was preacher to queen Katharine Parr, Cooke was keeper of the wine-cellar. Here he became acquainted with the said Parkhurst, and also with Coverdale and Dr. Turner

oftener, in her house, notwithstanding the distaste of the admiral, who not only refused to attend these devotional exercises himself, but proved a great let and hindrance to all the pious regulations his royal consort strove to establish.[1] This opposition came with an ill grace from Seymour, who, for political purposes, professed to be a Reformer, and had shared largely in the plunder of the old church; but in his heart he had no more liking for Protestant prayers and sermons, than queen Katharine's deceased lord, king Henry.

A few days before her confinement, Katharine received the following friendly letter from the princess Mary:—[2]

"Madame,

"Although I have troubled your highness lately with sundry letters, yet that notwithstanding seeing my lord marquess who hath taken the pains to come to me at this present intendeth to see your grace shortly, I could not be satisfied without writing to the same, and especially because I purpose to-morrow (with the help of God) to begin my journey towards Norfolk, where I shall be farther from your grace, which journey I have intended since Whitsuntide, but lack of health hath stayed me all the while, which, altho' it be, as yet, unstable, nevertheless I am enforced to remove for a time, hoping, with God's grace, to return again about Michaelmas, at which time, or shortly after, I trust to hear good success of your grace's condition, and in the mean time shall desire much to hear of your health, which I pray Almighty God to continue and increase to his pleasure as much as your own heart can desire; and thus, with my most humble commendations to your highness, I take my leave of the same, desiring your grace to take the pain to make my commendations to my lord-admiral.

"From Beaulieu, the 9th of August,

"Your highness's most humble and assured loving daughter,

"MARYE."

The lord-marquess, mentioned by Mary, was queen Katharine's only brother, William Parr, marquess of Northampton. His guilty and unhappy wife, the heiress of Essex, was then at Sudley Castle, under some restraint, and in the keeping of her royal sister-in-law. This unpleasant charge must have greatly disquieted the last troubled months of Katharine Parr's life.[3]

On the 30th of August, 1548, Katharine Parr gave birth, at Sudley Castle, to the infant whose appearance had been so fondly anticipated both by Seymour and herself. It was a girl; and, though both parents had confidently expected a boy, no disappointment was expressed. On the contrary, Seymour, in a transport of paternal pride, wrote so eloquent a description of the beauty of the new-born child to his brother, the duke of Somerset, that the latter added the following kind postscript to a stern letter of expostulation and reproof, which he had just finished writing to him when he received his joyous communication:—

[1] Strype's Memorials. Latimer's Sermons. [2] Hearne's Sylloge.

[3] The marriage, between the queen's brother and the frail representative of the royally connected line of Bourchier, was finally dissolved, and the children of the marchioness, by her paramour, declared incapable of succeeding to the honours of Essex, or Northampton. So much for the advantages derivable from marriages founded on sordid, or ambitious motives. Parr, marquess of Northampton, was thrice wedded, and died without an heir to perpetuate his honours.

"After our hearty commendations,

"We are right glad to understand, by your letters, that the queen, your bedfellow, hath a happy hour; and, escaping all danger, hath made you the father of so pretty a daughter. And although (if it had pleased God) it would have been both to us, and (we suppose) also to you, a more joy and comfort if it had, this the first born, been a son, yet the escape of the danger, and the prophecy and good hansel of this, to a great sort of happy sons, which (as you write) we trust no less than to be true, is no small joy and comfort to us, as we are sure it is to you and to her grace also, to whom you shall make again our hearty commendations with no less gratulation of such good success.

"Thus we bid you heartily farewell from Sion, the 1st of Sept. 1548.

"Your loving brother,

"E. SOMERSET."[1]

From this letter it is evident that lord Thomas had been casting horoscopes, and consulting fortune-tellers, who had promised him long life, and a great *sort* of sons.

It is difficult to imagine that the admiral, however faulty his *morale* might be on some points, could cherish evil intentions against her who had just caused his heart to overflow for the first time with the ineffable raptures of paternity. The charge of his having caused the death of queen Katharine by poison can only be regarded as the fabrication of his enemies; neither is there the slightest reason to believe that the unfavourable symptoms, which appeared on the third day after her delivery, were either caused or aggravated by his unkindness. On the contrary, his manner towards her, when she was evidently suffering under the grievous irritability of mind and body incidental to puerperal fever, appears from the deposition of Lady Tyrwhit,[2] one of the most faithful, and attached of her ladies, to have been soothing and affectionate. Let the reader judge from the subjoined record of that sad scene in the chamber of the departing queen:—

"Two days before the death of the queen," says lady Tyrwhit, "at my coming to her in the morning, she asked me 'where I had been so long?' and said unto me 'that she did fear such things in herself that she was sure she could not live.' I answered, as I thought, 'that I saw no likelihood of death in her.' She then, having my lord-admiral by the hand, and divers others standing by, spake these words, partly, as I took, *idly* (meaning in delirium):—'My lady Tyrwhit, I am not well handled, for those that be about me care not for me, but stand laughing at my grief, and the more good I will to them the less good they will to me.' Whereunto my lord-admiral answered, 'Why, sweetheart, I would you no hurt.' And she said to him again, aloud, 'No, my lord, I think so;' and immediately she said to him in his ear, 'but, my lord, you have given me many shrewd taunts.' These words I perceived she spake with good memory, and very sharply and earnestly; for her mind was sore disquieted. My lord-admiral, perceiving that I heard it, called me aside, and asked me 'what she said?' and I declared it plainly to

[1] State Paper MSS.

[2] Lady Tyrwhit was one of the three ladies included by Gardiner and Wriothesley in the bill of indictment they had prepared, with the sanction of the deceased king, against Katharine Parr.

him. Then he consulted with me 'that he would lie down on the bed by her, to look if he could pacify her unquietness with gentle communication,' whereunto I agreed; and by the time that he had spoken three or four words to her she answered him roundly and sharply, saying, My lord, I would have given a thousand marks to have had my full talk with Hewyke (Dr. Huick) the first day I was delivered, but I durst not for displeasing you.' And I, hearing that, perceived her trouble to be so great, that my heart would serve me to hear no more. Such like communications she had with him the space of an hour, which they did hear that sat by her bedside."[1]

It is probable that the alarming change in Katharine had been caused, not by any sinister practices against her life, but by whispers previously circulated among the gossips in her lying-in chamber, relating to her husband's passion for her royal step-daughter, and his intention of aspiring to the hand of the princess, in case of her own decease. Her malady was puerperal fever. A sense of intolerable wrong was constantly expressed by her, yet she never explained the cause of her displeasure. She alluded to her delivery, but, strange to say, never mentioned her infant. Wild and gloomy fantasies had superseded the first sweet gushings of maternal love, in her troubled bosom, and she appeared unconscious of the existence of the babe, she had so fondly anticipated. This symptom, with ladies in her situation, is generally the forerunner of death.

On the very day when the scene occurred, described by lady Tyrwhit, Katharine Parr dictated her will, which is still extant in the Prerogative Office;[2] it is dated September 5th, 1548, and it is to the following effect:—"That she, then lying on her death-bed, sick of body, but of good mind, and perfect memory and discretion, *being persuaded*, and perceiving the extremity of death to approach her, gives *all* to her married *espose* and husband, wishing *them* to be a thousand times more in value than they were or been." There are no legacies and the witnesses are two well-known historical characters,

ROBERT HUYCK, M.D.,
and
JOHN PARKHURST.

This is a *nuncupative* or verbal will; it was not signed by the dying queen; which we find was usually the case with death-bed royal wills at that era. The witnesses were persons of high character, and even sacred authority in a sick chamber, being the physician and the chaplain; the latter became subsequently a bishop of the Reformed church, highly distinguished for his Christian virtues. In after-life, Parkhurst always mentioned Katharine Parr with great regard as his "most gentle

[1] Haynes's State Papers, p. 104.

[2] This will, which now forms so valuable an addition to the biography of Katharine Parr, was vainly sought by us to enrich the former editions of this volume. The public are now indebted for it to the research of John Courthope, esquire, Rouge Croix, who kindly favoured us with a copy, June, 1843.

mistress." Was it likely that such a man would perjure himself for the sake of enriching Seymour? Yet the affectionate language of the will is inconsistent with the suspicions and reproaches which lady Tyrwhit affirmed that the dying queen threw out against her lord, on the very day of its date, viz. September 5th, 1548. Both these facts are depositions on oath, made by two most respectable witnesses on the same day. A partisan might charge either lady Tyrwhit, or bishop Parkhurst, with direct perjury, and say, that Katharine Parr could not have spoken according to *both* depositions. But the physiologist comes to the aid of the historian, and, from lady Tyrwhit's hint of delirium, will truly allow that a wandering brain could utter such, and many other inconsistencies. As lady Tyrwhit affirms that she entered the queen's apartments in the morning, when the lord-admiral was by the bed-side, with the patient's hand in his, it is likely that she came in just after the will had been made. Let us consider the state of Katharine Parr's mind at this juncture;—Dr. Huick had recently revealed to her her danger; her words, "being persuaded of the approach of death," in her will, distinctly intimate this fact; the result was an instant testamentary disposition of her property, in which she at the same time exerted her peculiar privilege, as queen-dowager, of bequeathing her personal effects, though a married woman, and showed her passionate love to her husband, for she left him *all*, wishing *them* (her goods) a thousand times more than they have, or been." Her words are evidently written as uttered, with all imperfections. *He* was the sole object of her thoughts, her new-born infant was forgotten,—a lapse of memory on the part of its mother which doomed it to beggary before it could speak. All these circumstances certainly occurred in a short space of time, and doubtless occasioned great hurry of spirits. The queen's ladies knew not of her danger. Lady Tyrwhit says she did not. The queen in her will says "she herself had been *persuaded* of it. Then came the revulsion of feeling; the queen, on recollection, was not reconciled to death, and began to question angrily whether she had a right to die? whether her death was not caused by carelessness or malice? Lady Tyrwhit saw she spoke deliriously; her mind wandered, and former jealousies and affronts, hitherto successfully concealed, biassed her speech. She thought that her husband, to whom she had bequeathed her all, was exulting in her removal. She fancied—and that part of the narrative plainly reveals delirium, for such fancies are symptomatic—that he, she loved so well, stood deriding her misery. He acted considerately, soothing her as a nurse soothes a sick wayward child; but his manner, as described by lady Tyrwhit, was that of a person, in possession of intellect, humouring the sad vagaries of a mind diseased.

Katharine Parr expired on the second day after the date of her will, being the seventh after the birth of her child. She was only in the thirty-sixth year of her age,[1] having survived her royal husband, Henry VIII., but one year, six months, and eight days. Her character is thus recorded by a contemporary quoted by Strype:—

[1] See her mother, lady Parr's correspondence with lord Dacre, which proves that Katharine Parr was four years younger than has generally been supposed.

"She was endued with a pregnant wittiness joined with right wonderful grace of eloquence; studiously diligent in acquiring knowledge, as well of human discipline as also of the Holy Scriptures; of incomparable chastity, which she kept not only from all spot, but from all suspicion, by avoiding all occasions of idleness, and contemning vain pastimes."

Fuller also, in his Church History, panegyrises this queen in the highest terms of commendation. The official announcement of queen Katharine Parr's death, together with the programme of her funeral, is copied from a curious contemporary MS. in the College of Arms. Lady Jane Gray, who was with queen Katharine at Sudley Castle, at the time of her death, officiated at her funeral solemnity as chief mourner, which is certified in this document.

"*A breviate of the interment of the lady Katharine Parr, queen-dowager, late wife to king Henry VIII., and after wife to sir Thomas, lord Seymour of Sudley, and high admiral of England.*

"Item, on Wednesday, the 5th of September, between two and three of the o'clock in the morning, died the aforesaid lady, late queen-dowager, at the castle of Sudley, in Gloucestershire, 1548, and lieth buried in the chapel of the said castle.

"Item, she was cered and chested in lead accordingly, and so remained in her privy chamber until things were in readiness.

"The chapel was hung with black cloth, garnished with scutcheons of marriages;—viz., king Henry VIII. and her in pale under the crown, her own in lozenge under the crown; also the arms of the lord-admiral and hers in pale without the crown.

"The rails were covered with black cloth for the mourners to sit within, with stools and cushions accordingly, and two lighted scutcheons stood upon the corpse during the service.

"*The order in proceeding to the chapel.*

"First, two conductors in black, with black staves; then gentlemen and esquires; then knights; then officers of the household, with their white staves; then the gentlemen ushers; then Somerset herald, in the tabard coat; then the corpse, borne by six gentlemen in black gowns, with their hoods on their heads; then eleven staff torches, borne on each side by yeomen round about the corpse, and at each corner a knight for assistance (four), with their hoods on their heads; then the lady Jane (daughter to the lord-marquess Dorset), chief mourner, her train borne up by a young lady; then six other lady mourners, two and two; then yeomen, three and three, in rank; then all other following.

"*The manner of the service in the church.*

"Item, when the corpse was set within the rails, and the mourners placed, the whole choir began, and sung certain psalms in English, and read three lessons, and after the third lesson, the mourners, according to their degrees, and that which is accustomed, offered into the alms-box, and when they had done, all other, as gentlemen or gentlewomen, that would.

"The offering done, doctor Coverdale,[1] the queen's almoner, began his sermon, which was very good and godly, and in one place thereof he took occasion to declare unto the people 'how that they should none there think, say, or spread abroad, that the offering which was there done was done any thing to benefit the dead, but for the poor only; and also the lights, which were carried and stood about the corpse, were for the honour of the person, and for none other intent nor purpose;' and so went through with his sermon, and made a

[1] He was in that office at her death, by this document.

godly prayer, and the whole church answered and prayed the same with him in the end. The sermon done, the corpse was buried, during which time the choir sung Te Deum in English. And this done, the mourners dined, and the rest returned homeward again. All which aforesaid was done in a morning."[1]

This curious document presents the reader with the form of the first royal funeral solemnised according to Protestant rites.

Queen Katharine's epitaph was written in Latin by her chaplain, Dr. Parkhurst, afterwards bishop of Norwich. The translation by an anonymous author is elegant:—

"In this new tomb the royal Katharine lies;
Flower of her sex, renowned, great, and wise;
A wife, by every nuptial virtue known,
A faithful partner once of Henry's throne.
To Seymour next her plighted hand she yields—
Seymour, who Neptune's trident justly wields;
From him a beauteous daughter bless'd her arms,
An infant copy of her parent's charms.
When now seven days this infant flower had bloom'd,
Heaven in its wrath the mother's soul resumed."

The erudite writer, who has collected many interesting particulars, in the Archæologia of the life of this queen, says, "she was tormented and broken-hearted with the pride of her sister-in-law, and the ill-temper of her husband, whom she adored to the last." No instance of personal incivility or harshness, on the part of the lord-admiral, towards Katharine Parr, has, however, been recorded, without, indeed, the "shrewd taunts" she mentioned in her delirium were matters of fact. If so, like many other bad-tempered husbands, he was resolved no one should re vile his wife but himself, for he was wont to affirm, with his usual terrible oath, that "no one should speak ill of the queen; or, if he knew it, he would take his fist to the ears of those who did, from the lowest to the highest."[2] The charge of his having hastened her death, is not

[1] From a MS. in the College of Arms, London, entitled, "A Booke of Buryalls of Trew Noble Persons." No. 1-15, pp. 98, 99.

[2] The duke of Somerset, after Katharine Parr's death, obtained a grant of the manor and palace of Marlborough, which had lately formed part of her dower, as queen of England, and where there was an ancient royal palace.—Strype, vol. ii. p. 538. Chelsea Palace was doomed to a rapid change of owners; for, on the attainder and death of Somerset, it was granted by the young king to the heir of Northumberland, as we find from the following entry in the Augmentation Records:—"Fifth year of Edward VI. All our manor of Chelsea, with all appurtenances, and all that capital mansion-house, late parcel of the possessions of Katharine, late queen of England, instead of Esher, granted to the earl of Warwick, son of the earl of Northumberland." These transfers remind us of Scipio's remark, when bereaved of the stolen crowns: "Thus did brother Chrysostom's goods pass from one thief to another." After the attainder and death of Northumberland, the manor-house of Chelsea was granted by patent to John Caryll, who sold it to James Basset; yet, in the herald's order for the funeral of Anne of Cleves, who died there, July, 1557, it is described as crown property. Elizabeth, in the second year of her reign, granted it to the widowed duchess of Somerset, who lived there with her second husband, who was Master Newdigate, once the occasional tenant of Katharine Parr's second husband, lord Latimer's town residence in the Charterhouse. Lord Cheney afterwards lived in

only without the slightest proof, but really opposed to the general evidences of history.

The fatal termination of the queen's illness was not anticipated, even by her husband; and how great a shock it was to him, may be gathered from the fact, that in his first perplexity, all his political plans were disarranged, and he wrote to the marquess of Dorset, to send for lady Jane Gray, as he meant to dismiss his household; but before a month was over he wrote again to the marquess, saying, "By my last letters, written at a time when with the queen's highness's death I was so amazed that I had small regard either to myself or my doings, and partly then thinking that my great loss must presently have constrained me to have dissolved my whole house, I offered to send my lady Jane unto you whensoever ye would send for her." But, having more deeply considered the matter, he found he could continue his establishment, "where shall remain," he adds, "not only the gentlewomen of the queen's highness's privy chamber, but also the maids which waited at large and other women who were about her in her lifetime, with an hundred and twenty gentlemen and yeomen." The ambition of lord-admiral Seymour still projected placing a royal partner at the head of his establishment; at present, he invited his aged mother, lady Seymour, to superintend this vast household; and he concluded his letter to Dorset with the assurance "that if he would restore lady Jane Gray as his inmate, lady Seymour should treat her as if she were her daughter."

After this letter, Seymour came to Bradgate, "and," says lord Dorset, "he was so earnestly in hand with me and my wife, that he would have 'no nay,' so that we were contented for her to return to his house;" at the same time and place he renewed the favourite project of the deceased queen and himself, that Edward VI. should wed lady Jane Gray, adding, that if he could once get the king at liberty, this marriage should take place. Thus the fair girl was restored to the guardianship of lord-admiral Seymour, and actually remained under his roof till his arrest and imprisonment in the Tower.

After the death of queen Katharine, a deceitful message of condolence was sent to the lord-admiral by the duchess of Somerset, who intimated at the same time, that if any grudge were borne by her to him, it was all for the late queen's cause; and now she was taken away by death, it would undoubtedly follow (unless the fault were in himself) that she, the duchess, would bear as good-will to him as ever she did before. The lord-admiral accepted the overture for a time, and paid his brother a visit, but soon after gave pretty evident proof that his enmity to Somerset and his party was far from being diminished by the death of Katharine Parr. Indeed, it amounted almost to insanity, after he was deprived of the restraining influence of her sound sense, and prudent counsels.

The renewal of this hostility took place soon after proving Katharine

the palace, having become lord of the manor in the seventeenth century; whence the ground on which stood the palaces of queen Katharine Parr and the bishop of Winchester derived its present name of Cheyne Row, not from the china works, which has been vulgarly supposed. The old palace was finally purchased and pulled down by sir Hans Sloane.

Parr's will, which was done December 6th, 1548.[1] The old dispute touching Fausterne[2] was still a sore point, and he fiercely pursued the suit that had been commenced during Katharine's life, for the restoration of the jewels and "stuff" which had been detained from her, by the protector and his council. So thoroughly persuaded was the widower of queen Katharine of the justice of the claim, that he appealed to no meaner witness than the princess Mary, requiring her to testify whether the disputed jewels and furniture were a *bonâ fide* gift made by the deceased king her father to Katharine Parr, or only a loan. In his letter to the princess, he says:—

"The queen's highness (whose soul God hath) did ofttimes, in her lifetime, declare unto me, upon occasion of talk between us of such jewels and other things as were kept from her possession by my lord my brother (Somerset); she said, 'your grace knew and could testify how and after what sort the king's majesty used to part with things to her, namely, those jewels which he delivered to her against the French admiral's[3] coming in.' And forasmuch as it may fortune a further communication will hereafter be had for the due trial of her title unto them, I do most humbly beseech your grace that it will please you to employ so much pains at my poor request as to make me some brief note of your knowledge in two or three lines: as to whether his majesty king Henry did *give* her highness (Katharine Parr) those jewels, and other things that were delivered to her at the French admiral's coming in, and other times, both before and after. Or else, whether he did but lend them for a time, to be returned home again after those triumphs finished; for which time and turn some few in number suppose they were only delivered. Assuring your grace that your opinion declared shall not only much satisfy me in this matter, but also bind me during my life to be at your grace's commandment with any thing that lieth in me."[4]

This application was made a little before Christmas. The princess Mary was too prudent to allow herself to be involved in the dispute, and merely, in her reply, bore testimony to the great love and affection that her late lord and father did bear unto her grace queen Katharine—a testimony of some importance to the biographers of Katharine Parr, but not what Seymour required, to establish his right to the contested articles.

Wightman, one of the admiral's servants, subsequently deposed, that he was employed by him in copying letters, to the keeper of St. James's Palace, and others, requiring them to bear witness as to the fact whether the jewels were given to queen Katharine by king Henry, or only lent for the honour of the crown, while she presided at the fêtes that were given at Hampton Court, to the French ambassador, Claude d'Annebaut, who concluded the peace between England and France, in 1546, as before related?

Seymour made great search among queen Katharine's papers, at her late royal residence at Hanworth, in the hope of finding some record, affording decisive evidence of the gift. It is to be feared, that among "the great sort of old papers belonging to the late queen Katharine," of which he spake to his servant Wightman, he recklessly destroyed as

[1] See the will extant in the Prerogative Court.

[2] See Wightman's Confessions, where it is called Vasterne Park. Haynes's State Papers. [3] Annebaut. [4] Haynes's State Papers.

useless, and perhaps dangerous, many a precious letter and record of her queenly, as well as of her early life, and of her first and second marriages, whereof so few particulars are now to be obtained.[1]

The limits of this work will not admit of detailing the particulars of the intrigues which led to the fall of the lord-admiral. Suffice it to say, that he had organised measures for supplanting his elder brother, the duke of Somerset, in the office of guardian to king Edward The youthful majesty of England was actually brought before his own council, to be made a witness against his best-beloved uncle, for the purpose of bringing him to the block. Edward confessed that the lord-admiral had privily supplied him with sums of money, of which he had been kept destitute by the protector; and also, that he had been accustomed to censure the proceedings of the protector, and to desire his removal.

"At another time," says the young king, "within these two years, at least, the admiral lord Thomas Seymour said to me, 'Ye must take upon yourself to rule, for ye shall be able enough as well as other kings, and then ye may give your men somewhat; for your uncle Somerset is old, and, I trust, will not live long.' I answered, 'It were better he should die.'"[2]

It is worthy of observation, that the marquess of Northampton, Katharine Parr's brother; her brother-in-law, Herbert, earl of Pembroke; and her cousin, Nicholas Throckmorton, all remained the fast friends of the lord-admiral after her death; which they would scarcely have done had they suspected him of unkindness to her, much less of hastening her death. The Throckmorton MS. thus mentions him:—

"But when my queen lay buried in her grave,
To Musselborough field I mourning went.
The gladsome victory to us God gave;
Home with those tidings I in haste was sent.

"The admiral, my spokesman, was at home,
Who staid his nephew's safety to regard;
He was at all essays my perfect friend,
And patron, too, unto his dying day.

"When men surmised that he would mount too high,
And seek the *second time aloft to match*,
Ambitious hearts did steer something too nigh,
Off went his head, they made a quick dispatch;
But ever since I thought him sure a beast,[3]
That causeless laboured to defile his nest.

"Thus, guiltless, *he* (Seymour), through malice, went to pot,
Not answering, for himself, nor knowing cause."

It is more than probable, that the charge of poisoning queen Katharine Parr, was devised in order to induce the king, by whom she had

[1] It is supposed that many of queen Katharine Parr's letters to her brother, the marquess of Northampton, and her sister, the countess of Pembroke, perished in the great fire at Wilton.

[2] Haynes's State Papers, p. 74.

[3] Throckmorton goes on to blame Somerset severely for the death of his brother, and attributes his subsequent fate to retributive justice.

been so fondly beloved, to sign the warrant for the execution of her unhappy husband.

Seymour was far from submitting to death, like his contemporaries, with an approbative speech setting forth the justice of his sentence; he knew he had been doomed lawlessly, and he loudly proclaimed the fact on the scaffold. Before he laid his head on the block, he told an attendant of the lieutenant of the Tower to "bid his man speed the thing he wot of."

This speech was overheard, and Seymour's servant was arrested, and threatened, till he confessed, "that his master had obtained some ink in the Tower, and had plucked off an aglet from his dress, with the point of which he had written a letter to each of the princesses, Mary and Elizabeth, which he had hidden within the sole of a velvet shoe.[1] The shoe was opened, and the letters found, which were, as was natural, full of bitter complaints against his brother, and all who had caused his destruction. Latimer preached a very uncharitable funeral sermon for Seymour, in which he said, "that it was evident God had clean forsaken him; whether he be saved or not I leave it to God, but surely he was a wicked man, and the realm is well rid of him."[2]

Latimer accused lord Thomas Seymour, that when queen Katharine, his wife, had daily prayer morning and afternoon in his house, he would get him out of the way, and was a contemner of the Common Prayer. Among his misdeeds, it was mentioned that a woman, in 1540, being executed for robbery, declared that the beginning of her evil life was being seduced and deserted by lord Thomas Seymour.[3] He made no religious profession on the scaffold; and, according to the account given in his funeral sermon, he died "irksomely, dangerously, and horribly."

These accusations against the unfortunate husband of Katharine Parr, are somewhat softened, by the religious and philosophic verses he was known to write the week before his death:[4]—

"Forgetting God, to love a king,
Hath been my rod, or else nothing
In this frail life, being a blast
Of care and strife till it be past,
Yet God did call me in my pride,
Lest I should fall, and from him slide;
For whom he loves he must correct,
That they may be of his elect,
Then, death, haste thee, thou shalt me gain,
Immortally with God to reign.
Lord send the king in years as Noè,
In governing this realm in joy;
And after this frail life such grace,
That in my bliss he may find place."

Lord Seymour was beheaded on Tower Hill, March 20th, 1549. There was only an interval of two years, one month, and three weeks, between the death of Katharine's third husband, king Henry VIII., and the execution of her fourth, who survived her just six months and fourteen days.

The only child of queen Katharine and lord Seymour was named

[1] Tytler's State Papers. Lingard. Strype.
[2] Latimer's Sermons, 1st edition. [3] Strype, vol. ii. part i. p. 197.
[4] Nugæ Antiquæ, vol. ii. p. 328. Sir John Harrington the elder, who has preserved these verses, was the officer of lord Seymour, and cherished the utmost regard for his memory. He wrote a grand poetical portrait of his master.

Mary. It is probable that lady Jane Gray was her godmother, as she was at Sudley Castle at the time of her birth, and acted as chief mourner at the funeral of her royal mother. As the sole representative of both parents, the young Mary Seymour ought to have been the heiress of great wealth; and even if the act of attainder, which had been passed on her father, operated to deprive her of the broad lands of Sudley, and the rest of his possessions, she was fully entitled to inherit the large fortune of the queen-dowager, her mother, if she had had friends to assert her rights.

"This high-born infant lady," says Strype, "destitute already both of her mother, queen Katharine, and her lately executed father, remained a little while at her uncle Somerset's house, at Sion, and then, according to her father's dying request, was conveyed to Grimsthorpe, in Lincolnshire, where Katharine, dowager-duchess of Suffolk, lived. There she was brought, with her governess, Mrs. Aglionby, her nurse, two maids, and other servants, consonant to the high quality to which, for their own misery, her unfortunate parents had been advanced. Her uncle, the duke of Somerset, upon her leaving Sion, promised that a certain pension should be settled upon her for her maintenance, and that a portion of her nursery plate and furniture brought to Sion House was to be sent after her, when she went to Grimsthorpe." So the duchess of Somerset promised Mr. Bertie, a gentleman in the service of the duchess of Suffolk, whom that lady subsequently married, but, consonant to the detestable conduct of the Somerset family, these promises in behalf of the poor orphan were never fulfilled.[1]

Katherine, duchess of Suffolk, had been honoured with the friendship of the deceased queen, and she had, by her favour and protecting influence, been preserved from the fiery persecution, which had marked the closing years of Henry VIII.'s reign; and she had the greater need of a powerful patroness, since she had, by her cutting raillery, provoked the enmity of both Bonner and Gardiner. She held the same religious tenets as the late queen, whom she professed to regard as a saint; and it might have been expected that she would have cherished the orphan babe of her royal friend, with not less than maternal tenderness. The worldly spirit and sordid temper of the young duchess are, however, sufficiently apparent in her letters to her friend Cecil, on the subject of the incumbrance and expense of the hapless little one, who had become the unwelcome recipient of her charity.

To Mr. Cecil.[2]

"It is said that the best means of remedy to the sick is first plainly to confess and disclose the disease wherefore lieth for remedy; and again, for that my disease is so strong that it will not be hidden, I will discover me unto you. First, I will (as it were under Benedicite, and in high secresy) declare unto you that all the world knoweth, though I go never so covertly in my net, what a very

[1] Strype, vol. ii. p. 201. Strype declares the attainder, which robbed the poor babe of all, was taken off. Burnet and the Parliamentary History affirm the direct contrary.

[2] Lansdowne MSS., No. II., art. 16, edited by J. O. Halliwell, esq., in the Reliquiæ Antiquæ.

beggar I am. This sickness, as I have said, I promise you, increaseth mightily upon me. Amongst other causes whereof, is, you will understand not the least, the queen's child hath lain, and yet doth lie, at my house, with her company about her, wholly at my charges. I have written to my lady Somerset at large; which was the letter I wrote (note this) with mine own hand unto you; among other things for the child, that there may be some pension allotted unto her, according to my lord's grace's promise. Now, good Cecil, help at a pinch all that you may help. My lady also sent me word at Whitsuntide last, by *Bartue*,[1] that my lord's grace,[2] at her suit, had granted certain nursery plate should be delivered with the child; and lest there might be stay for lack of a present bill (list) of such plate and stuff as was there in the nursery, I send you here inclosed of all parcels as were appointed out for the child's only use; and that ye may the better understand, that I cry not before I am pricked, I send you mistress Eglonby's (governess) letter unto me, who, with the maids, *nource*, and others, daily call on me for their wages, whose voices mine ears may hardly bear, but my coffers much worse. Wherefore, I cease, and commit me and my sickness to your diligent care, with my hearty commendations to your wife. At my manor of Grymsthorpe, the 27th August,

"Your assured loving friend,

"K. SUFFOLK."

This curious letter is indorsed thus:—

"To my loving friend, Mr. Cecil, attendant upon my lord protector's grace."

"From my lady of Suffolk's grace to my Mr. ——, concerning the queen's child, nursed at her house at Grimesthorpe, with a bill of plate belonging to the nursery. Anno 2 Ed. VI."

From the terms of the letter it appears, that even the paltry modicum in the list subjoined, of the "good and stately gear," which of right belonged to the neglected infant of queen Katharine Parr was withheld by her rapacious uncle Somerset and his pitiless wife.

"A bill of all such plate and other stuff as belongeth to the nursery of the queen's child:

"First, 2 pots of silver, all white. Item, 3 goblets, silver, all white. One salt, silver, parcel gilt. A *maser* (wooden cup), with a band of silver, parcel gilt. 11 spoons, silver, all white. Item, a quilt for the cradle, 3 pillows, and 1 pair fustians. 3 feather beds, 3 quilts, 3 pair fustians. Item, a tester of scarlet, embroidered with a *counterpoint* (counterpane) of silk serge, belonging to the same, and curtains of crimson taffeta. Item, 2 counterpoints of imagery for the nurse's bed. Item, 6 pair of sheets of little worth. 6 fair pieces of hangings within the inner chamber. 4 carpets for windows. 10 pieces of hangings of the *twelve months*[3] within the outer chamber. Item, 2 cushions cloth-of-gold, and a chair of cloth-of-gold, 2 wrought stools and a bedstead gilt, with a tester and counterpoint, with curtains belonging to the same."

The fair hangings, and the embroidered scarlet tester and counterpane, were doubtless wrought by the skilful hands of the royal mother and her ladies-in-waiting, to adorn the apartments and the cradle of the fondly expected babe, whose birth cost her her life. How little did poor Katharine anticipate, that before that child had completed its first year of life, it was to be deprived of both parents, plundered of its princely inheritance, and even of the small remnant of plate and tapes-

[1] This messenger was afterwards her husband, Richard Bertie. [2] Somerset.
[3] Tapestry, with the rural occupations of the twelve months depicted on it.

ary belonging to its nursery appointments, and thrown, a helpless burden, on the sufferance of a forgetful friend! In the list of the little Mary Seymour's effects, is the following item:—

"2 milch beasts, which were belonging to the nursery, the which it may please your grace (Somerset) to *wite* (know) may be bestowed upon the two maids towards their marriages, which shall be shortly. Item, one lute."[1]

Eleven months after the date of this application, the persevering duchess writes again to her friend Cecil, assuring him that she had wearied herself with her letters to the protector and his lady, on the same subject, and that she must again trouble him to press her suit to them both. "In these my letters to my lady," she says, "I do put her in remembrance, for the performance of her promise, touching some small pension, for my kindness to the late queen's child, for it is with a dozen servants living altogether at my charge, the continuance of which will not bring me out of debt this year. My lord marquess of Northampton, to whom I should deliver her, hath as bad a back for such a burden as I have. He would receive her, but not willingly, if he must receive her train."[2]

The conduct of the marquess of Northampton was even more heartless than that of the duchess of Suffolk, towards his sister's orphan daughter, since he was the person who was, by nature, bound to cherish and protect her person, and to vindicate her right to inherit the possessions of her deceased parents; but he, having obtained for himself a grant of a portion of his infant niece's patrimony,[3] was unwilling to give her and her attendants a home. The brother of Katharine Parr, united with her *soi-disant* friend, Katharine, duchess of Suffolk, in editing and publishing the devotional writings of that queen, though they grudged a shelter and food to her only child.

The destitution of the unoffending infant of queen Katharine was completed by an act of parliament, entitled, "An act for disinheriting Mary Seymour, daughter and heir of the late lord Sudley, admiral of England, and the late queen."[4] Another act *for the restitution* of Mary Seymour, passed January 21st, 1549, 3 Edward VI.,[5] yet we find her uncle retained possession of Sudley.

The historical records connected with queen Katharine's only child, close with this act. Her aunt, the learned Anne, countess of Pembroke,[6] the only sister of Katharine Parr, died in the year 1551, at Baynard's Castle, so that the little lady Mary Seymour could not have found a

[1] Lansdowne MS.

[2] Unpublished MS., State Paper Office, Edward VI., dated July 24th, 1549.

[3] On the attainder of Thomas Seymour, lord Sudley, the manor of Sudley was granted to William, marquess of Northampton; and, on his attainder by queen Mary, it was granted to lord Chandos; from thence, by a marriage and heirship, down to lord Rivers, of Strathfieldsaye; and the circumference of the castle was bought, about A. D. 1826, by the duke of Buckingham and Chandos. It is now the property of Mr. Dent. [4] Drake's Parliamentary History. Burnet.

[5] Journals of the House of Commons, vol. i. p. 15.

[6] Her portrait, and that of her lord, painted on glass, is, or was lately, extant in the chapel of Wilton. The present earl of Pembroke is her descendant.

home with her; and whether she was actually transferred to her unwilling uncle, the marquess of Northampton, or remained, which is more probable, under the care of the duchess of Suffolk, is not known. Strype says she died young. Lodge affirms, but on what authority he does not state, "that the only child of the admiral lord Thomas Seymour, by queen Katharine Parr, died in her thirteenth year." There is however, more reason to believe that she lived to be a wife and a mother. The statements with which I have been favoured, by Johnson Lawson, esq., of Grove Villa, Clevedon, and his brother, Henry Lawson, esq., of Hereford, the sons of the late very reverend Johnson Lawson, dean of Battle, in Sussex, vicar of Throwley, and rector of Cranbrook, in Kent, afford, at any rate, presumptive evidence that they derive their descent from this lady. The authentic records of this fact appear to have been destroyed, among a mass of interesting genealogical papers, that were in the possession of a clergyman of the Lawson family, and on his death were consigned to the flames by his widow, "as she had no children to give them to," she said. One precious MS. fragment of the pedigree had, however, fortunately escaped the notice of this destructive dame, who would certainly have been branded by Anthony à Wood with the epithet of "a clownish woman," and it contains a family record of the marriage and posterity of the daughter of Katharine Parr.

Copy of the MS. fragment, entitled, "A good account of my pedigree given me by my grandmother, July 26th, 1749."

"Paul Johnson, a gentleman of good family and estate, residing at his mansion at Fordwich, in the county of Kent, also, having another named Nethercourt, in the Isle of Thanet, married Margaret Heyman (of the baronet's family of Kent and Norfolk).

"Their son *Sylas Johnson*, married the daughter of sir Edward Bushel,[1] who had married the only daughter of the duke of Somerset's younger brother, lord Seymour, which daughter the lord Seymour had by queen Katharine Parr, whom he married after the death of Harry the Eighth, whose queen she was. The above sir Edward Bushel's daughter was a great fortune to Silas Johnson; and their daughter, *Mary Johnson*, married the rev. Francis Drayton, of Little Chart, in Kent, where he and his wife lie buried."—From that marriage, the records of the pedigree, down to Lawson, are very clear and certain, and need not lengthen this statement.

Whether from any records, or knowledge, or tradition, the old grandmother declared the marriage of Katharine's daughter to sir Edward Bushel, it is impossible now to say; but it seems that Silas Johnson, by his marriage with their daughter, Mary Bushel, obtained a great fortune, together with some relics of Katharine Parr's personal property, which have continued in the Lawson family, their descendants, ever since.

[1] The Bushels were a very ancient and honourable family, and sir Edward Bushel, probably the same person referred to in the Lawson pedigree, was a gentleman of the household to Anne of Denmark, the queen of James I., and, with nine other knights, assisted in bearing her body to the grave.

They are thus described by Johnson Lawson, esq., in whose possession they are at present:—

"A fine damask napkin, which evidently was made for, and brought from Spain by Katharine of Arragon, the first queen of Henry VIII. The beautiful pattern therein exhibits the spread eagle, with the motto. '*Plus Oultre*,' four times; and on the dress of four men blowing trumpets, attired in the Spanish garb as matadors, are the letters K. I. P. (probably Katharine Infanta Princess.) And this napkin, in the palace of Henry VIII., must have passed through the hands of *six queens*, including Katharine Parr. The second relic is the royal arms of the king Henry, engraved on copper in cameo, which were set in the centre of a large pewter dish — the table service, in those times, was usually pewter."

In the absence of those *bona fide* vouchers of the marriage of the young lady Mary Seymour, which have been destroyed by time, by accident, or wanton ignorance, it may be conjectured that the duchess of Suffolk, after her marriage with Richard Bertie, and her subsequent flight from the Marian persecution, provided for her youthful *protégé* by an honourable marriage with sir Edward Bushel, though certainly much beneath the alliances which would have courted her acceptance, had she not been wrongfully deprived of the great wealth she ought to have inherited, as the only child of queen Katharine Parr. The Lawsons, who claim their descent from the daughter of Katharine Parr, are a branch of the ancient family of the Lawsons of Yorkshire and Westmoreland, and bear the same arms.

Queen Katharine Parr was originally interred on the north side of the alter of the then splendid chapel of Sudley, and a mural tablet of sculptured alabaster was placed above her tomb. The chapel is now despoiled, desecrated, and in ruins, the roofless walls alone remaining. The notice of queen Katharine's death and interment, from the document in the Herald's Office, having been published in "Rudde's History of Gloucestershire," some ladies, who happened to be at Sudley Castle, in May, 1782, determined to examine the ruined chapel. Observing a large block of alabaster fixed in the north wall of the chapel, they imagined that it might be the back of a monument that had once been fixed there. Led by this hint, they had the ground opened not far from there, and not above a foot from the surface they found a leaden envelope, which they opened in two places, on the face and breast, and found it to contain a human body wrapped in cerecloth. Upon removing the portion that covered the face, they discovered the features, particularly the eyes, in the most perfect state of preservation. Alarmed with this sight, and with the smell which came from the cerecloth, they ordered the earth to be thrown in immediately, without closing over the cerecloth and lead which covered the face, only observing enough of the inscription to convince them it was the body of queen Katharine.[1]

In the same summer, Mr. John Lucas, the person who rented the land on which the ruins of the chapel stand, removed the earth from the

[1] Archæologia.

leaden coffin, which laid at the depth of two feet, or little more, below the surface. On the lid appeared an inscription, of which the following is a true copy :—

K. P.
Here lyeth Quene
Katharine vıth wife to Kyng
Henry the vıılth and
after the wif of Thomas
lord of Suddeley high
Admyrall of England
And vncle to Kyng
Edward the vı.
She died
September
MCCCCC
XLVIIJ.

Mr. Lucas had the curiosity to rip up the top of the coffin, and found the whole body, wrapped in six or seven linen cerecloths, entire and uncorrupted, although it had been buried upwards of two centuries and a half. He made an incision through the cerecloths which covered one of the arms of the corpse, the flesh of which at that time was white and moist.[1] The perfect state in which the body of queen Katharine Parr was found affords a convincing evidence that her death was not occasioned by poison, for in that case almost immediate decomposition would have taken place, rendering the process of embalming ineffectual, if not impracticable. The repose of the buried queen was again rudely violated by ruffian hands in the spring of 1784, when the royal remains were taken out of the coffin, and irreverently thrown on a heap of rubbish and exposed to public view. An ancient woman, who was present on that occasion, assured my friend, Miss Jane Porter, some years afterwards, that the remains of costly burial clothes were on the body, not a shroud, but a dress, as if in life: shoes were on the feet, which were very small, and all her proportions extremely delicate; and she particularly noticed, that traces of beauty were still perceptible in the countenance, of which the features were at that time perfect, but, by exposure to the air, and other injurious treatment, the process of decay rapidly commenced. Through the interference of the vicar, the body was reinterred. In October, 1786, a scientific exhumation was made by the rev. Tredway Nash, F. A. S., and his interesting and valuable report has been published in the Archæologia,[2] from which the following abstract is given :—

"In 1786, October 14, having obtained leave of lord Rivers, the owner of Sudley Castle, with the hon. J. Somers Cocks, the writer proceeded to examine the chapel. Upon opening the ground, and tearing up the lead, the face was found totally decayed; the teeth, which were sound, had fallen.

[1] Rudde's Hist. of Gloucestershire. Archæologia.

[2] In vol. ix. of Archæologia, 1787, being the Transactions of the Society of Antiquaries, with a plate of the exterior of the beautiful chapel when perfect, and of the encased body, with a fac-simile of the inscription on the lead.

"The body was perfect, but, out of delicacy, it was not uncovered. Her hands and nails were entire, of a brownish colour.

"The queen must have been of low stature, as the lead that enclosed her corpse was just five feet four inches long. The cerecloth consisted of many folds of linen, dipped in wax, tar, and gums, and the lead fitted exactly to the shape of the body.

"It seems, at first, extraordinary, that she should be buried so near the surface; but we should consider that the pavement, and perhaps some earth, had been taken away since she was first interred. As she was buried within the communion rails, probably the ground was three feet higher than the rest of the chapel.

"I could heartily wish more respect were paid to the remains of this amiable queen, and would willingly, with proper leave, have them wrapped in another sheet of lead and coffin, and decently interred in another place, that at least her body might rest in peace; whereas, the chapel where she now lies is used for the keeping of rabbits, which make holes, and scratch very irreverently about the royal corpse."

The chapel seems a beautiful miniature of that belonging to Eton College.

The last time the coffin of queen Katharine Parr was opened, it was discovered that a wreath of ivy had entwined itself round the temples of the royal corpse, a berry having fallen there, and taken root at the time of her previous exhumation, and there had silently, from day to day, woven itself into this green sepulchral coronal. A lock of hair, which was taken from the head of queen Katharine Parr, after it had lain in the dust and darkness of the grave for nearly two centuries and a half, was kindly sent for my inspection by Mrs. Constable Maxwell. It was of exquisite quality and colour, exactly resembling threads of burnished gold in its hue: it was very fine, and with an inclination to curl naturally.

"The ruined chapel of Sudley, with the very small remains of the castle, now a farm-house, were visited by me," says Mr. Lawson, "A. D., 1828, and I am sorry to report that queen Katharine's remains have not been re-deposited with the honour and historical respect due to the royal and noble lady: for, instead of their being replaced within the walls in their own grave, and secured from further intrusion, they are buried in a lean-to-building outside the north wall, in which divine service is sometimes performed, to preserve the right as a parochial church." How much better it would be to restore the chapel itself, for this purpose, and to erect a suitable monument to the memory of Katharine Parr.[1] Surely some mark of consideration, and grateful respect, is due

[1] Sudley Castle has recently been repaired, and some portion of it restored by Mr. Dent, the present possessor, who has also, we understand, placed a grated screen before Katharine Parr's monumental tablet, to preserve it from being carried away piecemeal, by the dishonest and destructive collectors of mementoes of celebrated persons and places—a species of relic-hunting which has caused of late years irreparable damage to many precious works of art, the ruin of some of the most venerable remains of antiquity, and, in many instances, amounted to the crime of sacrilege. It is to be hoped that a practice so truly childish and

from this country to the memory of our first Protestant queen; and, if the owner of the soil which covers her sacred dust, does not endeavour to preserve her remains from further outrage, the bishop of the diocese is called upon to devise some suitable protection, for the desecrated grave of this royal lady, to whom the church of England owes the preservation of the university of Cambridge.

With Katharine Parr closes the records of the queen-consorts of England. The next two queens of England, Mary I. and Elizabeth, were sovereigns; and, with the queen of James I., Anne of Denmark, the series of queens of Great Britain will commence.

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unconscientious will be abandoned by all persons who imagine they possess the slightest claims to good taste and good feeling. The time-honoured memorials of historical facts are witnesses sacred to the cause of truth, and as such they should be venerated and protected from the outrages of ignorance and folly, in a nation whose greatest boast is the increase of refinement, which the increase of education is extending now, even to the humblest grades of life.

THE END

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